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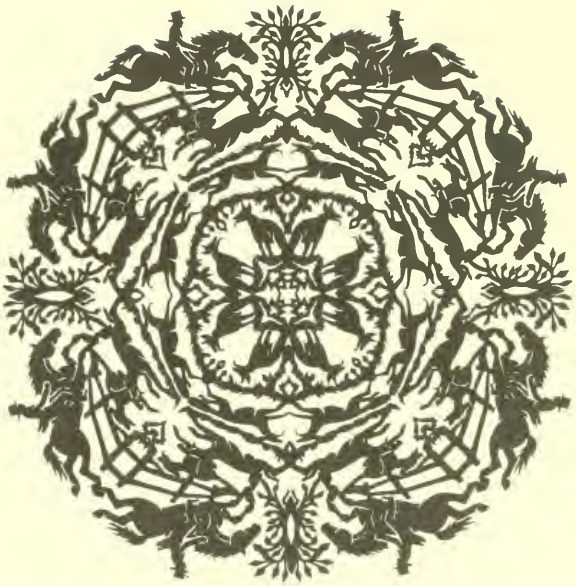

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WHEN DIAMONDS WERE TRUMPS.

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Truly yrs
Reginald Herbert

(Master of the Monmouthshire Foxhounds, 1885 to 1903).

When Diamonds were Trumps

by

Reginald Herbert

illustrated.

by

Finch Mason

LONDON:
WALTER SOUTHWOOD & CO., LIMITED, 30, CRAVEN STREET, W.C.

To that Grand Old Sportsman,

THE MARQUESS OF ABERGAVENNY, K.G.,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF A LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIP BY

THE AUTHOR.

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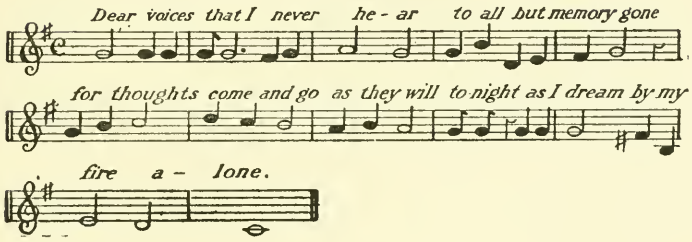
WHEN DIAMONDS WERE TRUMPS.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—At The Start.



AT the first outset it seemed a somewhat sad task to conjure up scenes crowded with faces of dear friends, boon companions long dead, in many cases forgotten, and gone let us hope to that section of another world, where, if we are to believe the best Ecclesiastical authority, there is "No Marriage or giving in Marriage," Love and Wine are unknown quantities, and to utter, to us the welcome cry of, "The Favourite Wins!" would be a terrible solecism. Ah well! although there's sadness in recalling the loss of those we've loved, yet there's satisfaction in fighting one's battles over again, dreaming of old days, and fancying one is living the old life with the old comrades; and I'm more than half inclined to agree with the philosopher, in the opinion, that "there is more joy in the retrospect than in the prospective." Upon my word, I'm not sure that it isn't quite as agreeable to look back on the pleasures of the past, as it was wont to be to contemplate the successes of the future, if not more so.

And yet, to such an extent do small matters dominate one's life, that I scarely think I should ever have seriously

set to work on these "Experiences," had not chance one day last autumn taken me to the corner of Sackville Street, Piccadilly where, in Fores' well-known window, amongst many Sporting Sketches, I noticed a drawing

"ROUNDING THE CORNER"—SACKVILLE STREET.

by Finch Mason of myself in racing colours, riding a favourite 'chaser, and bearing the simple legend—"Reggie."

In a flash, memory flew back the best part of forty years, I was no longer in Sackville Street, but on a West Country Race Course, riding the favourite for the local Hunt 'Chase. The din of Piccadilly faded from my ears, and in its place I heard the well-known cries of "The Field a Pony!" "Here! the Favourite don't win for Ten!" and in the excitement of the moment seemed to press the saddle between my knees.

A smart poke in the eye from the point of a gingham brandished by an ancient dame of noble proportions in her efforts to attract the attention of a passing Bus

Conductor, brought me rudely back to the realities of life. My dream vanished under the fog of a November day, though the sketch remained in Fores' window, and in my mind, a fresh idea suggested by it. Why not look up my old friend Finch Mason whom I had lost sight of for some time, tell him the project I had in view, and suggest that he should collaborate with me by illustrating the book should it ever be written. Anyway I thought, if the Public (with a big P), don't care about the reading part, they are sure to appreciate F.M.'s pretty pictures, and won't think their money quite thrown away.

No sooner said than done. I made a good "cast" into Fores' shop, got on Finch Mason's line, and after a smart hour and forty minutes, ran him to ground in his Ancestral Halls.

My worthy friend, instead of snubbing my literary aspirations as I fully expected, I can assure you, greeted me with words of encouragement, and indeed, so well did he think of the future success of the venture, that he then and there agreed to contribute the illustrations. After this I felt that it was no use funking or looking back, "Forrard's" the cry "*en avant la musique*," the time has come for a few words of explanation.

Firstly—to use a prelude from the pulpit—(though believe me there is by no means a sermon to follow), I don't propose to write anything like a Biography—"Reggie Herbert day by day," or "Extracts from my Diary." The latter indeed is out of the question, as thank goodness, I have never been quite such a silly as to keep one.

There have been so many "Recollections," "Reminiscences," "Memoirs," etc., etc., commencing with "Early Days," and such like, published recently, that I shall spare my readers the personal adventures of my childhood. When and where I was born, how reared, whether on Mellin's Food, the Bottle, or *au naturel* (the latter I am credibly informed), the drubbings I received and gave at school; my early ideas of

love and beauty as seen through the plate glass windows of the "Ladies' Department" at Simkin's General Emporium in the main and only street of the country town where I was first decorated with the "Order of the Birch," can be of little interest beyond the family circle; and my readers surely will thank me in their hearts for sparing them the chronicling of such small beer. Suffice it to say, that I was hustled into this wicked but pleasant world the same year that his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. was good enough to make his appearance, so anyone having sufficient curiosity on this point can easily satisfy themselves. Now shall I be cast into prison for *Lese Majeste* if I state that there is but small chance of either His Majesty or myself ever seeing our—well, let us say—sixtieth birthday again?

A Promising 2-Year Old.
("The Author.")
From an old Family Painting.

This is "getting on" in years with a vengeance, nevertheless I am content with a belief in the old saying that "A man is no older than he feels," and I generally feel about five and twenty, except when that portion of the internal economy that controls our well-being—not the heart (a popular fallacy), but his sometimes bilious neighbour, strikes work, and then I go to 100 to 1 offered.

Having accounted so far for the startling event of my birth, and given some insight into internal economy, I can think of no further incidents connected with my early youth that are likely to be of interest to the reader.

May we therefore consider that I have, in a manner of speaking, introduced myself? It being far from my

intention, as previously stated, to write a Biography, perhaps the reader would like me to state explicitly what I do propose.

It's a fact, if you take up a book of anyone's "Life," you'll generally find that the Author gives as his reason for obtruding on the Public, the pressure brought to bear by his friends, with a view of persuading him to publish his Memoirs, and I should be well justified in making the same excuse. Up till now, however, I have steadily declined to listen to "The Voice of the Charmer," and should probably have remained obdurate but just before the Finch Mason incident I ran up against one of the old school near "The Rag," in the shape of Jack Peyton,* who, when I had told him of my project, at once expressed his opinion that with such a varied experience as mine, it would be odd indeed if I did not turn out something exciting and interesting.

"Jack" Peyton.

At once, visions of future actions for libel—Judges in Big Wigs in various Courts — swinging damages — the Lord Chamberlain with a great blue pencil, flitted across my mind. "Yes, very exciting and interesting, no doubt, Jack, but by the Scales of Justice it behoves me to be careful, so I'll just think it over my dear friend."

I *have* thought it over, and the outcome is that, regardless of the terrors of the Law Courts, I propose to

* Colonel Peyton, 5th Dragoon Guards.

string together—what shall I call them?—well, let us say such "Experiences," amusing and otherwise, as have come my way, more especially during the somewhat, to me, exciting era "when Diamonds (rose and white) were Trumps," at all events to the Author whose racing colours they are.

NOTE.—I had written *were* but altered it to *are* advisedly, as I still live in the wild hope of seeing the Rose and White Diamonds carried First past the Post, if not by a Derby, at least by a Grand National Winner, or shall we say by the humble selling Plater, the winner to be sold for fifty. Ah me! Hope Springs eternal in the "Backer's" breast.

CHAPTER II.

An Old-Time Race Meeting.—Brecon in the Early Sixties.

Our old friend, John Jorrocks, used to say "there's nowt like Fox-'unting." I think he ought to have added "and racing," but as far as I can recollect the dear old boy in his many experiences never attempted to ride a race, though doubtless he attended a great many in his time. We have evidence of this in "Jaunts and Jollities," wherein he describes Newmarket experiences. His figure indeed was scarcely adapted to a seat in a 3 lbs. saddle, and there is no record of his ever having backed a winner or loser in his life. Such being the case, the omission is excusable.

Now no such excuse is mine, as, beginning with "Racing," I have moved in many worlds, "Artistic," "Theatrical," "Policital," "Doggy," and others, each thinking itself the hub round which the remainder of the universe revolved. Having hunted on and off, all my life, seventeen years as Master of the Monmouthshire, I may be said to know something about it, but for all that I unhesitatingly affirm that, given good health and a fair supply of the needful, "there's nowt like racing."

The more I think of it, indeed, the more I'm convinced that there's more pleasure to be got out of a racing career than any other.

A life led mostly in the open air, constant change, excitement of the highest order, a broad-minded cosmopolitan company full of intelligence and up-to-date

ideas, with, as a rule, the best of good fellowship overflowing with generosity—the gambler's redeeming virtue—for a mean gambler is a wretch indeed. Yes—if I came into £20,000 a year to-morrow (may Allah be praised if it comes off !) the first thing I should do would be to go in once again for racing in earnest.

Well, well, the saying is "*on revient toujours à ses premières amours*," which by the way, may be full of truth if applied to various hobbies men and women ride during their lives, though rather fancy it was intended to allude more especially to the relationship of the sexes, and here candidly "I hae ma doots !" Anyway, racing was my first love, and, though I had no such intention when I first thought of publishing these "Experiences," I expect there will be more about matters connected with the Turf than any other subject, before I lay down my pen.

Maybe, there's not as much fun to be got out of it as of yore, but there are sure to be just as good fellows about ; the roar of the ring, the flash of the colours as they dash past the post as exciting as ever ; yet it requires an effort to ignore the horrible appearance of the modern jockey endeavouring to climb up his horse's neck. Fancy Tom Cannon, Fred Webb or Jim Goater attempting such a feat ! It would make angels weep and Admiral Rous turn in his grave !

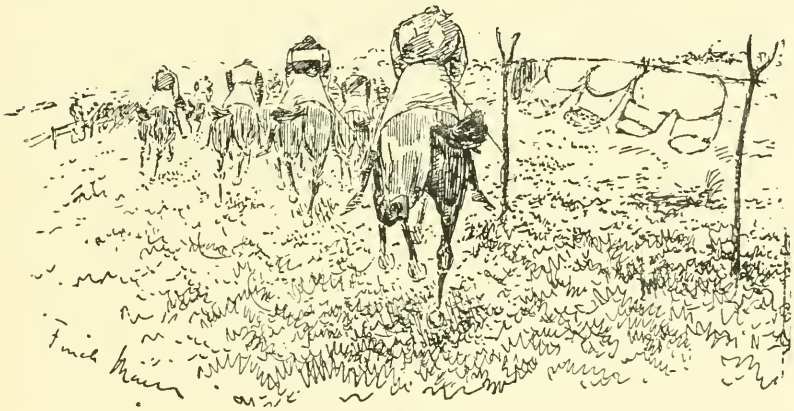
In support of my views as to the delights of a racing life I can't help introducing a quotation that I came across recently, and though no doubt familiar to many, it seems so appropriate, that I hope I may be excused for repeating it here.

It is an extract from a letter addressed by Harriet Lady Ashburton to Lord Houghton.

Her Ladyship writes : "If I were to begin life again I would go on the Turf to get friends. They seem to be the only people who really hold together. I don't know why ; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most

peculiar." Her Ladyship would no doubt have approved of my assertion that "there's nowt like racing."

As I hope we are all more or less agreed on that point, how can I do better than commence these "Experiences" with some account of one or two old-time race meetings that used to be held in this part of the world that were a fair sample of the County and Country Meetings of those days. The more so for the reason that it was at these meetings I learnt my first lessons on the Turf, and had this not been the case, it is more than probable that my friends (I'm not conceited enough to add the Public !) would have been



On the Line.

spared the ordeal of buying and reading "Reggie's book."

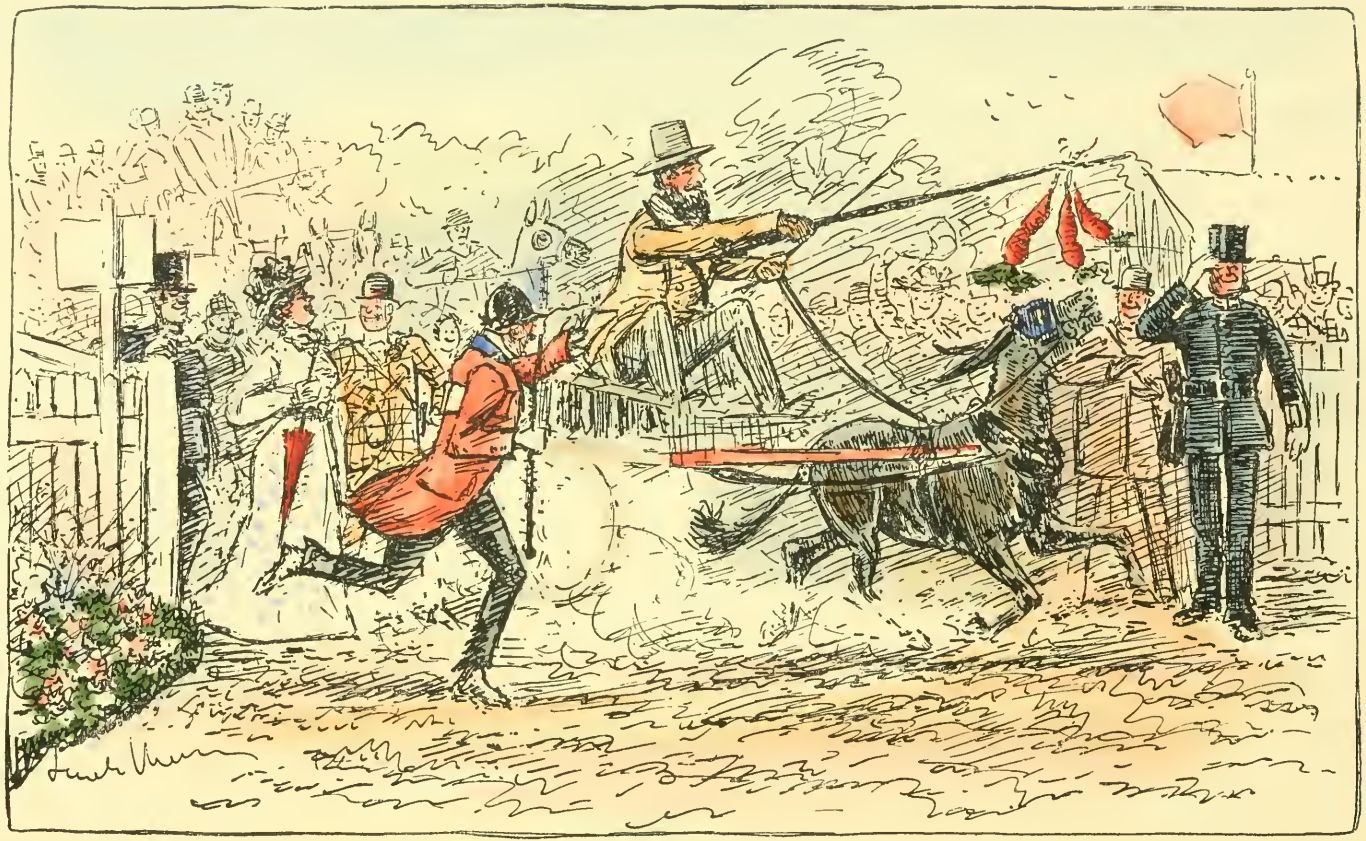
Brecon and Monmouth races in the sixties were real old-fashioned flat race meetings, with a hurdle race sometimes thrown in. Both have long ceased to exist, and their glory has departed for ever. The then new rule as to £300 a day added money, restrictions as to courses, and the growth of Metropolitan Meetings gave them, and many others, their *quietus* years since.

Brecon races were held on the Island Meadows, a large open space between the town and river

Usk. I fancy a considerable portion of the said meadows were used as a drying-ground for the washing of the inhabitants—the washing of their linen—that is. I've an indistinct recollection of seeing, when racing round the course, many mysterious garments, both male and female, the latter inflated by the wind and flaunting in the breeze, somewhat distracting my attention from the business in hand.

"Kle-ar! Kle-ar!"

The manner of clearing the course was primeval, and as far as my experience goes, unique. A few minutes before the time fixed for each race, an ancient Celt, adorned with a hunting cap very much the worse for wear—I believe he was whip to the local harriers, Bill Martin by name—mounted on a shaggy Welsh cob, used suddenly to appear opposite the Judge's box. He then commenced pushing his way about amongst the



THE DONKEY BEATS THE DUKE.

crowd, cracking, whenever he had a chance, a huge old-fashioned hunting whip, and shouting at the top of his voice, which, by the way was rich and melodious, "Kle-ar! Kle-ar! Indeed to goodness, Kle-ar!" till he had hustled everyone outside the ropes. It was too funny for words. Four-in-hands, brakes, carriages galore lined the course, and hospitality was the order of the day.

Talking of four-in-hands reminds me of an occasion when the late Duke of Beaufort, the present Lord Tredegar, the late Lord Glanusk (then Sir Joseph Bailey) and Mr. Gwynne Holford started one September from Buckland (Mr. Gwynne Holford's county seat) for Brecon races.

There had been some chaff the previous day with Mr. Robert Crawshay, of Cyfartha, as to the pace the coaches travelled at; he laughingly said they were a slow lot, and that he could drive a donkey faster. The idea was, of course, pooh-poohed, and Crawshay was told he was a bit of an ass himself or words to that effect. Anyway, the next morning, as the teams were turning out of the Lodge gates at Buckland, *en route* for the races, who should suddenly appear on the scene but Robert Crawshay in a coster's cart—goodness knows where he got it from—stirring up a spanking looking moke and just nicking in in front of the leading coach. In spite of their efforts they could not overhaul him, and there he remained, giving them a good dusting in more ways than one, the whole eight miles to Brecon, a tremendous ovation awaiting him as he drove on to the course, where a hint as to what was likely to take place had got about.

At the last moment Crawshay produced a long stick with a bunch of carrots tied to the end and dangling this in front of Neddy's nose, galloped on to the ground, pulling up in front of the Grand Stand amidst roars of laughter.

My first visit to Brecon races dates back to 1863, I ran a horse there I'd christened Cremorne, so named on account of an unfortunate adventure that had taken

place earlier in the year at that then fashionable resort of the righteous. But that is another story, details of which will be duly recorded later on.

In 1864 there was a rare gathering of the clans. The Marquess of Hastings carried off the Beaufort Stakes with Lady Egidia; the Duke of Beaufort won with Black Rock, Todleben and other horses, George Fordham riding, whilst Lord Coventry ran Chimney Sweep and won with Umpire, Jimmy Adams in the saddle. My old friend and mentor, "Foggy" Rowlands (we shall have much to say about him), was also to the front, as were Teddy Brayley, Tom Parr, Sir Charles Rushout, John Maund, and, as the theatrical managers say, "Stars of Magnitude."

The following year gave us another good meeting, Gomera, then the property of the Duke of Beaufort, winning the Stewards' Cup. That well-known steeple-chaser The Colonel, a dual winner of the Liverpool, made his first appearance as a three-year-old and defeated Ischia, a well-known mare of the Duke's, and I find that Mr. Reginald Herbert's Stockinger, ridden by his owner, annexed a couple of prizes, on the second occasion beating Colonel Fred Morgan, Mr. P. Merton, Jack Goodwin, and several others.

Sir Richard Green Price has kindly sent me a cutting from a local paper (the "Brecon Observer") giving an account of the races in 1867. I am sorely tempted to print it in extenso, but as it might not be of interest to the general public I'll content myself with a few extracts. "The stewards were the Marquess of Hastings, Colonel the Hon. F. C. Morgan, Mr. Reginald Herbert and Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins. Again the Duke of Beaufort was to the front, winning with Lady Hester and another. The Colonel, however, was twice beaten, first by Mr. R. D. Green Price's Nidderdale, ridden by Colonel Fred Morgan, and secondly, by Mr. P. Merton's (Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins) Little Ellen. The stewards' ordinary took place at the Wellington Hotel on Monday evening, when

a large company sat down to a very substantial and elegant repast, which was well served and reflected much credit upon the esteemed manageress, Miss Humphreys." (This banquet somehow has escaped my memory).

"The Race Ball was held at the Castle Hotel on Tuesday evening, where there was a very large attendance, numbering upwards of 120, including the following (here follows a long list of the county and other swells). Dancing was kept up with great spirit, and (my lady readers will be glad to hear this) the party did not separate till the break of day." (Why should the ladies be glad?)

But to go back a little. It is the Brecon meeting of 1865 that I shall always remember best, for was it not on that occasion I won my first piece of plate, *viz.*, the Steward's Cup? So I'll presume on the patience of my readers and give a short account of how I accomplished that herculean task.

An old friend of mine, Johnny Ogle, whom many of my readers will remember, was staying with me at Clytha at the time, to recuperate after a somewhat warm season in town. Johnny was a gambler "*acharné*" and snorted like a war horse at the scent of battle the moment the question of going to Brecon races came on the *tapis*. I recollect there was some difficulty about our getting to the course and eventually, sooner than give up going, we chartered a one-horse open shandrydan to take us the 22 miles.

In those days it used to be the fashion to add silver cups and pieces of plate to the principal races, and on this occasion the first thing that caught my eye as we drove on to the Meadows was the Steward's Cup, value 80 guineas (more or less), exposed for public admiration on a bracket in front of the Grand Stand. "How I should like to win that cup," said I to myself, but having nothing entered for the race my chance seemed a pretty forlorn one.

Providing myself with a correct card, I noticed an entry in the name of Mr. Andrews (Turner & Andrews,

from Worcester, who made a book together, and were well known in those days on most West Country courses), a four-year-old called Danaus, by The Grecian, formerly the property of Lord Bateman. Strolling up to Andrews, I asked him if he thought his horse had any chance for the Steward's Cup. "Well," he said, "he didn't know." He "might win," but as he wanted to sell the horse, would I buy him? Great Scott! I thought, here's a chance after all of annexing the coveted trophy!

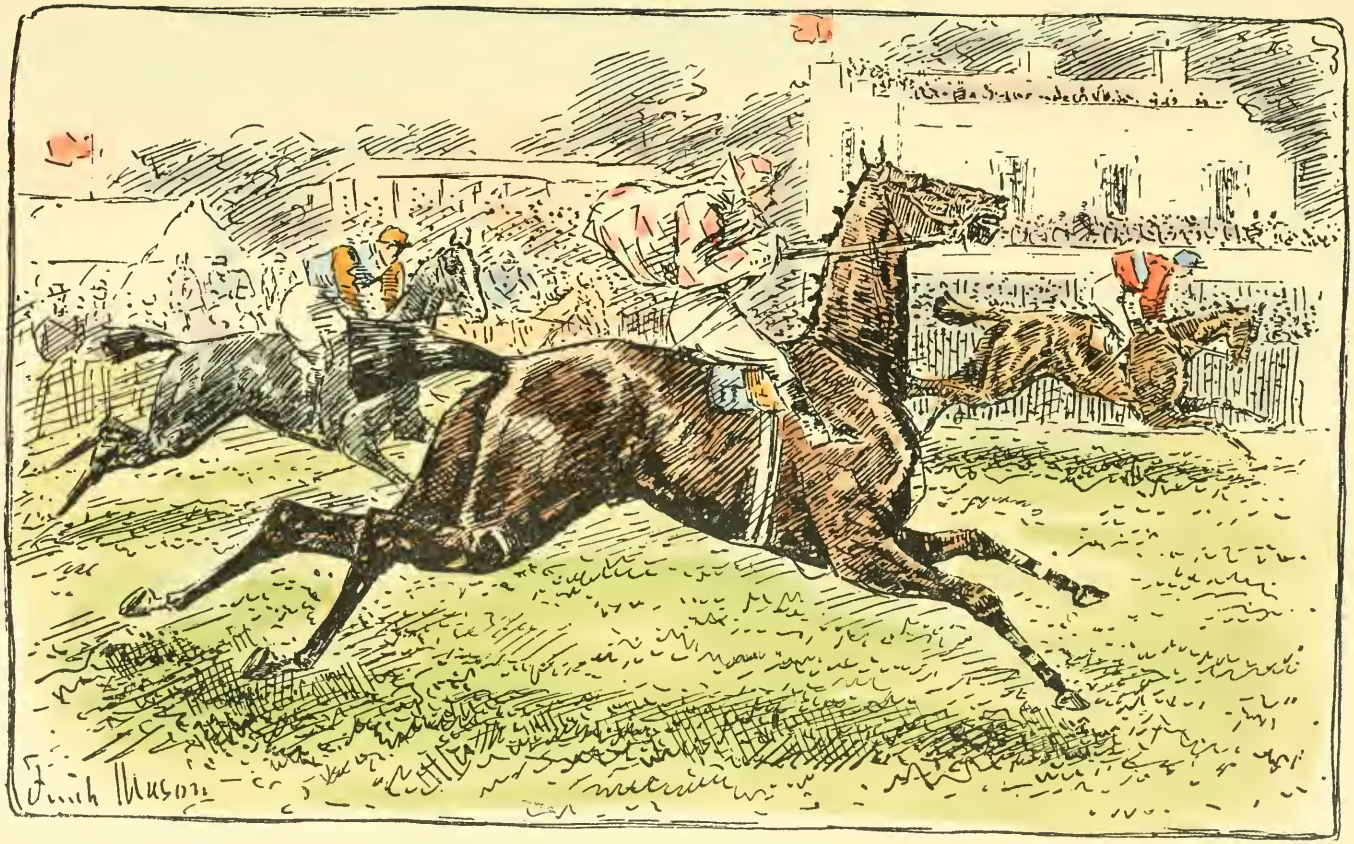
"How much?" said I. "A hundred," replied he. "Nonsense," I exclaimed, "he's much too small for the money." (Danaus was not much over 15 hands).

"But he's a rare bit of stuff," a voice said at my elbow, and turning round there was Turner, now chipping in in support of his partner.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I continued. "That cup is said to be worth 80 guineas. Well, I'll give you 80 guineas for Danaus and the magnificent piece of plate becomes my property if he has the luck to win, also, you must lend me your Jockey Rudd, as I have no one here to ride for me." And so, after a little more talk, matters were settled.

Luckily I had brought a set of colours; though they fitted me they would be what is called "outsize" for a feather-weight jockey, and there was very little to be seen of Rudd when he got them on. That done we interviewed the Clerk of the Course to explain the transfer of ownership, and change of colours to the Rose and White Diamonds. Turner and Andrews, real good sportsmen both of them, were as keen as mustard that it should come off, and I never saw two men more pleased than they as Danaus sailed in a winner by a couple of lengths.

Meanwhile, my "plunger," Johnny Ogle, had not been idle and hearing of the deal thought here was an occasion for a gamble not to be missed. He was soon busy with what bookies were present, and succeeded in annexing almost all that was to be got out of a limited ring, a matter of some seventy-five pounds ready, which we put



PUZZLE - FIND LITTLE RUDD!

in a small bag, and the bag in the Steward's Cup. So determined was I not to be parted from my hard-earned prize that Johnny and self drove all the way back to Clytha with "The Moog," as the natives call the Northumberland Plate, installed on the front seat of our open shay. Danaus turned out a useful little horse and I won several races with him.

What became of——? Which do you mean, the horse or the cup? Oh, both!

Ah, well, I ran Danaus in a selling race, after winning which I let him go; whilst as to the cup, it was in my possession for many years, then its beauty seemed to wane, oddly enough, about the same time as the balance at my bankers, and I was tempted to part with it. Eh? What? well, yes, it might have been to a relative!

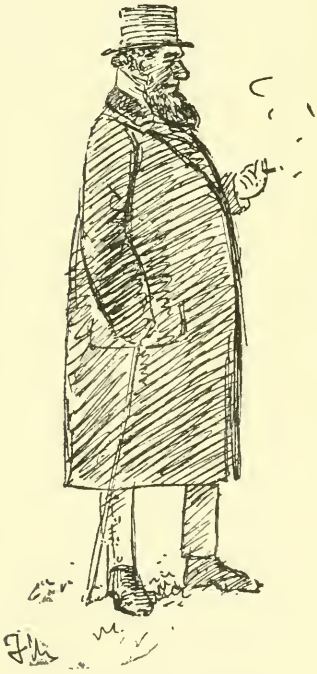
After Brecon a general move was made for Monmouth meeting held the following week, but this important fixture deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

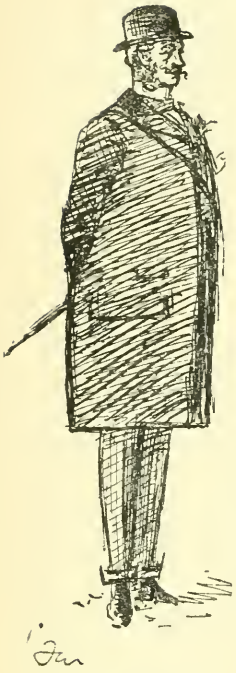
Old Days at Monmouth.

'Tis not a far cry from Brecon to Monmouth, and as I have just said, a general move was the order of the day from one meeting to the other, even if a few days intervened.

The racing at Monmouth was a good deal better class than at the Welsh gathering, and the division that came on from Brecon were strongly reinforced by many well-known followers of the turf, T. V. Morgan (brother of London's Lord Mayor of 1906) used to live at Abergavenny, and always ran something; Mr. Cartwright (of George Frederick memory), with his old trainer Tom Oliver, was also much *en évidence*, whilst the Holmans, in their dual capacities of jockey and trainer, were staunch supporters of the meeting. The present Lord Tredegar and his brother, Colonel Fred Morgan, never missed attending if possible, and used to bring a large party from Tredegar Park, and we often had a ride together. The late Sir Richard Green Price, too, and his son, the present baronet, generally had a look in and took a prize.



T. V. Morgan.



LORD TREDEGAR.

Sir Walter Blount, Sir C. Wolesley, Tommy Pickernell (who, I am glad to say, is alive and flourishing), Sir William Call, Sir Morgan Crofton, Sir Charles Nugent (bless me, what a *lot* of baronets!) were patrons, and last, but not least, my brother-in-law, Sir Walter Smythe (then Captain Smythe). Mention of the latter reminds me of an extraordinary race that took place at Monmouth in which he played a prominent part, very nearly too prominent, as I think you will agree when, later on, you've read my description of what took place.

The old saying of there being "a river at Monmouth and also at Macedon" is known to all, but to be strictly accurate, the originator of this truism should have stated that there were two rivers at Monmouth, *viz.*, the Wye and the Monnow.

In the angle formed where these rivers meet lies a large circular open meadow, less than a mile in circumference, called Chippenham, and it was on this sort of common land that the old Monmouth flat race meetings used to be held in the early sixties.

As I write, what recollections are conjured up in my mind! I can see the so-called Grand Stand, a permanent wooden erection, looking for all the world like a cross between an old barn and a glorified Punch and Judy show, capable of accommodating about a couple of hundred people at the most, with the small enclosure and saddling paddock, all in one, where a bell was kept constantly jangling. Space had to be economised to the utmost, as the course was barely seven furlongs round, and this only obtained by running on the very outside.

A garden at the back of the stand ran down from a house of some pretensions that faced Monnow Street, which served as the residence of Her Majesty's Judges during Assize week.

As I have said, the Grand Stand could only hold a very limited number, but in the good old days the county people used to make a point of driving on to the course in grand style, coaches, private omnibuses and carriages galore.

"Some they came in coaches,
Some they came in chaises,
Others came in donkey-carts,
And many walked like blazes."

I have seen the best part of a dozen four-in-hands lining the ropes opposite the stand, so there was no need for owners or their friends to get up in the Punch and Judy box to have a good view of the races. "Ah me!" as Hans Breitmann might say, "where are dose coaches now?" with their festive luncheons and all the rest of it. They hold a steeple-chase meeting near Monmouth nowadays on another course. I went there last year. But what a change! Not a carriage, much less a coach to be seen; and in their place some score motors, puffing and blowing, snorting and smelling, luncheon and hospitality conspicuous by their absence. A sausage and mash at the back of the Grand Stand, unless you happen to be a member of the club, when you can enjoy the privilege of paying for your luncheon, is all the casual visitor is likely to get. All this, I suppose, comes under the head of modern improvements, so there's nothing more to be said, especially as I was taken there in a motor myself.

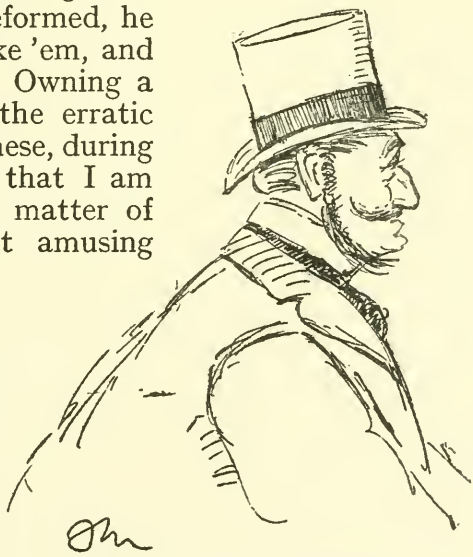
The old meeting extended over two days, and many of the county people used to stay either at the Beaufort Arms or the King's Head for two or three nights, a race ordinary being held at the latter after the first day's racing, at which all the ladies and gentlemen dined; toasts being proposed and speeches made as befitted the

occasion. On the second night a Race Ball was held at the Beaufort Arms, attended, as the local reporter put it, "by all the Quality and Elite" of the neighbourhood.

LITTLE DYKE—CLERK OF COURSE.

The Clerk of the Course and Manager of the whole meeting was a well-known racing character in those days, and it was mainly due to his energy and connection with the racing world that the races were so successful. There are many still living who will remember little Dyke, who ran horses under the assumed name of Mr. Adams. A dwarf, not more I should say, than 3 ft. 6 inches in height, and deformed, he was as cute as they make 'em, and a rare judge of racing. Owning a few horses, it was to the erratic performance of one of these, during the Monmouth meeting, that I am indebted for the subject matter of a tragic but somewhat amusing experience.

By the way, if report is correct, little Dyke had a very narrow escape from falling a victim to Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner. Palmer being considerably in his debt, had invited Dyke to go and stay with him, his



THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

usual means of procedure when he wanted to *dispose* of a friend.

As luck would have it, however, the Cook murder came to light just at that time, and Palmer was arrested before Dyke had an opportunity of availing himself of his *hospitality*.

Of course, the late Duke of Beaufort was a staunch supporter of the meeting, invariably entertaining a large party of racing friends at Troy House, his old family place within sight of the course. That the Badminton coach was always present on these occasions I need scarcely say. Old John Day used to bring two or three horses over from Danebury to run for the Duke and dear old Harry Hastings, and amongst other guests staying at Troy House, Lord Westmorland, George Payne, Josey Little, Lorraine Baldwin, and The Badger (Captain Greatorex) were pretty safe finds. And now Troy has been sold and transformed into a nunnery, where they take in washing. The pity of it !

Speaking for myself, I was generally very lucky at Monmouth, winning a lot of races, mostly on my own horses. My old friend Fog Rowlands had charge of what I had in training in those days, and a rare time we had of it. What a good sort he was, to be sure ! I had a grand old horse in Stockinger, by Stockwell out of Lady Evelyn, who in the welter races of those days was simply invincible, no weight apparently being able to stop him. A light boy was of no earthly use on his back. I won no end of races on him, in fact was never beaten but once, and then only because I was unlucky enough to be knocked over when coming into the straight.

I can hear old Foggy now when I was weighing in after carrying an awful weight first past the post, in reply to the Clerk of the Scales' enquiry "What weight Mr. Rowlands ?" "*Three ton seven,*" replied Fogo, "and please be very careful about the extra 7 lbs. !"

On one occasion I recollect riding and winning—I think much to the then owner's surprise—on Vulcan,

who afterwards turned out such a crack when the property of the late M. Lefevre, amongst other performances winning the Lincoln Handicap, for which he walked over after a dead heat with Veranda.

Bless me, I could fill pages with the fun we had at Monmouth !

Fogo's great Pigeon Match, for instance, when after firing at about a dozen birds without touching a feather, he found, curiously enough, there was no shot in his cartridges. Didn't he match himself after dinner, too, one night to run 50 yards up Monnow Street, carrying me on his back, whilst a fat man, one of the party, ran a hundred yards ! It was a terrific race, but Fogo won by half a length, unfortunately stumbling in the last stride past the post, shooting me over his head and, in so doing, falling on top, amidst the wild cheering of his backers.

But to the story in connection with one of Dyke's horses running in a match at the Monmouth meeting of 1873. This, though only of local interest, was the cause of a terrible row that might have led to disastrous consequences to the hero of it, *viz.*, Jack Goodwin, as fine a horseman as ever sat in the saddle, and as well known in those days between the flags as he is now in the Show Ring. Jack was—or rather is—a Monmouthshire man, having been born and bred in Abergavenny, and riding together in various races, as was frequently the case, we naturally saw a good deal of each other. Besides this, living as he did at Abergavenny, where his father was landlord of the Swan Hotel, only six miles from Clytha, I had known him since boyhood.

JACK GOODWIN.

For some unaccountable reason, for a fairer ridden

race to all appearances I never saw, a section of the outside public took it into their heads that Jack Goodwin had not tried to win. No doubt, having backed the local man for their shillings and lost, they felt they must take it out of someone. So, as Jack rode back to the weighing-room, after pulling up, he was surrounded by a howling crowd of disappointed supporters headed by two or three most ruffianly looking scoundrels who were exciting the crowd to violence. As luck would have it, there were several of us gentlemen riders in the weighing-room, preparing to weigh out for the next race. Hearing the tumult we all made for the door, and seeing the parlous case poor Jack was in, dashed to the rescue.

We weren't long getting on to the course, you may be sure, and pushing our way through the crowd till we reached Jack and his horse—the latter, now nearly frightened to death by the tumult, lashing out freely in all directions, thus helping to keep the people back a bit. I don't think Jack cared much about the situation either, as it was evident that the mob meant mischief, and were apparently thirsting for his blood.

There was nothing for it but to get both horse and rider back into the enclosure, and this we managed by keeping up a sort of running fight till we got through the paddock gate, which was immediately closed behind us, leaving the now infuriated mob raging outside the palings. Jack was hustled into the weighing-room, and as it was impossible for him to get away by the front entrance, a sturdy policeman gave him a leg over the wall into the garden of the Judge's residence before mentioned, and thus through the house into Monnow Street. Once there, Jack was not slow in making himself scarce, you may be sure.

All this took but a few minutes, and hurrying back to the stand we found a pretty state of affairs in course of development. The mob, furious at being disappointed of their prey, were now making a determined attack

"FOR GAWD'S SAKE, SAVE THE DOOK."

on the palings with the intention of invading the sacred precincts of the enclosure and stand. The railings were old and feeble, and it was evident could not for long withstand the pressure. In a few minutes more the inevitable happened ; down went the rails, and into the enclosure poured the crowd, cheering lustily as they rushed wildly on to complete their victory. The "Mealey" (*mêlée*), as I once heard a cavalry riding school master describe a scrimmage, now became general, the crowd surging dangerously around the bench on which the Duke of Beaufort and a friend or two had perched themselves to get a better view of the proceedings.

Hard fight as we made of it, for the moment we could make but little impression on the vociferating, gesticulating mob, who seemed to make the Duke's vantage ground the object of their attack. Making their final rush, we were momentarily driven back by superior numbers, and then the catastrophe happened. Over went the bench and over went the Duke, His Grace, Josey Little (who fought like a Trojan), and sundry others all struggling on the ground together. The Duke really seemed to enjoy the situation as he picked himself up and, our forces rallying, we began steadily to drive back the now somewhat discomfited rioters. The uproar still continued, and I could see little Dyke, who, being badly adapted to a rough-and-tumble of any sort, had managed to scramble up into the Grand Stand, waving his arms the while he screamed at the top of his shrill falsetto voice, "Save the Dook, gentlemen, for Gawd's sake, save the Dook !"

Yes, there were merry doings on Monnow side and elsewhere in the days of the Danebury Hoops.

Whilst on the subject of Jack Goodwin, I cannot refrain from narrating the following anecdote about his father, a quaint old gentleman, who, as I have already mentioned, kept the Swan Hotel at Abergavenny.

One terrible dark and windy night in the depths of winter, a traveller arrived at the Swan in the shape of

no less a person than the celebrated Father Ignatius, attired as usual in full monastic garb, who, having just returned by train from some Mission or other, was desirous of a conveyance to take him home to Llanthony Abbey, a matter of twelve miles or so from Abergavenny, and high up amongst the mountains.

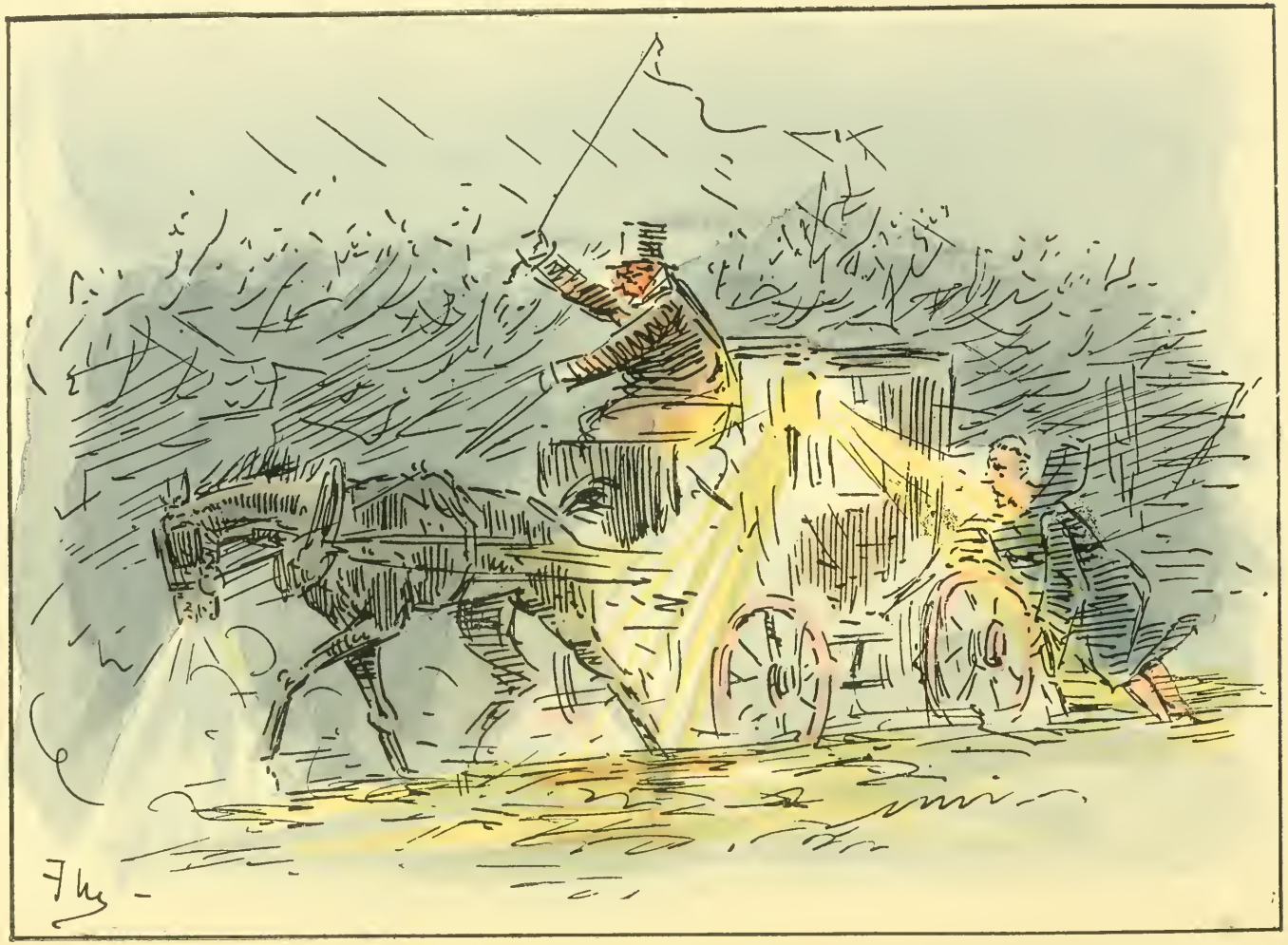
Unfortunately the usual driver was laid up, but as old Goodwin did not wish to lose the job, he agreed, much against his will, to drive " the Abbot " as he called him, himself.

With much trouble a somewhat feeble nag was put between the shafts of an old rumble-tumble fly, and Goodwin senior, well fortified with an extra strong glass of rum hot (his Reverence would have none of it), mounted the box, and off they started up Cross Street with great cracking of whip and good wishes from the frequenters of the bar, who turned out to see them off.

As I have said, the night was wild and boisterous in the extreme, and the roads sodden with much rain. However, though the pace was not great, all went well till, turning off the main road, Goodwin set his old screw's head up the valley for Llanthony. From this point the roads became worse and worse, till, finally, in a rut somewhat deeper than usual, the caravan stuck fast !

Here was a pretty go ! Blowing a hurricane, the rain falling in torrents, and—this was almost the worst of all—the effects of the hot rum partaken of at starting by Goodwin *père*, were rapidly evaporating.

Now, if there was one accomplishment the worthy old gentleman was a past master of, it was such a command of strong language at short notice as is given to few of us. It is hardly necessary to state, therefore, that very soon the horse, the fly and the elements were reaping the benefit of his great gift, to such an extent as to wake up Father Ignatius presumably asleep inside the old growler. Suddenly aroused to the situation and horrified at hearing such shocking words falling from the lips of his coachman, the Reverend Father, in spite



"THE ABBOT" RIDES TO ORDERS.

of the terrible state of the elements, perceived a chance of saving "a brand from the burning." So with difficulty lowering the window, he proceeded to implore the venerable Goodwin to consider the dreadful predicament in which he was placing his soul, begging him to desist and suggesting that under the circumstances the best thing they could do was to implore the aid of Providence. This was too much for our fiery old warrior, who, though he had ceased "blessing" all his surroundings at the request of the holy Father, was still full of wrath and the last remnants of "rum hot."

Turning to his passenger more in sorrow than in anger, he shouted through the howling storm, "Providence, indeed! Providence be blowed! Tumble out, your holiness, and put your shoulder to the wheel!" and this, after a murmured remonstrance, his Reverence did, with such good will indeed, that they were soon able to continue the journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Monmouth Again.—"First Past the Post."

It was also at Monmouth, I can't remember the exact year, but about 1873 will be near enough, that an amusing incident occurred in connection with one of the races that has caused me many a laugh, though it nearly ended in a terrible fiasco.

We were a large party, as usual, staying at Clytha for the race week, about a dozen of us I should say—and after dinner at the King's Head, at which hostelry we always remained for the night, began extolling the merits of sundry horses of sorts we owned, and what they could do.

Well, the upshot of it was that from words we proceeded to deeds, with the result that a private sweepstakes was arranged for the following day—twelve stone each, two miles on the flat, to be ridden by members of the company then present.

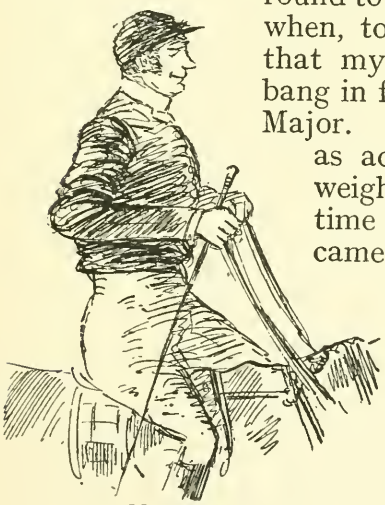
"Major Walker."

At that time my brother-in-law, Captain Smythe (now Sir Walter), who for twenty-five years was Polo Manager at Hurlingham, and as good a sportsman as ever got into, or was shot out of, a saddle, was mad to get a mount whenever the chance offered itself—good, bad or indifferent, it didn't matter in the least. For some reason or other, which I've forgotten, we had given him the soubriquet of "Major Walker," and whenever he got a mount insisted upon putting him up as "The Major."

Of course, he was one of the party, but not having a horse of his own to enter despaired of a ride. Determined, however, that he should not be disappointed, I overcame the difficulty by getting the other subscribers to allow me to make a double entry, a proposal they readily agreed to, as a race without the gallant little Captain would not have been half the fun.

The two I entered were a well-bred mare called Diagram, own sister to Aurifera (the latter more than useful), and a smart hunter by Skeffington, rejoicing in the name of Old Tom. I stipulated, of course, that Major Walker should be content to ride second string, *viz.*, Old Tom, who, from a rough gallop we had, I thought was about 28 lbs. behind the mare.

Well, in due course we all went to the post, at least about eight of us, Tommy Pickernell, who was in great form in those days, acting as starter and, it having leaked out that I fancied Diagram, she was made a rattling favourite. Tommy dropped his flag and off we went on our two-mile journey. All went well for some time, I'd got my nag into a good place and was having a look round to see what the others were doing, when, to my surprise, I became aware that my second string, Old Tom, was bang in front going great guns with the Major. I couldn't understand it at all, as according to the form, at even weights, his mount should by this time have had enough of it. As we came into the straight I began to realize that there was something wrong with a vengeance, and that I must make haste or there would be trouble. Giving my mare the office, I soon got clear of the rest of the field, Old Tom still going like blazes about two lengths



Mr. Thomas.

in front. For once I was fairly puzzled and my hair began to stand on end at the catastrophe I could see plainly looming in the distance, for mine was backed for a heap of money and my friends on to a man. Evidently I should have to ride all I knew if the situation was to be saved.

Diagram was still full of running and by degrees I drew up to Old Tom's quarters, then to his girths, and there I stuck, and only about another hundred yards to go, Major Walker, confound him, riding for all he was worth. Should I ever do it? A bit of luck, Old Tom changed his leg. Another three strides I was fairly alongside, and settling down for a final effort, just managed to land on the post by a short head. Gad! what a relief, though for the life of me I could not read the riddle.

I weighed in all right, but where was Major Walker? No signs of him at scales. They were not so particular in those days and no one objected to the placings, so after a glass of champagne at our coach, and a change of togs, I commenced a search for the gallant Major.

At last I ran him to ground doing himself well in some one's private omnibus.

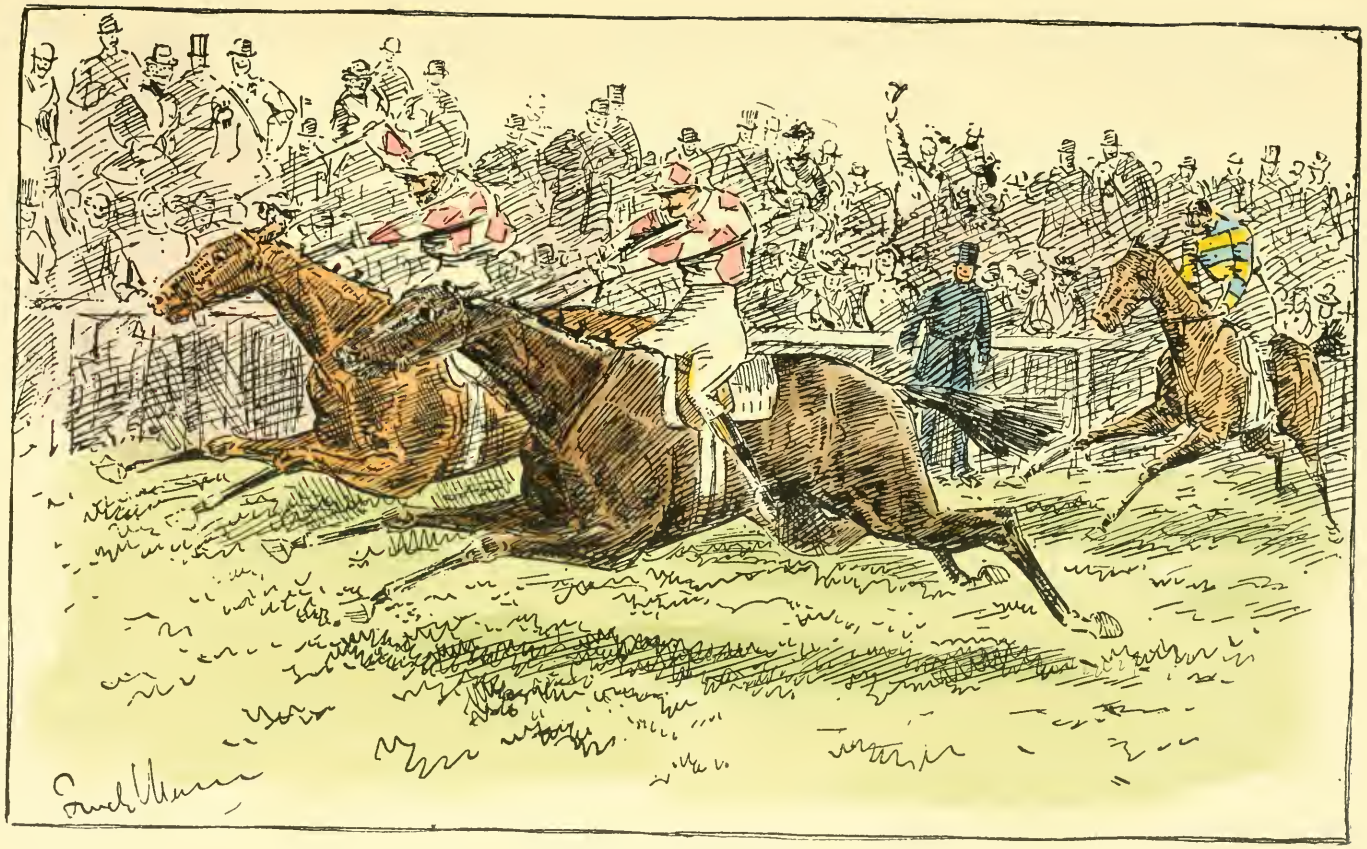
"Hallo! my boy," I said, "that was a Hades of a race, how on earth do you account for it? Why, you as near did me as I don't care to think of!"

Taking the tumbler of champagne from his lips, and making a mysterious sign, he clambered out of the conveyance and led me on one side.

"Hush," he whispered, "what weight did you carry?"

"Why," I replied, "twelve stone each, of course, the same as you!"

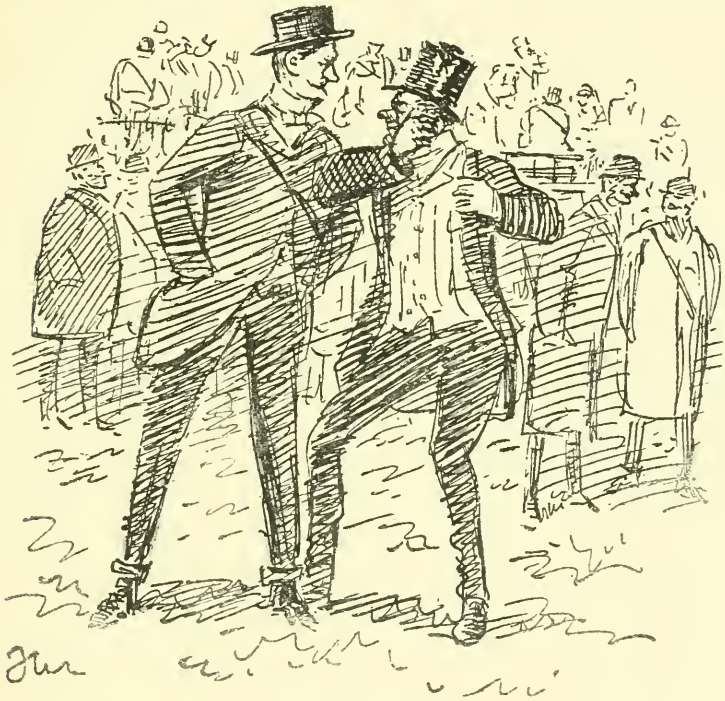
Glancing over his shoulder to see there was no one within hearing and again turning to me, "Yes," he said, "we all *ought* to have carried the same weight, but you know I only weigh ten stone so had to put up two stone of lead to make it right. That idiot of an Irish servant of mine, who saddled Old Tom, knowing both



FIRST PAST THE POST.

horses belonged to you, thought it would make no difference, and never put it up, so you were giving me two stone. Of course, I was as astonished as you at the fight the old horse was making, and only found it out when I took off my saddle to weigh in; and there you are!"

"Well, that accounts for the running," I replied,



MIKE EXPLAINS.

"and thank goodness it came off right, but where is that double-distilled ass of a man of yours? I want a few words with him, I can assure you!"

"There he is," said the Major, "over there with the horses."

Making my way to where he stood, "Mike," said I (his name being Michael), "you hoary-headed old sinner,

what the deuce is the meaning of this the Captain has been telling me? A nice mess you nearly made of it, and it's not your fault there ain't no end of bother!"

"Well, yer honour, I'm real sorry, but it's like this," replied Mike, pulling off his hat and scratching his head vigorously. "I'm to blame no doubt, Sorr, but I'm that fond of Old Tom I could not stand him carrying all that weight of lead, and him having no chance whatever, and that's the truth." Grinning all over his face he continued, "and a moighty foine race he made of it, did the Owld Tom, bless him! didn't he now, yer honour? Be jabers he'd have won but for your riding like ould Nick. Anyway, it was a grand race, Sorr. The little Captain, too, he was in Hivin wid de sport."

A sudden idea occurred to me, and looking at Mike as seriously as I could, which was trying under the circumstances, I said, "You did not back him, of course?"

Mike took a sweeping glance round to make sure no one was listening, "Whisper, yer honour," said he, leaning forward, "Whisper," and shielding his mouth with a huge hand, at the same time approaching my ear, I heard him say, his voice struggling with suppressed merriment, "By the Holy Pope, yer honor, I was bound to have five shillin', on the ould horse *first past the post!*"

CHAPTER V.

Early Days between the Flags.

How the whole game has changed since I had my first ride over a country at Abergavenny 'Chases in 1864!

Some short time since I wrote an article that appeared in "Fores' Sporting Sketches" on "'Chasing, Past and Present." One of my critics accused me of belonging to the *Laudator temporis acti* school because I ventured to assert that natural fences in a steeplechase course were much to be preferred to the modern monotonous birch broom glorified hurdles, and that I was a ridiculous antiquated ass to imagine that 'chasing under the old regime could compare to that of the present day.

I suppose if I ventured to remark that hunting as we used to do without barb wire was preferable to what now obtains; that a well-horsed coach with a workman handling the ribbons was a more pleasing and sporting mode of locomotion than a motor driven by a chauffeur in goggles at the rate of fifty miles an hour accompanied by a cloud of dust; or that the old racing seat was more sporting and graceful than the present mane-climbing operation, I should again lay myself open to the same criticism. Well, I'll let it go at that.

No one is more willing to allow that circumstances may make these changes an absolute necessity, and to quote a little more Latin, *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis,* but all the same it doesn't invalidate my contention that steeplechasing, as it was carried on forty years ago, was a much more sporting game than it is now. There, having let off this skreed, let us return

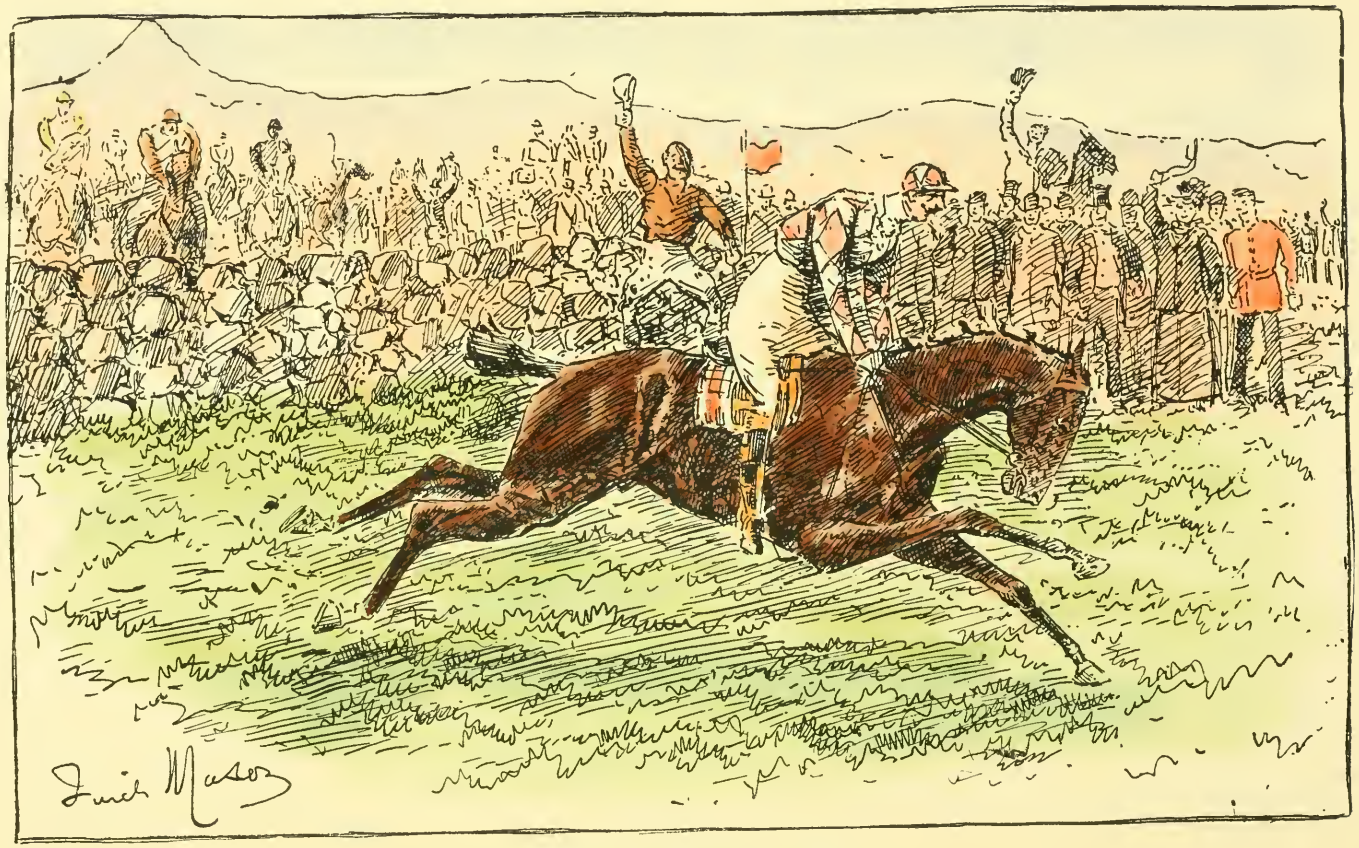
to our muttons, *viz.*, my first attempt to witch the world with noble horsemanship at the Abergavenny 'Chases of 1864.

Forty years ago, "My masters," and I wish I was going to have the same ride to-morrow. Nerve all right and no "lower chest" as the tailors call it, when they wish to spare the feelings of an adipose customer. By the way, how is it that a man looks with a certain amount of complacency upon what may be described as a hump on his stomach, whereas if it grew on his back he would go through tortures and spend fortunes to have it removed? After all the former is even more unsightly and inconvenient than the latter, yet he pats the one and curses the other, the inconsistency of man—but there—how I do wander to be sure. It was in a local Hunt Chase that I first donned racing colours on a useful black, short-legged hunter called Ebony, about as much like a modern chaser as a Bologna sausage is like a meat skewer, but no country came amiss to him, walls, banks, post and rails, stake and bound, he was prepared to deal with them all. The birch broom abomination was unknown in those days, but he would have had a go at that you may be sure, had one come in his way.

Foggy Rowlands was staying with me at Clytha, and I remember had a mount on something belonging to Major Stretton, then Master of the Monmouthshire hounds, but all the same coached me up as well as he could for my debut between the flags.

Success, however, did not crown my maiden effort, as in jumping the brook I broke a stirrup leather, and Fog, who was racing alongside, advised me to pull up. This I did, though with considerable difficulty, as old Ebony was thoroughly enjoying himself and having what he considered a real good time.

Luckily he was entered again the following day, so I decided to have another go. Again Fogo had a mount in the same race, but on this occasion came to grief at the wall the first time round, and was still



MY FIRST WINNING MOUNT.

sitting there mopping his pate when I negotiated it the second time. Up he jumped on seeing me, and realizing that I was laying a bit too much out of my ground shouted out at the top of his voice, "Go on, you young Bounder, go on and you'll win." Acting on his advice I was soon up alongsides the leaders and the old horse being a rare stayer, came away and won easily. My! I wouldn't have changed places with an Emperor.

FOTHERGILL ROWLANDS.

Who is this Foggy Rowlands that you mention so often? I hear some of the present generation enquire. Well, I don't suppose there was a man more generally known on the turf forty years ago, and to know him was to like him. I have never seen much account of his life or doings, and that is to be regretted, as he passed through some stirring times, so a few lines about my dear old friend, and as I have before called him Mentor, won't, I hope, be thought out of place.

Fothergill Rowlands, Fog, Fogo, or Foggy to his intimates—what memories his name awakens!

The first time I met Fog Rowlands was out with our hounds, the Monmouthshire, during old Major Stretton's mastership. He was riding a 'chaser of sorts of course, no doubt qualifying, as was then the custom, for some local Hunt race. I don't think, however, that Fog was ever much of a hunting man. Between the flags was much more his game, and he could take his own part with the best. Jim Mason, Tom Olliver, Alan McDonough and Co. were then in their zenith, so he had the highest talent to compete with, but he fairly held his own, and as a judge of pace was in front of most.

A Monmouthshire man, Fothergill Rowlands was one of the best of a band of good sportsmen who then

kept the great game alive in the Principality. We became fast friends, and finding I was keen on riding gave me the benefit of his advice and experience. His father was a highly esteemed physician who had the doctoring of the men at the Nant-y-glo ironworks, to which position he had been appointed by the then Sir Joseph and Mr. Crawshay Bailey. Fogo was brought up to study medicine and succeeded his father, and a good doctor he was into the bargain, though his heart was in riding and racing.

Sent to London to go through the usual medical training, he had every opportunity of developing his taste for the turf, and soon became well known as a gentleman rider. One of his fads was to put on a pair of white kid gloves whenever he had a mount in either steeplechase or flat race, but if anyone thought he was a muff in consequence they soon found out their mistake. At this time, somewhere about the fifties, he was a great friend of Lord Strathmore, and often rode that well-known 'chaser The Switcher for him. Afterwards he became Master of the Horse to Lord Stamford who then trained with Joe Dawson, and had the management of such horses as Diophantus, etc., etc.

Fogo mounted on The Switcher figures in Herring Senior's celebrated picture of Steeple-Chase Cracks, published in 1847. He was also on intimate terms with Mr. Sterling Crawford, getting mounts whenever there was a chance.

On the death of his father, Fog returned to Nant-y-glo, but kept some horses in training with old Tom Olliver at Wroughton, where Mr. Cartwright (of George Frederick fame) had a long string. It was about this time that we came across each other and founded a friendship that lasted till he died in 1878.

In the early sixties he took Prestbury Park, near Cheltenham, and starting training on his own account, I soon had a useful lot under his charge. It was here that he had some of the Duke of Hamilton's horses,

amongst them a yearling called Angus, purchased by the Duke at the Middle Park sale for a very stiff figure for a yearling, to which I shall refer later. Undoubtedly the best animal Foggy ever owned was a mare called Medora. With her he won some good races, including the Baden-Baden big 'chase in 1862, riding himself. The old mare had seen her best day when I came on the scene, and Fog only rode races now and again, but he taught me all I knew. I used to ride gallops on Medora and also had a mount on her in two or three 'chases by way of practice, but the old mare had lost her speed, and was done with when it came to racing. She was a rare sort though, but awkward to sit over fences, and jumped more on her shoulders than any animal I have ever ridden. All the same I never had a fall with her.

JACK JONES.

From Cheltenham Foggy moved to Epsom, where he rented a real old-fashioned house called Pitt Place, and built a fine range of stabling later on. All this time William Reeves was Foggy's head man and rode for the stable. When Reeves left John Jones, the father of His Majesty's present jockey, and who had been with Fog since boyhood—in fact, he was the son of Fogo's gardener at Prestbury Park—took his place, but I don't think remained long at Pitt Place, anyway it was after my time.

"Mate" Astley sent The Scamp to Fog to train, and with him won the big hurdle race at Croydon and incidentally £5000 for himself and £1500 for Fogo. Lord Marcus Beresford, too, had Chimney Sweep, Woodcock, and others there.

I can remember many good sayings of old Foggy's; he was very fond of pointing his remarks with what he

considered epigrams. Among his favourites after one of our "Certainties" had gone down, was "Bad luck is good luck, if you'll only make it so." "Experience is worth nothing unless you pay for it, but the less you pay for it the better." Both of which sayings, though excellent in theory, were difficult in practice. It was worth anything to hear him tell the story of his expedition when he went over to ride for the King of Holland at the Loo races in 1848.

Having won the principal event for His Majesty he was sent for to be introduced. The King expressed his delight at winning, thanked Fogo profusely for the artistic manner in which he had ridden his horse and wound up by saying that he must present him with a little souvenir of the occasion. Needless to say, Fogo was delighted. The King, calling one of his equerries, told him to produce the little present. This turned out to be a scarf pin of such enormous proportions—as big as a five-barred gate, Fogo used to say—that it was quite impossible to wear it. Fogo declared, indeed, that it took two men to carry it to his hotel, but this I expect was a bit of romancing on his part. Anyway he was invited to dine at the Palace that night at a great State Banquet. Fogo was a bit lost in the crowd, but eventually found himself seated at table next to a hirsute German Baron of a very full habit and a fine trencherman, who, however, made himself most agreeable, recommending Fogo what dishes and wines to partake of.

After a sumptuous repast the Baron became confidential, and turning to Fogo said he really ought to have introduced himself, that he was the Baron Von Pumpernickel, or Seidlitz, I forget which, and that he believed he had the honour of addressing the eminent English "horse tamer," Count Von Rowlands. Fog was a bit taken aback, but said "Yes," that was all right, Rowlands was his name, but he was doubtful about the "Count." "Ha! Ha!" laughed the Baron, "ver goot! ver goot! but I know ze famile well by name.

Of course, you are relatif of ze G-r-reat Ma-cas-sar-r-r ! perhaps," continued he, half rising from his seat. " Perhaps, indeed, I have the zupreme honour of addressing ze G-r-reat Odonto Ma-cas-sar-r-r ! his own self ? " At this, as Fogo used to say, he nearly fell under the table. It took half a bottle of the King's best Rudesheimer to steady him, and before he could reply, everyone rose, so there was no opportunity of disillusioning his friend the Baron or explaining that meeting " ze Great Ma-cas-sar-r-r ! " was still a pleasure in store for him.

Where were we before I began talking about old Fogo ? Oh, yes ! my first winning mount at Abergavenny in 1864. In those days Abergavenny meeting was considered one of the best in Monmouthshire and South Wales. There were no restrictions then as to composite race meetings, and five furlong races were sandwiched in between steeplechases and hurdle races. I remember Cedric, a very smart horse belonging to Sir Charles Rushout, winning, and I took several flat races with little Danaus, the hero of the Stewards' Cup at Brecon on days that we were also busy over the sticks.

Other meetings there were at Chepstow, Cardiff, Tenby and Llanboidy. The latter a typical Welsh gathering where they used to race and hunt on alternate days for a week, with very little bed for anyone. I have been told that on some occasions, though I never saw it, the competitors for the various 'chases were marshalled in front of the hotel in the village before the races and paraded through the streets of Llanboidy with their riders mounted and in racing colours.

As a friend of mine wrote me the other day, " Llanboidy was the best fun of all the meetings, there being generally four or five matches to be disposed of before 'chasing began, mostly the result of a whole night sitting." The meeting eventually was stopped in consequence of some blackguards, by way of a joke, forcing open the doors of the kennels in the middle of the night and letting all the hounds loose over the country.

I fancy Jim Machell made his first appearance in England about this time, when he won the Open Steeplechase at Abergavenny with Molly Asthore, and it was here I made his acquaintance. How little did we then think he was going to become so famous in the racing world!

There was scarce a meeting where W. H. Powell, of Maesgwyn (close to Llanboidy), did not run something and he was known on every race-course in South Wales. He had some good horses too, amongst the best being Ace of Hearts, Flyfisher, Daisy, Fenton, and, in later years, Hussar, Milton and Minaret. Hussar was a wonder in hunters' flat races, and the weights he sometimes carried when he was beaten were, I believe, marvellous. Powell at one time had a share in that well-known horse L'Africain, I fancy it was a sort of mortgage. Anyway, I remember there was a deuce of a row when Riddell, the original owner, wanted to get him back.

Old Davies used, in early days, to ride most of Powell's horses. He was a rare hand over the Welsh courses, always carrying a ball of twine in his breeches pocket, fastened to his horse's bit, so that in case of a fall at one of the banks, and the horse getting loose, the line would pay out till Davies picked himself up, caught hold of it, began hauling in the slack, and so brought his mount to hand, a fall over the sort of country they had to negotiate by no means extinguishing a winning chance.

Amongst others in later days poor Greville Sartoris (Sambo we used to call him from being very swarthy) rode for Powell. Unfortunately the poor boy broke his neck larking over a sheep hurdle when staying with the Muriettas, so his connection with the Maesgwyn stable was a short one.

All these meetings used to be well attended. Of course, Godfrey Morgan (now Viscount Tredegar) and his brother Fred so many years M.P. for Monmouthshire, were staunch supporters, generally running something and having a ride.

Lord Jersey used to come with W. H. P. Jenkins, Morris Owen, John Maund, Empson (Mr. Lowden), Lord

Queensberry, Jim Machell, Walter Smythe, C. Newton, Arthur Morgan, Dick Green Price, Fred Levick, Williams of Roath, and hosts of others. Many of these are, thank goodness, still "backing their fancy," but the gaps are all too numerous. Poor Empson, who died young, and as a friend informed me, of lung trouble and too many observations through a long tumbler, owned some useful horses. He trained with Tom Stevens, such as M. A. Maesgwather, Maid of the Mill, Maesderwyn, Vigilant, etc., and was a great friend of the ancient Dowding (the Squire), a bow-legged old chap who, as "Mr. Edwin," ran Needle Gun and others.

On one occasion there was nearly a duel at Monmouth races between Empson and little Dyke, the manager of the meeting, who insisted that Empson had cast a slur upon his honour and sent him a cartel in consequence. (It will be remembered that I have described Dyke, who was a dwarf, in a previous chapter). The whole affair was most amusing and was eventually left to Lord Jersey to arbitrate, who decided that as no weapons could be found with which the proposed combatants were equally proficient, except their tongues, they should each be allowed to abuse the other for ten minutes, without any pause for refreshments. Setting to work they did this with such good effect that at the expiration of the time limit they felt that honour was satisfied and shook hands.

Captain Horton Rhys was another character, but a bit before my time. He was going strong in the fifties and used to patronise all the local meetings with such animals as Gipsy, Bess, Kate Kearney and Toll Bar. Also was great at amateur acting under the name of Morton Pryce, and used to take a sort of company about with him to the race meetings. I fancy his headquarters were at Cheltenham.

Hereford, Leominster, Tenbury, Knighton, Kidderminster were other meetings I rode at, but enough has been said to show how Rowlands and self first joined hands, and how I commenced my "Early days between the flags."

CHAPTER VI.

The Iron Brigade.

Although I have tried to keep some sort of chronological order in relating these "Experiences," I find now and again that it is expedient to depart from any set rule, as, for instance, in the present case. This incident, though it took place some years later than the period I should be dealing with, occurred at Pitt Place, the locality we have been talking about, so I don't think I can do better at this juncture than lay before my readers some account of how it was I became acquainted with the " Iron Brigade."

Nothing to do with the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo, I can assure you, though when I first heard my ex-pugilist friend Billy Shaw whisper the words, visions of the Iron Duke and " Up Guards and at 'em " flitted across my mind. But I am anticipating, so to my story.

As Charley Nugent (Sir Charles Nugent, Bart., to the general public) played a prominent part in this escapade I thought it only right to obtain his consent before placing this " Stable secret " before the public. His reply is obvious.

As Charley is now such a success, training Liverpool and other winners by the score, he can afford to smile at the days when we were young and " foalish," fighting side by side under the banner of King Impecunioso the 13th.

In those days Charley was a promising young subaltern in the 17th Lancers with all the good qualities of his countrymen and none of the bad, if they have any,

with just enough brogue on him to make it impossible that he could be mistaken for any other than an "Italian gintleman from Cark." Our first meeting was at Newmarket long years ago, and we then and there founded a friendship that has stood the test of many ups and downs—especially the latter, and I feel can stand any amount more should they happen our way. Huroo for Ould Oireland! Of course, we soon went about racing together, and when Charley bought some 'chasers he joined Fogo and myself at Pitt Place. Here Foggy had just built a fine range of stabling, yard with fountain in middle, clock tower, clock and all the rest of it—not in the grounds of Pitt Place, but on a piece of adjoining land he had acquired. There was a private way through the shrubbery from the stable to the house, thus avoiding the necessity of going round by the high road, a great convenience as ere long I am sure you will agree.

It is necessary to explain that at this time Charley had amongst his other horses in training a very useful steeplechase mare engaged in a race we thought was real jam for her, and over which race we hoped to land such a *coup* as would relieve the unbearable pressure the tyrant *Impecunioso* was bringing to bear on us.

One morning, comfortably reposing between the sheets in my rooms off St. James' after a somewhat prolonged *séance* the night before, I became sleepily aware that someone was quietly tapping on the door.

On my shouting "Come in," the door opened and my faithful valet Henri entered—by the way, I have not mentioned him before. A most excellent and devoted body servant. He had only one fault, and that was an overweening confidence in my being able to win any and every race I was riding. After I had weighed out it was his invariable custom to place himself in some prominent position awaiting the finish, and no matter if I were in front or hopelessly labouring in the rear, to gesticulate wildly and shout at the top of his voice, "He vins! He vins! *Regardez mon*

maître, he vins!" Nothing could cure him of it. Well, as I have said before, the door opened and Henri appeared, with many apologies for disturbing me so early (it was about 11.30), and the information that "Sir Nugent Baronet" had sent a special messenger round to say would I come and see him at once at Limmer's Hotel on very important business, as it was impossible for him to call on me. "No peace to-day," I thought to myself, and bade Henri tell the messenger to inform Sir Charles that I would be round in less than no time. Tumbling out of bed I plunged into a cold bath and hustling on some clothes was soon with the gallant young officer.

His appearance was depressing, to say the least of it.

"Reggie," he said, "Here's a pretty go." "What's up?" I queried, "you look as if you had lost a thou."

"A d——d sight worse than that," he replied, "read this," producing as he spoke an ominous-looking document. "That brute J—— has got a judgment against me for £2000 and intends collaring my horses at Pitt Place, of course including our sheet anchor, the bay mare. What on earth is to be done?"

"Rubbidge," I replied, though I must say the intelligence gave me, as my old nurse used to say, "quite a turn." "Nonsense," I went on, "buck up, old chap, we'll do the beggars yet." Though how they were to be done it would have puzzled me at the moment to say. "Well," Charley continued, "if we *don't,* the blessed Sheriff of Middlesex or Surrey—it does not matter which—will seize the whole lot in about forty-eight hours, that's clear."

"Two whole days? Plenty of time to do wonders in," said I. "Sit tight, get yourself out of that beastly old dressing gown and look as much like ten thousand a year as you can by the time I return. Meanwhile I'll dash down to Epsom, see Fogo, find out how the land lies, and be back for a very late *déjeuner.*"

I was off like a lamplighter, caught a train for Epsom and in less than an hour was closeted with Fogo.

Poor chap! he was in a terrible taking, but after a little old Scotch and cold water—his favourite tipple—gradually calmed down.

"Can you suggest anything?" said he, "for the mare is bound to run somehow." I need scarcely say that on the journey I had thought of all sorts of plans for defeating the ends of Justice, but could hit on nothing definite, though all the time at the "back of my head," as the saying is, there was something simmering that I thought might mature.

Turning to Fogo I said, "Let's have a look at the new stabling?" so we walked into the stable yard. "How many entrances?" I asked. "Only the main one on the High Road and this private one," said Fogo. "I suppose, then," I queried, "if we secure the front gates no one can get in?" "That's so," was the reply.

"All right," said I, "Can you trust your men and are you game to do anything I may arrange?" "The men and the boys are right enough, and I'll do any blessed thing as long as you keep the beggars out, and the mare can run," almost whimpered dear old Fogo.

Telling Fog to cheer up and that I would communicate with him as soon as possible, I seized my hat, and as there was no time to be lost, hurried back to the station to just catch a train.

Billy Shaw.

On the way to town I made up my mind that what I had to do was to see my ex-pugilist friend Billy Shaw, and hear what he had to say, for the idea that had been at the "back of my head" was taking shape, and I meant giving the Sheriff a run for his money.

Charley was waiting for me at Limmer's, all anxiety to know what Fogo and I

had arranged, so, whilst they were bringing up the cutlets, gave him a rough idea of the plan of campaign. As soon as we had finished our nondescript meal I begged Charley to remain where he was whilst I drove round to Billy's, returning afterwards to report progress.

Billy Shaw kept a tavern in Air Street, between Piccadilly and Regent Street. I fancy it was the Rising Sun, but anyway, it was well known in those days as a *rendezvous* for the dying embers of the prize ring. Also, was the head-quarters of the mysterious Rum Pum Pah Club, of which, if I remember rightly, Roger Eykyn was president. What the objects of this weirdly-named club were I never made out, as I was not a member. Of one thing I am quite certain, the members were not teetotallers nor was their conversation restricted to quotations from the Bible.

It did not take me many minutes to reach Billy's "Town House," and it was a relief to hear, in response to an enquiry from a shabby-looking individual with "two lovely black eyes," that "Muster Shaw" was within. Pushing open the door to the Snuggery I there beheld mine host.

"Hallo! Mr. 'Erbert," said he, "this is hindeed a hunexpected pleasure, so early in the day, too! What can I do for you?"

"My dear William," I replied, "you can, I hope, do much. I have come here for your advice and assistance in a delicate matter that may bring us into conflict with the Sheriff of Middlesex, or it may be Surrey. Does that frighten you?"

I could see that at the mention of "Sheriff" the worthy landlord looked a bit uneasy. He rose from his seat, opened the door to see no one could overhear us, then reseating himself closer to me, said "Now tell me all about it; I don't like sheriffs, take my word, and if I can be of hany use in knocking the stuffing hout of 'em, I'm your man, but first I must know exactly 'ow matters stand. Talking's dry work. Won't

you 'ave a glass before you tune up ?" Thanking Billy for his proferred hospitality I declined, and at once proceeded to place all that had happened before him. When I had finished my narrative Billy, looking as wise as a judge, scratched his head vigorously (do real live judges scratch their heads when considering a knotty point of law, I wonder ?) saying, anyway he must have a dram before he could advise. Providing himself with a foaming tankard of bitter he resumed his seat, with an air about him of the late lamented Baron Nicholson preparing to deliver judgment in a case argued before him at the Cider Cellars. Wiping the froth from his mouth with the back of his hand, and looking at me with a certain amount of severity : "Mr. 'Erbert," he said, "I 'ave carefully considered the matter you 'ave laid before me and am prepared to tender you the hadvice asked for. Desperate cases require desperate remedies, and there can be no question that this is hindeed a most desperate case. We must hemploy "—he paused, glanced round to see that we were alone, and repeated in a hoarse whisper—"We must hemploy

'THE IRON BRIGADE.' "

I stared at him. "Iron Brigade," I queried. "What's that ? Fire Brigade, you mean ! "

"No, no, young Sir," replied Billy. "Make no herror, it's the *Iron Brigade*, composed of pugilists down on their luck and out of a job, that you'll want. Twenty on 'em at two quid apiece and hall found. It'll cost fifty, say, but I'll guarantee once you get 'em safely in the stables not all the blooming sheriffs of Middlesex or any other sex will ever get 'em out. Are you game to stand fifty if I hundertake the job ? "

"Yes, of course," I somewhat eagerly replied ; "fifty with all the pleasure in life, if you'll only keep the beggars at bay till we can run the mare." "Good," said he (and I fancied I heard him murmur to himself that he ought to have made it a 'undred). "There's not a moment to lose. I'll settle details at this end. Hall

you'll 'ave to do is to warn Mr. Rowlands to put plenty of straw in two or three loose boxes hand lay in a good supply of beef, bread and beer. By the way," he added, "it won't do for all the men to go to the same station or the slops 'll be sure to think there's a fight on somewhere, the members of hour brigade don't look a bit like curates out for a 'oliday. No, I'll break 'em up into four lots to get hout at four different stations near Hepsom, and then converge on Pitt Place."

"Let me see," he continued, "to-day's Monday, Mr. (adjective) Sheriff proposes to take possession on Wednesday, hand the mare 'as to run on Friday. Well, our twenty beauties must be comfortably 'oused and heverything made snug before the Bumbinos appear, therefore they'll turn hup in sections to-morrer hevenin', after dusk at latest at Pitt Place, hunder command of a gemman I 'ave every confidence hin. 'E has only one heye and a very hunpleasant hexpression, but a rare un in a tight corner, and 'e's known to 'is pals as 'Boss-eyed Bob.' Give your hinstructions to 'im and they'll be carried hout to the letter, you may be sure."

I left Billy feeling in much better spirits, wired to Foggy that I would be down late and stay the night, then hurried off to find the worthy Baronet, relieve his mind and arrange for him to turn up at Pitt Place next day, when we could settle on plans as to getting the mare out of the stables on Wednesday after dark, so that she might be boxed at Ewell on Thursday for her destination, to be accompanied by Charley and the head lad.

I was pretty well tired out, but after an excellent dinner with my military friend caught the last train to Epsom, Charley promising to be with us on the following afternoon. When Fogo was told what had been arranged he broke out into a cold perspiration (always inclined to perspire on the slightest provocation was Fogo), and said we should be all landed in the Stone Jug, but under the genial influence of some excellent whiskey punch and my persuasive language, he at length smiled on

what I called our defensive measures, became quite bellicose, and so, after a very busy day, to bed.

Of course, dear Mrs. Rowlands was told about it, and with all a woman's love of adventure entered heartily into details, undertaking to look after the commissariat department, etc.

In the morning we had some extra strong iron bars put on the big folding doors leading into the stable yard and under a pledge of secrecy told the stablemen what was going to be done. Never were a set of lads so delighted, and all being prepared we anxiously awaited the arrival of the first detachment of the "Brigade." Charley turned up as arranged during the afternoon.

At about six o'clock the first section of five "Iron ones" arrived, and within an hour the whole twenty were safely housed, outside doors and windows securely fastened, and everything made safe and tight for the impending siege.

A word here as to the appearance of our garrison. A motley crew indeed, including three "gentlemen of colour," flattened noses, missing front teeth and an absence of clean linen being their leading characteristics. Boss-eyed Bob, however, seemed to have them well in hand, and I pitied the myrmidons of the Sheriff if it came to a rough and tumble.

Tuesday night passed off without incident, but it was well no time had been lost, as a heavy knocking on the double doors much earlier on Wednesday morning than we expected announced the arrival of the enemy and opening of the siege.

The disappointment of the "Bums" when they found the position of affairs, can be well imagined, and was not lessened by the remarks hurled at them by our "General" and one of the gentlemen of colour who had placed themselves at the upper windows overlooking the entrance to the stable yard.

Space will not allow me to give a prolonged account of the siege and compliments bandied between the

attackers and attacked, suffice it to say that the "Brigade" held the fort, the old mare was smuggled out in safety, and despatched to her destination under the escort of Charley with one of the lads.

I need scarcely say that about 3.30 (the race was set for 3 o'clock) on Friday, we were all anxiety awaiting the arrival of the telegram that was to decide our fate. As the minutes passed Fogo and self could no longer restrain our impatience, but moved restlessly up and down the room listening for any sound that might announce the arrival of the telegraph messenger. At last, as the clock chimed the quarter to four, there came a powerful ring at the front door, and we rushed into the hall only to find a confounded tax gatherer clamouring for a quarter's water rate. We soon bundled him out, I can assure you.

Another ten minutes and there was a rat-tat on the knocker. This time no one moved and presently Fogo's butler marched solemnly in with the little buff envelope on a salver. Fogo seized it, hesitated and handed it to me. With my heart in my mouth I tore open the envelope; one glance was enough, and a loud shout of triumph proclaimed the nature of the contents before I read aloud the following:—

"Won in a canter. Garrison relieved to-morrow. Hold the fort. Return middle day. Charley."

For a moment no one spoke, but then such a shout went up as assured the "Garrison" who were also on the *qui vive,* that they had only to hold out till the morrow and all would be well.

Strange to say, I have but a hazy recollection of how we passed the remainder of the evening. Anyway, Saturday morning found the garrison still beleagured, but in high spirits, hurling defiance from the windows at the now fairly bewildered and disheartened Bumbinos.

Going to the station to find out what time Charley's train was due I came across a German band playing for all they were worth. "Grand idea," thought I,

"I'll get them to come to Pitt Place, take 'em through the back way to the stables, and then as soon as besiegers withdraw, form up and march out with the band at the head of the 'Iron Brigade,' meet Charley at the station and bring him home in triumph. Flags—we must have flags"—so, turning into a linen draper's shop, purchased a score of the largest and brightest coloured cotton handkerchiefs I could lay my hands on, twenty walking sticks from the tobacconist over the way, and after arranging with the band to be at Pitt Place at 2.30, returned to head-quarters.

Here all was excitement, information having come in from the stables that the besiegers having held a hurried consultation, had shown signs of drawing off their forces. In another quarter of an hour a messenger came from Boss-eyed Bob saying there was no doubt the enemy had raised the siege and retired, what was to be the next move?

At this moment the German band turned up, and hastily explaining to Fogo, to his great delight, the little demonstration arranged, we all made for the stables. Our "Commander-in-Chief" was equally pleased, and calling his men together gave each of them one of our impromptu flags. It was now time to proceed to the station, so Fogo asked the leader of the band to strike up a suitable march; the stable doors were flung open and to the stirring music of "Scots wa hae wi Wallace bled," the procession moved out, the "Brigade" cheering lustily with flags flying.

Our arrival at the station caused no little excitement, especially as by this time a large gathering had assembled, some idea of what was taking place having got about. Punctually to the minute the train rolled up to the platform, and there was old Charley leaning out of the horse box window waving his hat like a madman.

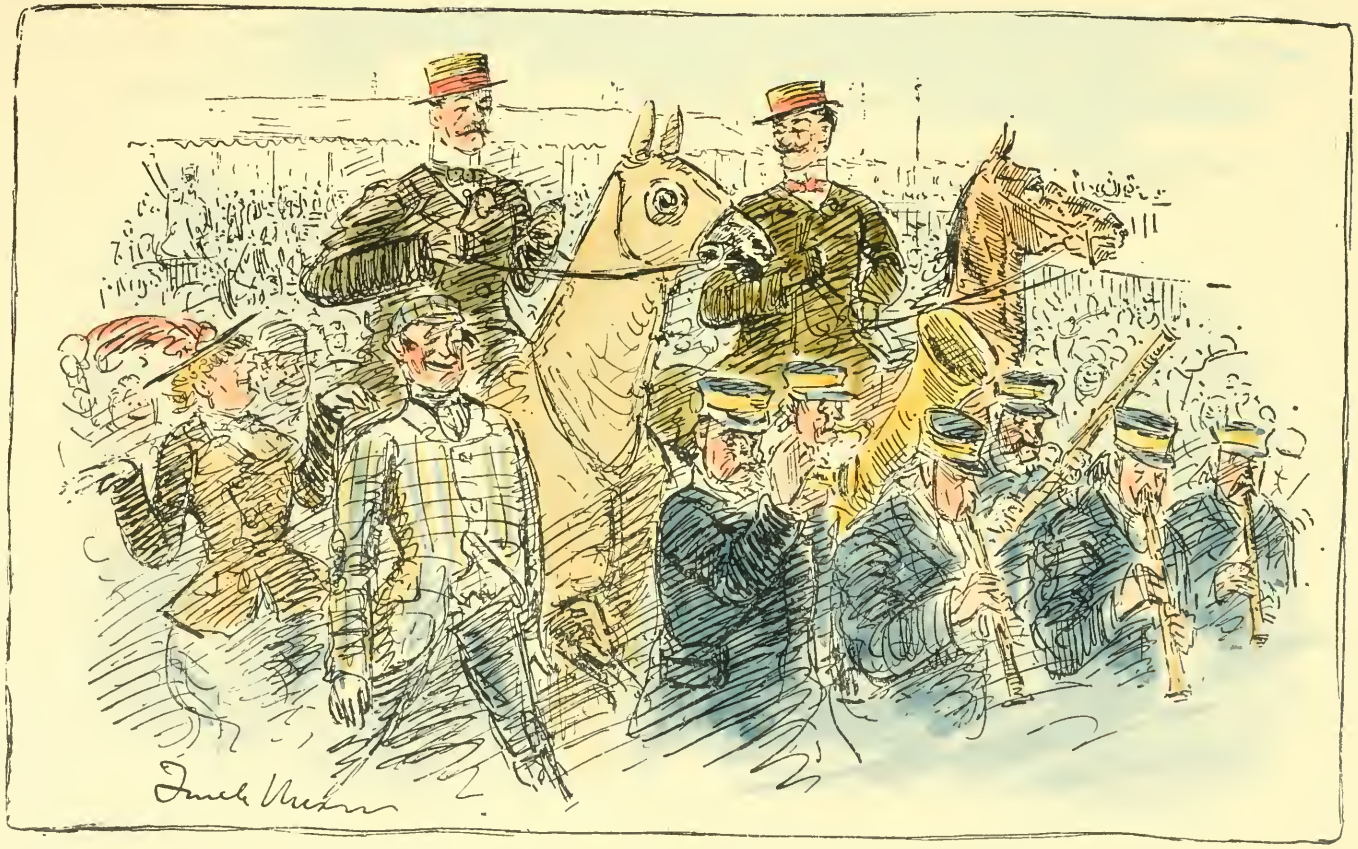
We soon had him and the mare, luckily the quietest creature ever foaled, out of the train, and Charley, grasping the situation, allowed himself to be hoisted on her

back. Here the "Iron Briagde" became useful, as the crowd was so great we could scarcely move. A way was soon cleared, however, and off we started on our return journey, the band now very appropriately striking up "See the conquering hero comes," and thus, followed by a huge multitude shouting and cheering, we got back to the stable yard, when the double doors were instantly closed to keep out a crowd that was becoming somewhat unruly.

Fogo, always hospitable, insisted upon serving glasses round to the whole garrison before their departure. Our healths were drunk with much cheering, and Boss-eyed Bob, who I gathered was looked upon as somewhat of an orator by his pals, was called upon by them to say a few suitable words.

At this length of time it is difficult to remember exactly what was said, but as far as memory serves our "Generalissimo," after expectorating vigorously, spoke somewhat as follows :—

"Sir Char-les, Mr. Rowlands, Mr. Riginald, gemmen all, my mates wish me to thank you for the 'ansom manner you 'ave provided for us. The wittles tip top, and the booze hay 1 ; the dossing a bit crowded p'raps, but you carn't hexpect hunlimited feather beds at 'urried notice. You've done us proper and no herror. My mates and self would like to keep these 'ere 'vipes' you kindly lent us as a souwenere of this horspicious hoccasion. I thank you, Sir Char-les, an' now *bong swore,* as the Frenchy said when I put him to sleep with one under the jauer, an hif so be as me and my mates can hever be of any use in bringing off a little mill on the *q.t.* for yer—corner men, keeping ground, and such like, you'll be doing us proud. This ere yard looks a tidy place for a bit of a scrap. But we must be moving or the Guvnor 'e 'll be wondering what's become of 'is favourite rigment. I do 'ope, as I ave eard the swells say, 'we'll meet again at Phillips's.' Good night, gents hall and thenk yer. Beg pardon, Mr. Riginald, one word more, which hit's



"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

my sentiments and those of my mates. 'Ere's long life to the old mare and to 'ell with the ruddy Sheriff! Now lads, form hup and quick march."

With that Boss-eyed Bob and his merry men formed "hup," wheeled out of the yard, and that's the last I ever saw or heard of

"The Iron Brigade."

THE "IRON BRIGADE" MOVING OFF.

CHAPTER VII.

Cheltenham.

If memory serves, I stated in my introductory chapter that these pages would, as far as possible, consist of experiences "amusing and otherwise," I thought might interest the general reader. I'm afraid that Cheltenham must rank in the "otherwise" division, as for the life of me I can't call to mind any incident of a particularly exciting or amusing nature that came my way during frequent visits to the Queen of Watering Places. Am I right? Does Cheltenham rejoice in that title; or is it Bath, Brighton or Leamington? Really I don't know, anyway I've been to 'em all (not, I'm glad to say, for the purpose of undergoing any "cure"), but if it were left to me I should unhesitatingly award the palm to Cheltenham. As I was saying, I can't recollect any startling "Experience" yet, as it was at Prestbury, about a mile out of the town, that I first had a string of 'chasers under Fogo's management and trained with him during the whole of the time he remained there before migrating to Pitt Place, Epsom. Was not it also later on at Cheltenham, my military career as a "Serafile" in the Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, whose head-quarters were in the town, began and ended, and seeing that during my visits I came across many well-known sportsmen, it is just possible that after all I may find something worthy of interest.

"How about Cheltenham?" said an old warrior I met the other day, who enquired what progress I was making

with these "Experiences." "You ought to have something racey to say about old times there," he continued, "as I know you trained at Prestbury with Fog Rowlands, and in addition used to be out with the Yeomanry when Ginger was hot i' the mouth."

"What about that story of the Plough Hotel and the process server I've heard you tell?" "Spare my maiden blushes," I rejoined, "a process server, indeed! what next, I wonder? I fear the little adventure you allude to and other incidents are scarce worth recording, all the same, if you think differently I'll see what can be done."

The results of the above conversation are now before you, and I trust my readers won't blame me if they find "Cheltenham" a bit heavy. If so—well—as the showman at the Aquarium used to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, you can proceed to the next tank."

It was about the year 1863 that Fog Rowlands rented Prestbury House from the late Mr. Christopher Capel. A dear old-world, old-fashioned place, about a mile out of Cheltenham, and a rare training establishment it made when Foggy increased the stabling and put things ship shape. We were not long getting to work, you may be sure, and soon added a few useful 'chasers to those Fog already had, old Medora (before mentioned) being chaperone and school-mistress to the lot. The training ground on Cleeve Hill, where, in old days, race meetings had been held, affording capital gallops, was just a nice distance from Prestbury, the ride up to the downs in the early morning most enjoyable. The Holmans used to train there, and still continue doing so, which says a good deal for their staying powers. Of the many well-known characters residing in the neighbourhood that I used to meet on my periodical visits to Fogo, I don't think there was a more widely-known one than Bob Chapman, the great horse dealer of those days. With agents all over the country buying for him he always had a wonderful collection of hunters, the conse-

quence being that Bob's customers were what he, having a great desire to impress one with his complete mastery of French as she is spoke, called quite the "Elighty"

Bob Chapman.

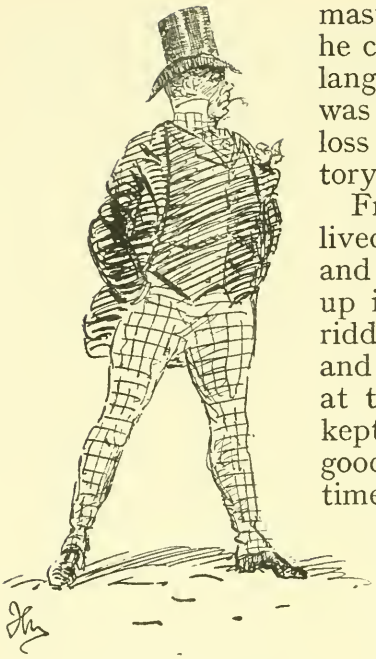
and numbered amongst them, as he would observe, "some of the best 'Connosuers' to be found both in this country and abroad."

There can be no question that Bob was a rare man to hounds, and as he always rode the best of cattle his performances were no mean advertisement for the stable. A nice light weight, with wonderful hands, he was bad to beat. I expect those who bought thinking it was all the horse's doing, often wondered afterwards what was the matter. He had an invaluable second horseman almost as well known as himself, Bob James, by name, who, I believe, is still alive—at least I saw him in the Repository Yard last year when at Cheltenham.

Talking of the Repository reminds me of another well-known horsey man, *viz.*, Harry Humphreys, popularly known amongst his friends as 'Arry 'Umphreys, and by his enemies, if he had any, as the Winchcombe Street Gorilla, nature having behaved badly to him in the matter of looks. Under his management the Repository flourished, like a green bay tree, the fortnightly sales being always a great draw and quite the *rendezvous* for the hunting and racing men in the district. 'Arry was a wonderful auctioneer, full of humour, and did his best to get the last shilling for the vendor.

Bless me ! I shall never forget his selling a thoroughbred brood mare for me I should have been pleased to take a fiver for. In fact, that was the reserve on her. I was sitting in the rostrum with the auctioneer and breathed a sigh of relief when some one bid five guineas. "Thank goodness, she's gone," I said to myself. Some one bid ten. I nearly fell out of the box. "Fifteen," responded the first bidder. Heavens ! Then 'Arry 'Umphreys began to talk, and before he'd done with them the old mare had run up to 155 guineas with the buyer ready to go on. If 'Arry had not been so dreadfully ugly I could have kissed him.

The yard and stabling were kept as clean and smart as a band box. A grand scarlet Macaw used to sit on the brass railing, and a wonderful raven hopped about, croaking and pecking the legs of onlookers till the sale began, when he had to be shut up, for as soon as his



HARRY HUMPHREYS.

master's voice was beginning to sell he commenced croaking and using language for which the only word was "shocking." 'Arry was a great loss to Cheltenham and the Repository when he died in 1898.

Fred Archer's father and family lived close to Prestbury House, and Fred was born and brought up in the village. Old Archer had ridden a good deal both on the flat and over a country, but retired at the time I am writing of, and kept a posting business. A real good old fellow he was, and many a time I've ridden in one of his shays. These were old-fashioned affairs and on one occasion the driver, trying to turn too short, upset the coach with Fogo and self inside. How angry Fog was with me for laughing as the old ark toppled over and we got mixed up with the cushions!

In 1865-66 the Duke of Hamilton had some horses with Foggy, I think about his first appearance on the turf. The Middle Park Stud was then in its infancy, and at one of their first sales Hamilton gave what was then considered a stupendous price for a yearling, *viz.*, 2000 guineas. No doubt a record at that time. The colt was named Angus, after the Duke, and, my word, there was a nice stir on his arrival at Prestbury. He turned out a useless beast, never winning but one small prize, so far as I can remember.

It was at Cheltenham races about this time that "Rufus," as Hamilton was called by his intimates, made his first, and I believe, last appearance as a jockey.

During his stay at Prestbury the "Dook" became

so bitten with racing that nothing would satisfy him but riding a race. The problem was, how could this be arranged. As His Grace scaled about 16 stone the difficulty was first to provide two animals capable of carrying such a crushing weight, secondly, to find an adversary worthy of the Ducal steel.

Fogo was fairly puzzled and, being most anxious to gratify the Duke's praiseworthy ambition, came to consult me as to what had best be done. The only thing I could think of was that Hamilton should match a very strong sort of cob he had brought with him to ride out with the horses in the morning that seemed to be able to move a bit. Fogo quite agreed, but remarked, "Where on earth can we find another nag to carry 16 stone and another jockey of about the same build as the Duke?" At last, after cudgelling our respective brains, an inspiration seized me. "I have it, Fogo! There's a racing sort of cob I've seen ridden about by that local sportsman Ned Griffiths, *he* looks like doing the job." "By jove! yes," replied Foggy, "now I come to think of it, Griffiths is almost the same size as the Duke, the races here are next week. Capital! I'll see Griffiths and fix it up." Thus it was arranged. Griffiths wrote saying he understood that His Grace fancied his cob could go a bit. He (Griffiths) was *sure* his could, and if His Grace would excuse the liberty he proposed they should run a match for £25 a side, owners up, as he believed that His Grace and himself weighed about the same, let it be catch weights. The receipt of this *cartel* filled Hamilton with delight, he accepted the challenge at once, asking Foggy to arrange all details. Next day nothing would please him but that he must get into condition and go out with Curly Knox and myself for long walks with the sweaters on, so I persuaded him to do the thing thoroughly whilst he was about it, take a couple of blue pills at night and an ounce of Epsom salts in the morning.

He was a splendid subject and I really believe we

took at least 14 lbs. off him before the eventful day. Meanwhile a wire had been sent to Merry, the saddler in St. James's Street (Sam Merry was Lessee and Clerk of the course at Warwick), to provide a special out-size set of the Duke's colours—cerise French grey sleeves—and to his tailor for the thinnest possible pair of breeches. When these came to hand we had a dress rehearsal, the only fault to be found being that the breeches were a bit tight in the seat, and this with a 4 lb. saddle made the Duke's figure somewhat too *pronongcey*, as Bob Chapman took occasion to remark, in fact during the preliminary canter we were terribly afraid something might give way. However, all went well, and after a capital race the Duke won amidst great cheers and general excitement. In spite of the training Curly and self had given him, it was a very perspiring Duke that returned to weigh in.

Before we came to Prestbury Foggy used to have some horses in training with old Tom Olliver, they were great allies. I fancy they had previously ridden many races together, and endless were the tales Foggy used to tell about him. Many of these are well known, but I always thought Tom Olliver's reply to one of his employers, a "fussy old gentleman," always pestering him with letters, was very terse and to the point. The F.O.G. had sent a 'chaser to Tom to be prepared for a four-mile steeple-chase, but could get no reply to his many letters of enquiry. At last he wrote more peremptorily, saying he must insist on an answer: "Could his horse stay four miles?" Fairly cornered this time, Tom sat down and wrote as follows:—

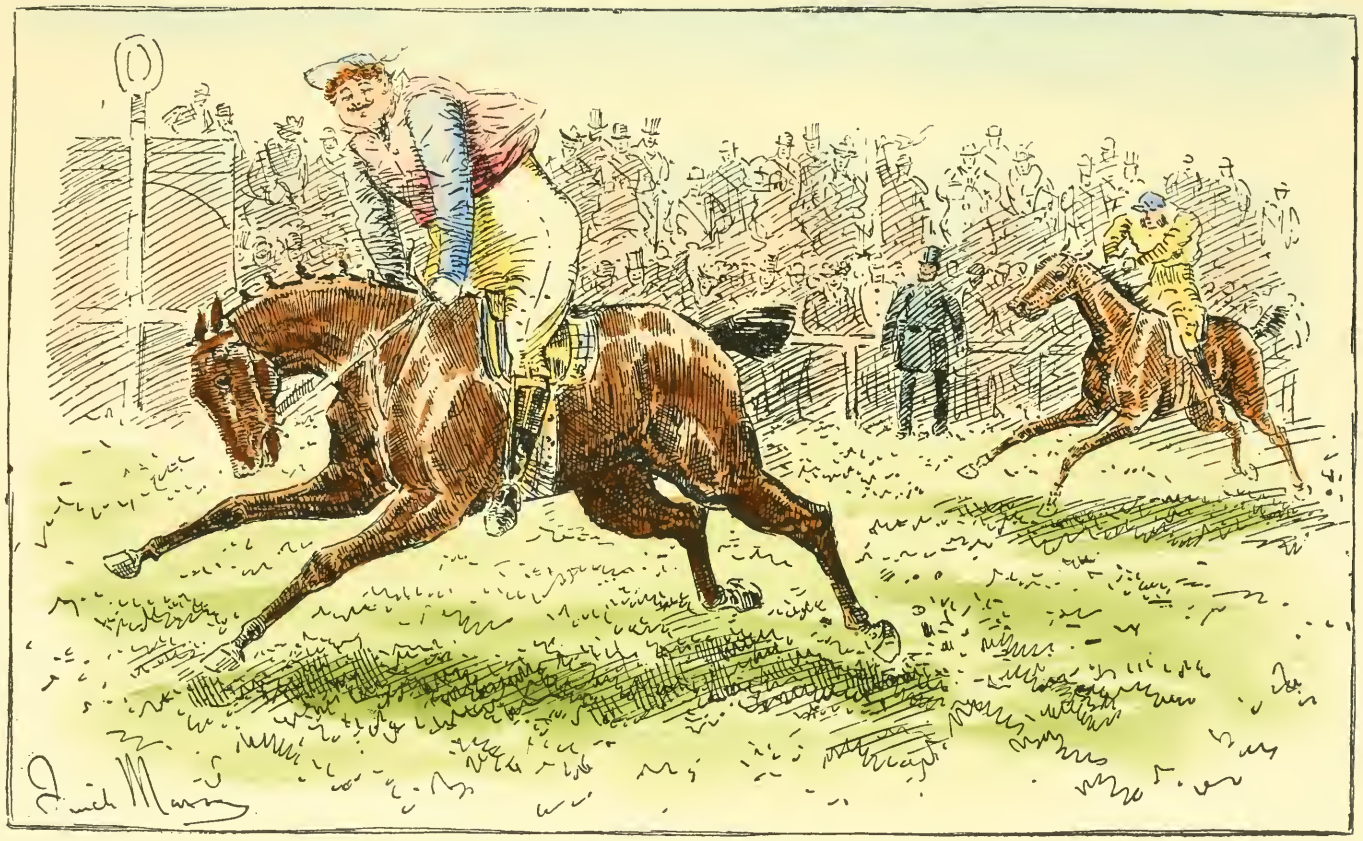
"Honoured Sir,

"Your horse *can* stay four miles, but he takes a H—— of a long time to do it.

"Yours obediently,

"T. Olliver."

If I were to enumerate all the good sportsmen that



A DUCAL MATCH.

Pony Match for 50 sovs, 15 st. each. Half a mile. The Duke of Hamilton, Brown Pony, Owner, 1st. Mr. E. Griffiths, Tom Studd, Owner, 2nd.

visited Fogo's establishment there would be no ending to this chapter, so I'll content myself with writing about those with whom I was most intimate.

"Curly" Knox.

Curly Knox (Colonel G. W. Knox, Scots Guards) was often at Prestbury, where he had a horse or two in training with Fogo. One of these I remember well, Foxholes by name, he had bought from, or that "Mate" Astley had given him, as being useless on the flat, but took to jumping kindly, winning several races for Curly. We became great allies, though I think he was one of the most obstinate men I ever knew, at the same time one of the best that ever breathed. Those of my readers who remember him will also recollect one favourite phrase with which he always wound up an argument, especially if he had a bit the worst of it. "Well, all I can say is"—holding forth his right hand and shaking his fore finger at his audience—"my name is G. W. Knox, and if you don't like it, you may all go to Hades."

Being a bit pig-headed myself, there used to be endless wrangles, mostly about the merits of various horses we owned, but were the best of friends in spite of it all, even after I won the rowing match for a thousand, against time, Curly backing the "Old man with the scythe" to his, Curly's, cost.

Freddy Wombwell used to come down with Hamilton, for whom he sometimes rode, though not with alarming success. On one occasion Freddy had a nasty fall off one of the Duke's horses and had all his front teeth knocked out, at La Marche I think it was.

By way of a salve Rufus presented him with a brand new set, which somehow did not quite fit, the result being that Freddy came to my hotel one Sunday morning

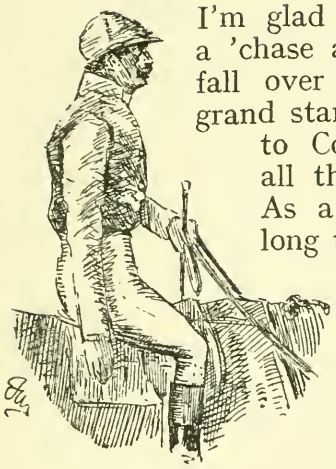
when we were in Paris suffering agony, with one side of his face the size of a football. He had tried finding the dentist without success, that worthy unfortunately being away on a holiday, Fred implored me to try and get them out. I was quite willing, but how to set about it had not the remotest idea. Anyway, I got him in a chair with his head thrown well back, and began groping about in mouth, but could not move the ivories with my fingers, being in a deuce of a funk all the while that he would bite one of 'em off. Looking round at last in search of an appliance of some sort my eye fell upon a good-sized button hook on the dressing table, seizing this I set to work regardless of the piteous screams of the "patient." When, after about half an hour's hard labour I managed to prize the whole lot out, in so doing nearly choking poor Freddy; so far from being grateful and willing to pay a fee, he threatened to assault me.

The present Lord Dunraven (then Lord Adare) had one or two horses in training at Prestbury, he used to ride a good deal in those days. I remember one of his 'chasers on account of the extraordinary name, "Who dare say Boo." But no flyer—how could he be with such an appellation?

"Mate" Astley turned up now and again, but it was later on at Epsom that Fogo trained The Scamp for him, when he won the big hurdle race at Croydon and incidentally £5000.

Peter Crawshaw, another gentleman rider of those days, spent many a week with us and also often rode for Hamilton. A rare good horseman was Peter, and,

THE "MATE."



"PETER."

I'm glad to say, still "all alive o." In a 'chase at Cheltenham he got a terrible fall over the water jump in front of the grand stand, riding Humble Bee, belonging to Colonel Forester (The Lad); we all thought poor "Peter" was settled. As a matter of fact it took him a long time to get over it.

Charley Nugent also was nearly killed on the race course, would have been quite had he not had as many lives as a Kilkenny cat, and (without any reflection on his intelligence) a powerful thick skull on him. When walking round the paddock, some animal lashed out and caught him just between the right eye and ear, felling him like an ox. The poor fellow was unconscious for days, but a wonderful constitution, and, as I said before, about two inches of bone, pulled him through, "Praise be to Allah!"

The late Marquess of Queensberry (Q) was very much *en évidence* at Prestbury; acting on Fogo's advice I bought a very good horse from him called Captain Crosstree for £500, who with any luck ought to have won the Liverpool in 1868, when he ran fourth to The Lamb.

Tommy Pickernell, T. Spence, Jerry Dalglish, George Ede, Alec Goodman, G. Waddington, Toots Barclay, Jonas Hunt, Willie Bevill, Josey Little, Tom Townley (the two latter just retired from the pigskin), and a host of riding talent never missed looking up Fogo when Cheltenham races were on.

I shall always remember the April meeting in 1866, as we were lucky enough to win several races there with my horses King Alfred, Corsica and Comberton, and wound up by taking the Grand Annual with a mare called Columbia.

This mare became my property in a peculiar and certainly lucky manner. Really, it was quite a fluke,

and a mere chance that gave Fogo an opportunity of trying his master hand upon her. In the summer of 1865 Jimmy Shaw, then a subaltern in the 14th Hussars, a regiment in which I counted many friends, Digby Boycott, Baskerville and Frank Gist amongst others, came to me one day and said he heard that B. Coventry wanted to sell Columbia, a mare that had formerly belonged to Cherry Angell. The mare had shown some form, having run fourth in the Cambridgeshire as a four-year-old in 1864 in a field of thirty-eight. runners. She was ridden by Jimmy Grimshaw, and had also been thought good enough to run the year before in the Leger won by Lord Clifden. However, it appeared B. had no luck with the mare and wanted to sell her for £500. He, Jimmy, thought she would make a 'chaser. Would I go halves with him in the purchase? If so, being a friend of Coventry, I had better arrange matters. Jimmy stipulated, however, that the mare should be sent to his own trainer. I agreed to all this and shortly after calling on B. Coventry, completed the deal. Columbia remained some months with Jimmy's trainer—I think it was Burbage—but apparently they could do nothing with the mare and, in the end, she fell down, breaking her knees. A pretty kettle of fish indeed!

Shaw was disgusted with the business, said she was useless, he was sick of her, that we had better sell her for what she would fetch. Luckily it was at Prestbury I received Jimmy's letter and told Fogo all about it. "Well," he said, "you buy Shaw's half, if he will take £50, and let me have a try what I can do." So I wrote to Jimmy to that effect. By return of post came his reply accepting the offer and saying Columbia was *en route* for Prestbury.

This alacrity to jump at my fifty was discouraging and I feared did not augur well.

When the mare arrived she was not much to look at, I can assure you, broken knees and all. Another fifty

gone, I thought. Fogo's face was a study. "Never mind," he said, after a moment's silence, " you just leave her to me. Meanwhile, forget her for six months."

Shortly after Xmas I was delighted on receiving a letter from Fogo. He wrote " You'll be glad to hear that Columbia is getting on wonderfully well, very little mark on her knees, taken to jumping kindly (I have found the secret by keeping her head down with side reins) and feel sure will win some races. Come and see for yourself and I'll bet you won't know her again ! "

" Corn in Egypt ! " I exclaimed, " May the graves of Fogo's enemies be defiled by jackasses ! He's a wonder."

As soon as possible I made my way to Prestbury and found Fog had in no way exaggerated matters. Certainly no one would have known it was the same animal. Of course, Fogo said I must enter and run her for that year's Liverpool. This was done, though we had not been able to give her sufficient schooling and never expected her to get the course. However, Columbia ran sufficiently well to encourage our hopes that some day she would win a good race. This was the year Mr. Studd's Salamander won The National, breaking his back at Crewkerne shortly after.

William Reeves.

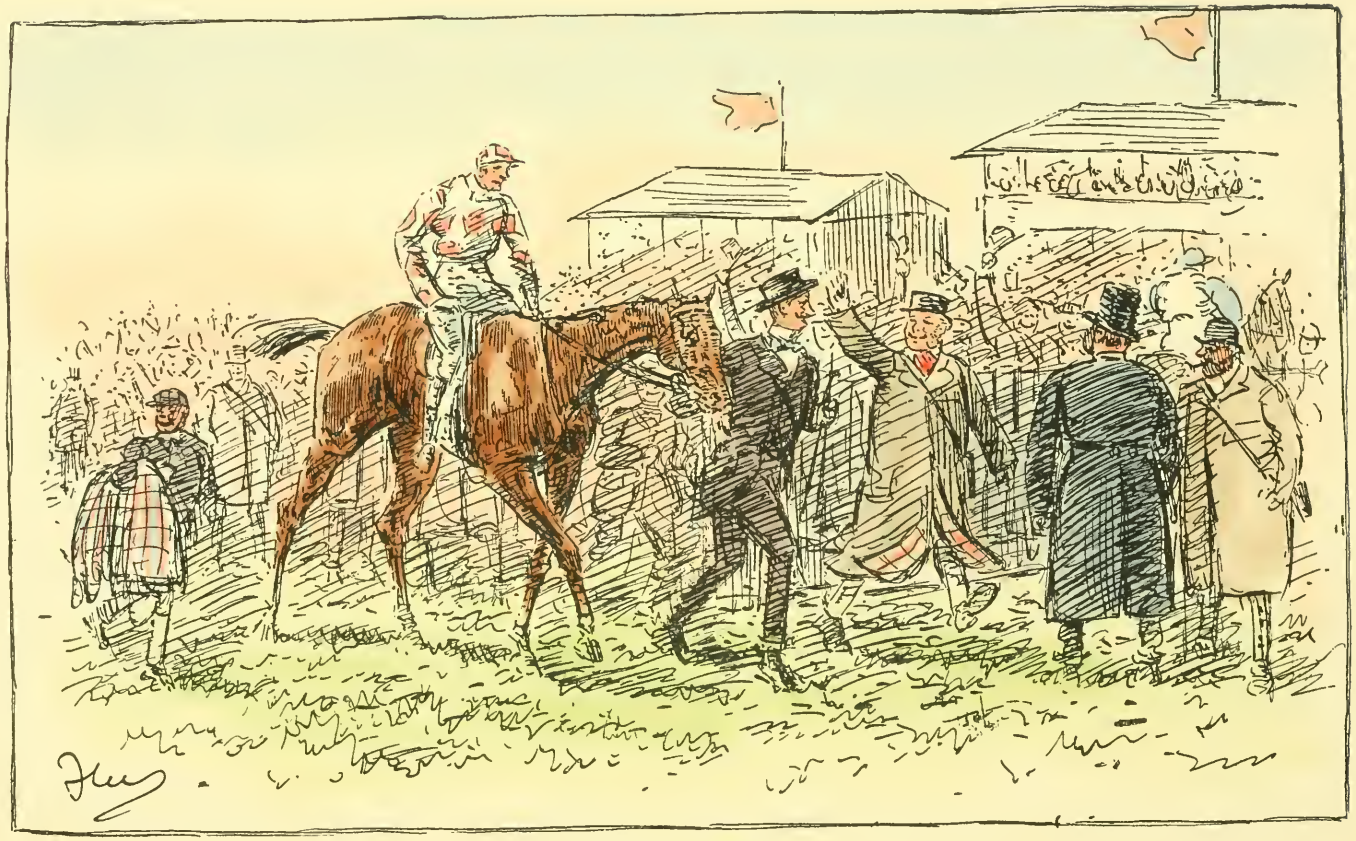
On looking up some old papers I find that I rode Columbia and won the Hunt Cup at Abergavenny on the 5th April that year, and the following day William Reeves rode her, winning the Nant-Oer Steeplechase, in which, I was upon old Medora. This was doing a bit better, and as the mare had an engagement at Crewkerne, to meet Salamander again, and also was well in the Grand Annual at Cheltenham, we began building castles in the air.

I hope my readers won't think me an old twaddler for retailing all this, which can only be of interest to myself, but having commenced the "History of Columbia," I might as well go through with it. As arranged, we took her down to Crewkerne with the intention of having another go at Salamander, and here for once I played the part of "Cardinal Wiseman." You never saw such a course in your life, great banks and yawning ditches enough to swallow a regiment of cavalry. I remember walking round with Jim Dally, he having brought old Sir Bobby to pick up a minor race, which he did. Jim said no novice could possibly get the course, and I sided with him. Fogo was all for running, but at the last he agreed with me that it would be wiser to send the mare home and keep her for Cheltenham. This we did. Poor Salamander broke his back and Columbia won an exciting race at Cheltenham, as I will now proceed to relate.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Arthur F. Meyrick, I have before me a full account of the race in question, and as it contains the names of so many cross-country celebrities of those days, owners, horses and riders, I don't think I can do better than give it *in extenso*, as I feel sure it will be of interest to any of the "Old Brigade" still facing the music.

GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE OF £425 (HANDICAP), 4 MILES.

Mr. R. Herbert's	ch m	Columbia, by Woolwich out of Prairie Hen, 10 st. 12 lbs. (in 12 ex). W. Reeves....	1
Mr. Riddell's	bh	L'Africain, by Faugh a Ballagh, a, 12 st. 7 lbs. W. J. Riddel	2
Duke of Hamilton's ..	br g	Cortolvin, by Chicken or Cheerful Horn, a, 10 st. 12 lbs. J. Page	3
Mr. Murray's	ch h	Philosopher, by Hunting Horn, 6 years. 10 st. 2 lbs. Ellison	4
Lord Coventry's	ch m	Emblematic, by Teddington, a. 12 st. G. Stevens	0
Lord Uxbridge's	ch h	Marble Hill, by Teddington, a. 11 st. 8 lbs. Mr. Edwards	0
Mr. W. Halford's ..	b g	Hornet, by Lord of the Isles, 6 years. 11 st. 2 lbs. Griffiths	0
Mr. Naughten's.....	b h	Thomastown, by The Dean, a. 11 st. 2 lbs. Murphy	0
*Mr. E. Brayley's ..	b g	Ibex, by Wild Dayrell, 6 years. 11 st. 8 lbs. (in 7 ex.) C. Boyce	0



HAIL COLUMBIA!

*Mr. W. Ha rd's ..	ch h	Old Oswestry, by Bucolic, 6 years, 10 st. 11 lbs. B. Land	0
Captain Johnson's ..	br g	Ironsides, by Defence, 6 years, 10 st. 11 lbs. Colonel Knox.....	0
Mr. Payne's		Honeymoon, a, 10 st. 7 lbs. Knott	0
Mr. Summer's	b g	Woodbury Hill, by Flying Dutchman, 6 years, 10 st. 7 lbs. Rickaby.....	0
Mr. T. Goldby's	bl & ch g	Knave of Trumps, by King of Trumps, 6 years, 10 st. 6 lbs. Wheeler.....	0
Mr. W. R. H. Powell's	br g	Daisy, by Hercules, a, 10 st. 4 lbs. J. Pope	0
Mr. George's	br g	Sprite, by Martext, a, 10 st. G. Waddington	0
Mr. E. Studd's	gr m	Georgina, by Lord George, a, 10 st. F. Lotan	0

* Penalty for winning at Abergavenny.
* Penalty for winning Crewkerne race, in which Salamander broke his back.

The Betting at Start.

3 to 1	agst.	Cortolvin.	10 to 1	agst.	Old Oswestry.
5 to 1	,,	Emblematic.	10 to 1	,,	Philosopher.
5 to 1	,,	Thomastown.	15 to 1	,,	Woodbury Hill.
7 to 1	,,	Knave of Trumps.	100 to 6	,,	Ibex.
10 to 1	,,	Columbia.	20 to 2	,,	others.

The Race.

"The running after the retirement of Ironsides was alternately made by L'Africain, Cortolvin, Thomastown, Columbia and Old Oswestry, until half a mile from home, where Columbia drew out and won very easily by three parts of a length ; two lengths between second and third and six lengths between third and fourth."

I can't quite agree with this description of the finish, Reeves was wonderfully lucky to win. The riders of L'Africain and Coltorvin, after jumping the last fence, seemed to think they had it all to themselves and rode a punishing race on the outside of the course, giving Reeves an opportunity of nicking in on the inside, which he promptly availed himself of, thus gaining considerable advantage and certainly winning cleverly at the finish. Anyway we landed, and the last bet I took was 20 ponies from E. Green (great at billiards and fishing), so the betting return was evidently not quite correct.

My ! Wasn't there a row ! The bookies having had a good race were cheering the winner to the echo and howling with delight ; the backers of the two favourites

yelling with rage at the manner in which they considered the race had been thrown away. As for old Foggy, I shall never forget the look of seraphic happiness that passed across his always benevolent and now perspiring countenance as we jumped off the coach together to lead the mare in. "Proud moments, my boy! Proud moments" was all he said, and when "All right" was shouted I had difficulty in restraining myself from embracing the dear old boy. And lucky I did, as shortly afterwards I noticed he had not shaved for several days, owing to a bad attack of gout in his hands, and there was a three days' growth of beard on him.

Poor fellow! In his latter days he was about the greatest martyr to gout I ever came across. Once at Pitt Place he was as nearly stifled in bed, where he was laid up with an attack, as possible. Luckily we heard a muffled voice calling for help, and rushing into his room, found that he had slipped down under the bed clothes, his hands and arms being so paralyzed with gout that he could not make the slightest movement to free himself. Another few minutes would have settled him. Unfortunately he had a firm conviction that Old Scotch was the best remedy for our subtle friend Podagra, so it is not to be wondered at that his rapid recovery was often retarded. But to return to the "'osses."

Altogether we had a real good time, for I won another race with a mare called Corsica, and the Hunt Cup with an own brother to Comberton, by name King Alfred, with Curly Knox up, as I could not do the weight, especially after the prolonged celebration of Columbia's victory.

A terrible accident happened on the first day of the meeting, when during one of the races the Grand Stand crowded with people collapsed, and many were injured. I was on the far side of the course at the time, when hearing a tremendous crash, looked round to find that the Grand Stand had entirely disappeared, barring about

a dozen bare poles standing up against the sky line. Actions were brought against the Stewards for damages, and there was no end of litigation. After this the races were run on another course situated close to the Cemetery, an arrangement highly suggestive of "stiff 'uns," if I may be pardoned for using a bit of turf *argot.*

To write about Cheltenham and Bob Chapman without saying something about the Cotswold Hounds would be unpardonable, especially as one of the first masters is an old friend of mine, *viz.*, Sir Reginald Graham. Pardon me if I digress for a moment. Forty years ago Reginald was a much less common name than it is at present—in fact, there were very few Reggies about in those days. The one and only Sir Reginald gave up taking an active part in racing about the time that the "Rose and White Diamonds" first attracted public attention, and many members of the "Ring" having long been accustomed to dealing with him, they took it as a matter of course that anyone rejoicing in the name of Reginald must be *Sir* Reginald, the result being that I was then and there made a baronet, do what I could to dissuade them to the contrary, and even up to the present day when I meet some of the old fielders they greet me with "delighted to see you, *Sir* Reginald!" Ah me! their ranks are thinning all too rapidly.

Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.

I fancied that Reggie Graham was master when I first joined Fogo at Cheltenham, but not being sure, fortunately sent the Baronet a line, for I was wrong. In reply he forwarded certain notes on the Cotswold Hunt that I thought might be of interest to my readers, so asked his permission to publish the same, which,

with his usual courtesy, he at once granted. Here they are :—

Norton Conyers,

"My dear Reggie,

The Cotswold Hunt dates from 1858, in which year the old Lord Fitzhardinge gave up part of his extensive country.

Mr. Cregoe Colmore was the first master from 1858 to 1871, when he died and I took the country until 1873. In the early part of that year I had a bad fall and was a good deal knocked about, which led to my rather sudden resignation in the spring of 1873.

I was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Sumner, who kept hounds for 12 years. In those days the chief supporter of the hunt was Sir Francis Goldsmid, who lived at Rendcomb Park and subscribed five hundred a year.

Prominent among the hard riders of that time was the celebrated horse dealer Bob Chapman, and no one could beat him over the walls. The kennels were at Whaddon Lane on the outskirts of Cheltenham, and there has always been a good pack of hounds, owing probably to the excellent judgment of Charles Travess, who was brought into the country by myself, and has remained huntsman ever since 1873.

A wild sporting country with stout foxes on the hills, always large (and sometimes unruly) fields from Cheltenham, with perhaps the best lot of yeoman farmers to be found in all England."

Sir Reginald, I may mention, at the time owned some useful chasers.

Marble Hill being about the best of them, and ridden by George Ede, often carried the brown and yellow stripes to the front.

In another letter to me our worthy Baronet says :— "In '67 I joined with Westmorland in the purchase from old John Osborne of Romping Girl by Wild Dayrell, after she had run second in the Oaks. This mare ran third for the Cæsarewitch of that August, but in '68

and '69 trained by William Goater, she won no end of races, and as long as she kept going there was plenty of money at Findon—but in this world everything comes to an end, even a Romping Girl."

Yours sincerely.

REGINALD GRAHAM.

Sir Reginald was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1869, and when he recovered from his bad accident he again became M.F.H., hunting in succession the New Forest, the Tedworth, and the Hurworth, finishing up with a pack kept at Norton Conyers, his historic home in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

The greater part of the foregoing appears in Sir Reginald's interesting work, "Foxhunting Recollections," published last year. Fearing he might think I had been "poaching," I thought it better to get his consent ere I inserted the above. He told me I was welcome, adding that his book was in the third edition.

Any record of my experiences at Cheltenham and the merry doings there would be incomplete without some reference to the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, in which distinguished regiment I began, and ended, my military career. So far as I can recollect I never was fired with any great military enthusiasm, and had it not been for my younger brother, known to fame as "Tip" Herbert, late of the 9th Lancers, the country would have been the loser of my valuable services. It was Napoleon, I believe, who said that every private carried a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, and presume a cavalry trooper's haversack was not exempt. I can safely say there was ne'er a one in mine.

"The Captain," as my brother was always called, was fairly bursting with patriotism and thirsting for blood, so no sooner had he returned home, than, opportunity offering, he joined the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars and became Captain of the Monmouthshire troop. Having gone so far, nothing would satisfy him but that I should

also join, being a county man he said it would help to get recruits.

I must say, before he'd done with them, he had a squadron instead of a troop. Goodness knows that I take no credit for the same; as hinted, I am a man of peace, unless violently assaulted, when, of course, it becomes necessary to defend ourselves with such weapons as nature provides us with.

Well, carried away by Capt. Tip's arguments, I applied for a commission, was duly gazetted and provided myself with a really splendid uniform covered with gold lace. Our full dress uniform in those days was a startler, I can assure you, copied from a Hungarian pattern. At least I know in my kit there were Hessian boots (shades of Mr. Jorrocks!) with red heels and gold tassels, to say nothing of spun silk tights fitting like a glove, making it a bit awkward to sit down for those of a full habit, lots of gold embroidery and a flying pelisse lined with Astrachan, the whole get up well calculated to make a bird of Paradise hang himself with envy.

Colonel Milnes commanded when I first joined, and was succeeded by Lord Fitzhardinge (The Giant). What a lot of good fellows were in the regiment! Percy Barker, Frank Henry Lord Worcester (*now Duke of Beaufort*), Frank Gist, Billy Harford, Palaret, Bob Sandeman, Wyndham-Quin (Adjutant), and many others. I turned a thoroughbred ex-racer I had bought from M. Lefevre, called "Aide-de-Camp" (an appropriate name), that was useless for racing (though he cost me £400), into a charger, and a good one he made. In spite of all the fun we had, there was plenty of hard work, no one would believe, who hadn't seen it, the wonderful manner in which the men got licked into shape by the end of the training. Of course, this was greatly due to our having so many ex-cavalry officers in command.

As Serafile (a grade that no longer exists) my duties were simple, and mostly consisted of harrying the rear rank with the flat of my sword to keep them up in line,

urging the laggards on with words of command not to be found in the Queen's regulations.

The whole of the Plough Hotel was taken for the officers during the training, and it was at this popular hostelry that the deplorable incident of the "Process server" to which my friend so indiscreetly and unfeelingly alluded to at the commencement of this chapter, took place. Really it's too bad expecting me to record private matters in print; my only consolation is the thought that these revelations may be of some use, as, of course, none of my readers know from personal experience what a process server is, so in enlightening them I may render some slight service.

After all, on consideration, I don't think I need feel bashful over this little "process experience," the matter having arisen as follows. In those days there existed a firm of publishers in Cheltenham who used to make it a business to get persons of local importance to sit for their portraits with a view of disposing of copies to tenant farmers, hotel keepers, friends of the sitters and others.

From this firm I received overtures and subsequently my portrait was published. During the preliminaries I was asked if I would like a few copies and, foolishly thinking they were to be given to me by way of a complimentary present, replied "Oh, yes, they could send me a dozen." These were duly delivered, but though never particularly vain of my personal appearance, made me look such a sight, that I discreetly put them on one side, not caring to distribute such "hideosities" amongst my friends.

My surprise was great about a year afterwards on receiving a bill for the twelve copies. I at once wrote saying there must be some mistake, as I thought they were presentation copies and they should be returned at once. To this I did not receive any answer and concluded the matter was at an end.

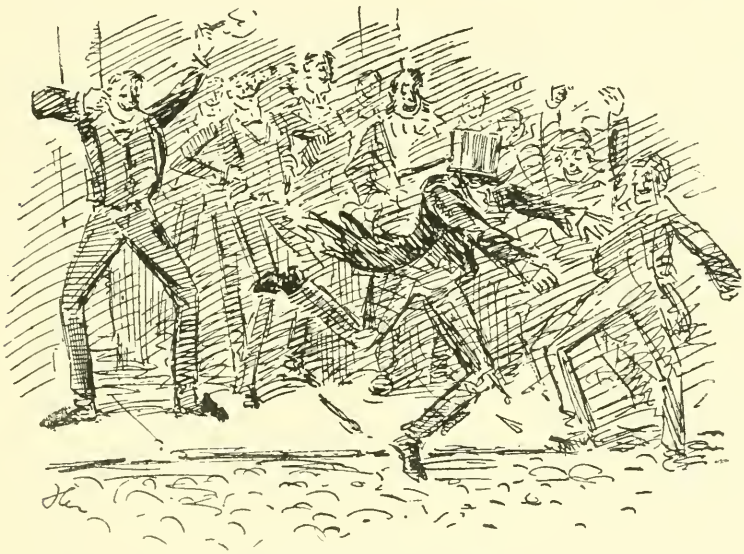
Not a bit of it, the enterprising firm were as cunning as

they make 'em and lay low, biding their time. The opportunity came at the annual training, when, knowing I was out with the yeomanry, they sent an emissary to the Plough Hotel to serve me with a writ.

Unfortunately for this misguided individual, he selected a most inopportune time and place for effecting his diabolical purpose, *viz.*, in the entrance hall of the Plough Hotel, where several of us had assembled after mess. Having secreted himself in some obscure corner he suddenly emerged and hurrying forward taking me quite unawares, shoved the missive into my hand, with a jocose remark that it was a " letter from a lady " (Victoria, by the Grace of God). I took it like a lamb, not having the slightest idea as to the contents, whilst the idiot who served it, instead of making himself scarce, could not resist the temptation of waiting to see how I looked when I realized the contents of the " love letter " he had handed me.

The first thing I did say must have rather surprised him. Turning to Percy Barker, who was near the hall door, I asked him to kindly bolt it, and placed myself in front of the side door so that there was only one way out, and that up the stairs, " Gentlemen," I said, " this individual has had the supreme audacity of serving me with a writ under your noses within the sacred precincts of what I may call the officers' quarters of these temporary barracks. Is this sort of outrage to pass unpunished ?" In a moment the hall was in an uproar. The wretched Bumbino, now trembling at his rashness and seeing both doors secured, made a sudden dash for the stairs. This was the signal for action and as he flew up the staircase about a dozen of the " Juniors " broke into wild hunting cries and with shouts of " Gone away," were soon in hot pursuit. Then commenced a chase " Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." Never was such a hunt as followed. The wretched bailiff now thoroughly alarmed, thinking his last hour had come. Eventually, after having been dislodged from under two

or three beds where he had gone to ground, he dashed into the kitchen and scullery; here we ran into him amidst a terrible clatter of pots and pans, accompanied by the squealing of numerous kitchen maids. Amidst great cheering he was hoisted shoulder high, a large copper saucepan clapped on his head, then a procession was formed, headed by one of the youngsters with a great roasting spit he had managed to get hold of in his hands, and thus we returned to the entrance hall. The



TALLY-HO! GONE AWAY.

door was quickly opened, and the now demoralized process server was thrust out into the street. Meanwhile a considerable crowd attracted by the uproar had assembled outside the Plough, and having gathered something as to the nature of the business received the "Emissary" with jeers, uncomplimentary remarks and a shower of "Shop eggs" kindly supplied them by a generous grocer, whom I subsequently discovered had an old score to wipe out with the "Man of writs."

All having ended as we thought satisfactorily, the door was closed, a move was made to the ante-room, where the episode was talked over with great glee till bed time, when we retired thinking the incident ended. But not so, for our "hunted fox" was a wily old customer, as you'll agree.

Next morning, before I was out of bed, my servant knocked at the door and said that a gentleman wanted to see me on "important business." "Show him up," I replied, "if he don't mind my receiving him in my *chemise de nuit.* (Pyjamas were only just coming into vogue)."

The door opened and in walked a local solicitor of my acquaintance and a real good sort, with a very solemn expression on his countenance. After bidding me good morning my visitor accepted the seat offered him at the foot of the bed, and in reply to my question as to what the deuce it was all about, and why he looked as if he had swallowed a poker, cleared his voice and opened fire.

"This is a very serious business, Mr. Herbert. The man who was pursued last night sent for me the first thing this morning to consult me as a client. He has taken to his bed, declares he is seriously injured, terrible shock to his nervous system, etc., etc., and that he intends bringing an action for damages at once,"

"But," said I, "the man was not hurt a little bit, though terribly frightened. It's merely a try on, I expect."

"Well," replied my visitor, "I don't know about that, I can only tell you he says he can't get up, intends to remain in bed, and get a magistrate to take his depositions."

"Well," thought I, "here's a pretty go," and aloud "What's to be done, my learned sportsman?"

My legal interviewer, putting his head on one side, like a magpie looking down a marrow bone, and rubbing his chin, rejoined, "I think it is somewhat lucky that

the victim of this outrage has placed himself in my hands. I *have* known somewhat similar cases suddenly cured by the application of 'Mint sauce,' you need not stare at me, 'Mint sauce' from the Bank of England! In fact, I think that this is distinctly an instance where the judicious use, say, of fifty pounds of mint sauce might produce an extraordinary resurrection. Though pray bear in mind that anything like 'squaring' or defeating the ends of justice I cannot entertain, still if the application of this wonderful remedy should relieve my client from the tortures he is suffering, and cause him to look on the affair in a more amiable spirit, why it would be inhuman for me not to facilitate matters. Don't you agree?"

"From what I can gather, indeed, the injured man has been heard to murmur something to the same effect in his delirium—by the way, did I mention that this respectable citizen was suffering from delirium. No, no, my dear sir, not tremens—at present—though later on it may develop—that is, when he has the fifty pounds of sauce at his command. His subsequent proceedings we are of course not interested in. Now, my dear sir, having stated my client's case, is it to be war or peace? That is, if I can get this terribly injured moribund to accept, or, I should say, swallow the prescription and enable you to cheat the gallows. Don't smile, my dear sir, a sad case indeed, a very sad case, a widow perhaps, and six small children for certain. Think it well over, consult your friends and I will see you again this afternoon. Remember time is precious and," he added (with a twinkle in his eye), "the victim may succumb at any moment. His moans and groans I can assure you are heartrending, so you'll understand there is no time to be lost." And, bidding me farewell until the afternoon, my legal friend departed.

"What a plant to be sure," I exclaimed, jumping out of bed. "And now to see the rest of the fellows as to what had best be done." Scarcely had I made my way

to the ante-room when our adjutant informed me that the Chief wished for an interview.

The devil, thought I to myself, this is getting serious, as I followed the adjutant into the presence of what Zulus would call "The Great, Great One," or "The Elephant." Not that our "Great, Great One" was by any means a tyrant. Far from it, indeed. With an almost imperceptible smile at the corners of his mouth and trying to look sternly at me, he addressed me somewhat as follows.

"Now, Mr. Herbert, what is all this I hear of a terrible outrage committed on the person of a respectable citizen by the officers of this regiment, egged on by yourself, or at least you were—well, what shall we say—well, the *Causus belli*."

"Sir," I replied, "may I be allowed to tell you the whole story." "Certainly," acquiesced the Colonel, "that is why I sent for you."

So as the servants say, I "up" and let him have it all, from the taking of my likeness to the interview with the victim's legal representative that morning.

I could see that our dear old Chief was much moved (to laughter) at my story, and when I had finished it was with an evident effort that he controlled his countenance. Assuming as he spoke as severe an expression as he could manage, he said "Very disgraceful, very disgraceful indeed. This sort of thing can't be allowed. Must be put a stop to. In fact, must be put a stop to. By the way, Mr. Herbert, did you say you were going to see his legal representative this afternoon? Well, well, perhaps it would be better to apply the 'mint sauce' to this injured 'lamb.' But not fifty pounds of it. Too much of a dose; overdoing it. I think a little horse exercise would do him good. Try him with a 'pony.' But lose no time, or should his delirium increase he may want a 'monkey.' Extraordinarily fond of animals these injured people are to be sure. Good morning, Mr. Herbert, pray be careful for the future, meanwhile I hope to hear of a miraculous cure. By

the way," he added, as I turned to leave the room, "if you have any of those libellous likenesses to spare, send me one when you get home." And so I left the presence of the "Great One" in a much easier state of mind than when I entered.

The next step was to consult the "Young Braves" who had joined in the chase as to what had best be done. Finally, it was decided that at my interview that afternoon I was to try and get the moribund's "mouthpiece," which is, I believe, the correct term, to accept a "pony" as, although it was a sort of blackmailing job, we were not in a position to make a fight over it.

At the appointed time I called on the "mouthpiece" and, to my surprise, found him wreathed in smiles. Shaking hands very warmly, he said, "You will be pleased to hear that this important affair has been amicably settled. A mutual friend, who must be nameless, has just called here, handed me the 'prescription,' and I have seen my client, who has agreed to submit himself to the 'treatment.' Really Mr. Herbert, this 'mint sauce' must be a wonderful remedy, for I verily believe the injured man was getting out of bed as I left the room. Little short of a miracle! What?"

"Who gave me the potion! My dear sir, you must not ask me. A professional secret, and as such must not be divulged under any circumstances."

"How much did it weigh? Ah well, I can tell you that. Twenty-five pounds exactly. Costs, any costs? No, no, Mr. Herbert, I am only too pleased to have been of friendly assistance in the matter, and save the poor man's life for his wife and family. Must you be going? Yes, I'll dine with you at mess to-night with the greatest pleasure." And so we parted.

But the question remains "Who paid the pony?" All I know is that the first man I saw grinning at me from amongst the crowd as we rode on parade next morning was the moribund process server, and be hanged to him!

CHAPTER VIII.

A Memorable Derby Week.

EPSOM.

Wednesday, May 20th, 1863.

The Derby Stakes of £7000, for 3 yr. olds. Colts 8 st. 10 lbs. Fillies 8 st. 5 lbs. One mile and a half.

Result.

Mr. R. C. Naylor's b c Macaroni, by Sweetmeat—Jocose ..... (T. Chaloner) 1
Lord St. Vincent's b c Lord Clifden, by Newminster—The Slave .....(G. Fordham) 2
Lord Glasgow's ro c Rapid Rhone, by Melbourne, dam by Lancerost or Retrieve.....(J. Doyle) 3
Capt. D. Lane's b c Blue Mantle, by Knighton—Paradijm ..... (Lynch) 4

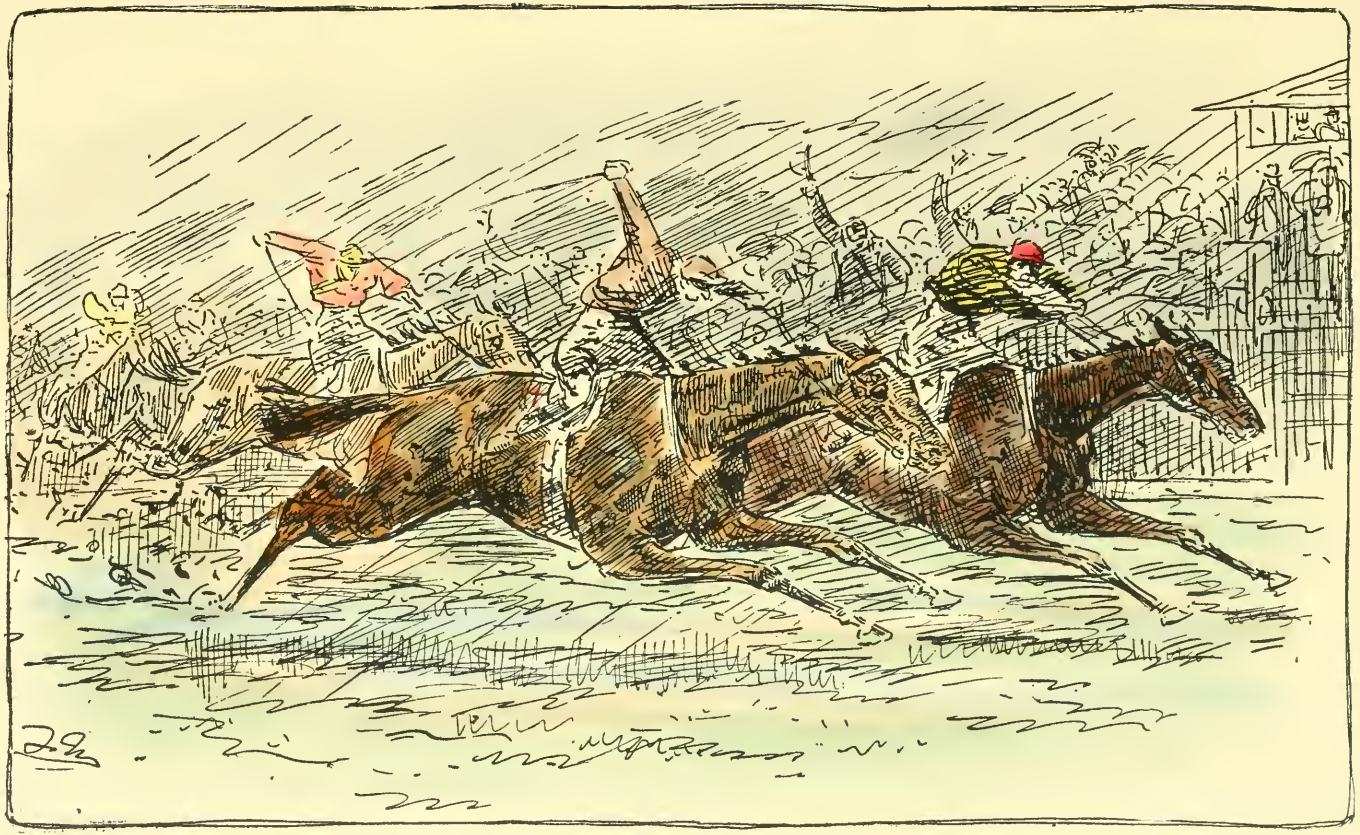
EPSOM.

Friday, May 22nd, 1863

The Oaks of £5050, for 3 yr. old Fillies, 8 st. 10 lbs. each. One mile and a half.

Result.

Lord Falmouth's b f Queen Bertha, by Kingston—Flax ..... (Aldcroft) 1
Lord Westmorland's Marigold, by Teddington—Daisy ..... (J. Doyle) 2
Count F. de Lagrange's Vivid, by Vedette—Daisy (A. Watkins) 3



THE DERBY, 1863—Macaroni Wins.
Lord Clifden (G. Fordham). Macaroni (T. Chaloner).

OAKS NIGHT, 1863.

Official return published at the close of the Middlesex Sessions, July, 1863.

RESULT.

Judge Bodkin 1
Bench of Magistrates 2
A Common Jury..... 3
also ran, Reginald Herbert, Sergeant Ballantine, and others.

The two first returns are all plain sailing and subject to the meanest capacity, but I venture to think that very few of my readers will understand the third item in the above return list. Suffice it to say that it represents one of my earliest and most exciting experiences and at the time made a great sensation. The papers, indeed, were full of nothing else, for I ran a fine chance of being immortalized and unwillingly handed down to posterity as a worthy rival of such prominent patriots as John Frost (the Chartist), Lord George Gordon, Rebecca, and other misguided champions of freedom.

Exciting, did I say? Gad! I shall never forget it. Nor, would you either, my readers, had any of you been indicted as the leader of a riot, like a full-blown Chartist (none of your vulgar drunk and disorderly, please), and as near got three months ("a tray of moons," I believe is the professional expression) as don't matter for an offence you had never committed.

As my French friend Johnny Roy would say, "*Ah ce sacré Cremorne!* I no like him."

The Derby week of 1863 was a memorable one in many ways. To begin with, seldom, if ever, has the historic race been run in such weather as on this occasion, the course being like a bog, locomotion almost impossible and a continual downpour lasting all day.

Thirty-one runners faced the starter and, during the hour's delay at the post, there were thirty-two false starts. These were mostly caused by the unruly be-

haviour of Tambour Major, the property of Count Batthyany, ridden by Wells, who eventually got left at the post. Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer, on whom a fortune depended, fell before making Tattenham Corner, and, Lord Clifden stumbling in the very last stride, Macaroni just got up and won by a head, Rapid Rhone, beaten half a length, defeating Blue Mantle a head for third place. If I remember rightly, Lord Clifden was favourite at 4 to 1, 10 to 1 Macaroni's price and 100 to 1 Rapid Rhone offered. The latter was a *roan* horse and one of the few animals Lord Glasgow ever took the trouble to name. I suppose the temptation to make such a good *jeu de mots* was irresistible, even to that dour old Scotchman.

This was the first year, too, that trains ran to Epsom for the races. Hitherto the drive by road had formed one of the chief attractions of the day, and incidents that took place *en route* filled many columns in the papers, comic and otherwise.

The Grand Prix in Paris also dates from 1863. Several of the runners in the Derby were sent over to take their chance, notably Lord Clifden, Saccharometer and The Ranger, the property of Henry Savile. The last-named ridden by Jim Goater winning easily from that good mare La Touque. The Derby running with Lord Clifden being thus reversed, owing no doubt to the latter being amiss. How we cheered the winner and what a time we had! so much so, indeed, that I quite forgot I was a down-trodden patriot, out on bail, with the sword of Damocles hanging by a threat over my head. But I anticipate.

Harking back to Epsom, Friday, the Oaks day, was as fine as Wednesday had been the reverse. Queen Bertha winding up a memorable week by winning Lord Falmouth (Mr. Valentine) his first classic victory after a tremendous set-to with Marigold.

When I remind my readers that His Majesty was married in 1863 I think I've said enough to show that a good many sensational occurrences took place in that year.

Before proceeding further, the following list of some of the owners, horses and jockeys taking part in the Derby and Oaks of 1863 should be of interest, anyway to my contemporaries. What memories they conjure up! For on reading them over it looks like a whole volume of turf history, each name bringing to mind some special individuality—some well known incident.

Owners: Mr. R. C. Naylor, Mr. F. Cartwright, Mr. Valentine (Lord Falmouth), Lord St. Vincent, Lord Coventry, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Henry Savile, Mr. George Bryan, Lord Glasgow, William Day, Lord Strathmore, Count Batthyany, Count de Lagrange, Baron Rothschild, Mr. Ten Broeck, Lord Westmorland, Lord Exeter, Lord Anglesey, Lord Stradbroke, Capt. D. Lane, Teddy Brayley, Lord Bateman. Horses: Macaroni, Isoline, Queen Bertha, Marigold, Thalestris, Gratitude, Borealis, Old Orange Girl, Lord Clifden, Rapid Rhone, Scamander, The Ranger, Saccharometer, Hospodar, Jarnicoton, King of the Vale, Tornado, Blue Mantle. Jockeys: T. Chaloner, Custance, Aldcroft, Ashmall, Covey, Parry, Jim Goater, John Osborne, G. Fordham, J. Adams, W. Boyce, D. Hughes, A. Edwards, H. Grimshaw, Snowden, Norman (Jockey), Cowley.

The winner of the Derby being the property of my intimate friend Mr. R. C. Naylor, we were, as a result, all jubilant with pockets full of winnings. Mr. and Mrs. Naylor (*née* Miss Thorold, and good to look upon) were friends of my family and used to stay now and again at Clytha with her brothers Willie and Dicky, we in return visiting the Naylors at Hooton Hall and Kelmarsh. Few who know Hurlingham as it is, and has been for many years, realize that in 1863 it was the property of Mr. Naylor, who lived there during the London season. Often have I dined and passed a pleasant evening with them, little thinking that before many years Hurlingham would become the head-quarters of pigeon shooting, also, later on, of polo (the polo ground was then a large orchard full of apple trees and up to your

knees in grass), and that I should play a somewhat successful part in both these sports. But steady! I'm running a bit wide.

As I have said, it was Derby week, and Derby week meant to the *Jeunesse Dorée* and others CREMORNE writ large with dancing on the "*monstre*" platform. In these days of early closing and "go to bed early and be good

The *M.C.* (a well-known character at Cremorne in the sixties): "COME, CAPTIN, THIS WON'T DO!"

boys," the present generation will find it hard to believe that the restaurants, or night houses, as they were called, remained open all night, and that it was considered quite the correct thing for all young bloods to "go the rounds." This consisted, after dinner and a visit to the opera or theatre, in looking up all the well known places of amusement and public resorts. An adjournment would be made thus early in the night to hear Baron Nicholson deliver

THE M.C. A DERBY NIGHT AT CREMORNE IN THE SIXTIES.

a reserved judgment on various points of law arising, let us say, out of some delicate domestic difficulties of a newly married couple, to be followed, if not too late, by a look in at the Cider Cellars or equally aristocratic Coal Hole. Dancing would by this time be in full swing at the Argyll Rooms, commonly called The Duke's, now the Trocadero Restaurant; then on to Kate Hamilton's, Jack Coney's and Rose Young's, Mott's too, the ball-room in Portland Street (where, on a celebrated occasion, rats were enlarged with disastrous effect), the Piccadilly Saloon, and last, but not least, Evan's Supper and Glee-singing Rooms where the neophyte felt highly honoured when old Paddy Green, as was his custom, called him "Dear boy," offered his snuff box, at the same time shaking him warmly by the hand as if they were old friends.

It is related of King Harman, then in his zenith, that coming to town to spend the season, he never had occasion to wear anything for six weeks but his evening clothes. Going to bed about 7 or 8 a.m., the only sleep he had was in the daytime, rising to dress for dinner and, this over, again proceeded on the warpath, as an Indian Brave, Sitting Bull or The Last of the Mohicans would not have been in the running with him. It was in a great measure due to the way he disported himself at Cremorne on the Derby night the previous year, when the head waiter disappeared and was subsequently found shoved into the big drum, that the proprietor, E. T. Smith, determined if another disturbance arose that some one should be made an example of, *pour encourager les autres*. Unfortunately the honour of being that example fell on my, more or less, innocent shoulders, as you will shortly learn.

I have mentioned the name of E. T. Smith as the then proprietor of Cremorne Gardens. At the same time he was lessee of the Alhambra, a very different place in those days to what it now is.

Of course, Derby night was *the* night *par excellence* for Cremorne, but it poured with rain to such an extent

after Macaroni's victory in 1863 that *al fresco* entertainments were quite out of the question. So instead of Cremorne the young "Macaronis" went to the Alhambra. Here an entertainment of sorts was going on. All went smoothly till a conjuror, or some such performer, in an ill-advised moment invited a few of the audience to join him on the stage and assist in certain tricks, for which purpose a small gangway had been laid down over the orchestra enabling those of the audience willing to do so to come forward. This was too good a chance to be missed by a company bent on fun and frolic. Almost as one man they rose and solemnly trooped on to the stage which, in spite of the frantic efforts of the employés, was soon crowded. The orchestra, in hopes I suppose of diverting attention, struck up a gallop and then the fun began. Several ladies had by this time scrambled on to the platform, these were immediately appropriated as partners and a *danse d'enfer* commenced that I can safely say has never been equalled. The audience were now fairly in possession and remained masters of the situation. Eventually the gentlemen in blue appeared, with the result that, as the reporters write of many political and religious gatherings, "the meeting broke up amidst a scene of considerable confusion." No one, however, was locked up, but "Old Brer Smith" lay low, like an artful old fox, biding his time; this was not long in coming, as will be seen.

On the following Friday, Oaks night, four callow youths of gentle birth and, in the light of subsequent events, more or less limited intelligence, of whom I was one, might have been seen standing on the steps of Her Majesty's Theatre "after the opera was over." I must have been, judging by results, the most callow of the lot. But no matter; an animated discussion was going on amongst the quartette, the outcome of which being the hailing of a brace of London's gondolas, and a simultaneous order to their pilots—"Cremorne!"

The night was an ideal one, and on pulling up at the Gardens we found a tremendous crowd already greatly excited. Really the row had commenced before our arrival,—at least light skirmishing was going on between an advance guard of the "Piccadilly Plungers" and some of Smith's Native levies, though what the *causus belli* was we were unable to find out.

I don't think, however, that troubled us much, nor did we waste time making enquiries as to the merits of the question at issue, but prepared to throw our lot in with "Gown" against Smith's mercenaries representing "Town" as soon as the engagement should become more general, and the "position" marked out for capture clearly defined. This soon proved to be what was called the Circular Bar, located in the centre of the "main fortress," as old Cremornites will remember.

Smith's raw levies having been driven in at all points fell back in good order, seeking covert within the sacred precincts of this bar. Peace might even now have been restored had not General Smith, commanding the enemy, been short-sighted enough to give an order that no refreshments were to be supplied and the public excluded from the building. This only added fuel to the fire, and ugly rushes by the attacking force to carry the place by assault now commenced.

At this juncture an attempt was made by the "sappers and miners" belonging to the garden to turn the fire hose on the belligerents, with but qualified success, one of the "Piccadilly Pioneers" having had the foresight during the confusion to turn the water off at the main and dispose of the key. Unfortunately at this moment a charge of the "Light Brigade" nearly swept me off my legs, and when I recovered myself there was nothing to be seen of the three friends who had accompanied me, nor did we meet again, till late the next day. But to continue. Here it was that the great Smith played his trump card. The *mêlée* having crystallized round the entrance to the Circular Bar the contending parties were

face to face, the defenders on the steps leading up to the building, and the attacking force formed in a semi-circle on the gravel space below, pressed forward by the mass of excited partisans in the rear.

As I have said, the Generalissimo commanding the garrison now showed his hand, and also what a tactician and master of strategy he was. A shrill whistle sounded and, as if by magic, fifty stalwart gentlemen, lineal descendants of Sir Robert Peel, silently trooped out of the portals of the Circular Bar, taking the place of the native force who fell back, keeping up a running fire of invective from their place of safety behind the silent ones.

Oh, what a surprise! Those composing the front rank of the attacking party, amongst which, in some unaccountable manner, I found myself, were suddenly between the devil and the deep sea, The former represented by the excited partisans who, out of all danger, were forcing on those in front and urging them to deeds of valour; the latter by the fifty minions of the law in tall felt hats, with nasty looking truncheons in their hands.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! No escape! The "Piccadilly Perishers" (may Allah bear heavily on them), full of courage in their security and also, no doubt, propelled by the fire hose that by some means had now been supplied with water and was playing on their hind quarters, with wild shouts of encouragement drove the leading line right on top of those fifty blue giants representing the Majesty of the law. The scrimmage now became general and it was "Lombard Street to a China orange" on the mailed fist.

All I know is that I for one *did* get into the Circular Bar, but by no means in the manner anticipated. I recollect the feeling of being hurled up against what looked like an enormous blue mountain; that I immediately felt myself seized by two other blue mountains and amidst a shower of the hardest of felt hats made

prisoner, dragged into the Circular Bar, promptly conducted to the Chelsea Police Station, there left to meditate on the uncertainty of human happiness and the chance of being able to wake up some respectable householder to go bail for my appearance in the morning before the Cadi of Westminster.

My meditations, however, were not destined to be of long duration. They were rudely disturbed by the sudden entry of several members of the "A" division escorting a further batch of prisoners of war and a battered looking lot they were. Strangely enough, it was subsequently proved to the satisfaction of the Court that they were "fellow Chartists" acting under my leadership, yet I failed to recognise a friend amongst them. After comparing notes with these brothers in misfortune and learning from them how the battle had raged after my involuntary departure from the scene of action, also of the total rout of the Piccadilly Peacocks, I sank on to a bench with heavy heart and strong inclination to shed tears over the disasters of the day. Mine, however, is not and has never been a despondent nature, and soon recovering myself, my thoughts once more turned to the burning question of securing bail, and how to communicate with my long-suffering tailor whom I had mentally marked down as the victim to be aroused from his slumbers. A cheery voice at my elbow interrupted my reverie. "Halloa, Mr. Herbert, how on earth did you come here; can I be of any use?" and with a great feeling of relief I turned round to meet the smiling face of Mr. Jack Coney, well known in those days as the proprietor of one of the night houses off the Haymarket, a follower of the turf in a humble way, incidentally accompanied by a hazard table or roulette board, when visiting

JACK CONEY.

some of the more important country race-meetings. Never was voice so welcomed. In the exuberance of my joy I could have carolled forth "Hark, the Herald Angels sing." "Use," I exclaimed, "why of course you can. But what brought *you* here?" "Why, it was in this way," replied Jack, "I heard there had been a kick up and prisoners taken, so thought I would just look in to see if any friend of mine was in trouble." "That was a happy thought, Coney, a real happy thought, you are the very man I wanted. Will you get bail for me if I tell you where to go?" "With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Herbert," he replied, "anything to help a sportsman in distress." "Well, then," said I, "go at once to Conduit Street and try and rouse one of the firm of Meyer & Mortimer, who have the misfortune to be my tailors, explain the unfortunate position in which I am placed and beg one of them to come to my relief. You might incidentally mention whilst you are about it that if I go to prison I shan't want any clothes for a considerable period, except such as are supplied by a paternal Government. But I leave that to your discretion." "I'll be off at once," said Coney, "it's about 2.30 now and no doubt it will take me a couple of hours before I can get our man here. Anyhow, you may depend on my doing the best I can. Meanwhile—diving his hand into his pocket as he spoke—here is the Ascot programme, you can occupy yourself picking winners till my return." With that he vanished and once more I was left to ruminate on the doctrine of chance and study the weights for the Hunt Cup.

Time passed slowly and I must have dozed off when the sound of hurried footsteps approaching aroused me from a feverish dream of an endless string of policemen frantically dancing the Can-can. True to his word, here was friend Coney back just under the two hours, and oh, bliss! close behind him with as bland a smile on his benevolent countenance as if he were on the point of

measuring me for a new suit, the junior partner of the well-known Conduit Street firm.

"This is indeed good of you," I exclaimed, seizing his hand, "I can't say how sorry I am for dragging you out of bed at such an unheard of hour, but the matter, as you will agree, was somewhat urgent." "Don't say a word, my dear sir, don't say a word, only too pleased to be of assistance and very sorry to see you in trouble. But there's no time to be lost," he continued, and hurrying off to the Inspector went through the necessary formalities with the result that in five minutes I was once more a free man and out in the fresh morning air. A belated "growler" passing at the moment, I hailed it and dropping my deliverers at the top of St. James' Street arrived at my rooms just as the milkman turned the street corner. There was not much time for bed as I was due at the Police Court by 10.30, meanwhile had to seek the services of some legal luminary, but after a good bath and a bit of breakfast felt more like tackling the situation. I now remembered friend Coney had told me that I should no doubt find some lawyer frequenting the Court who would be pleased to take my case in hand, so, not troubling on that score, I told my man Henri to call a hansom and presently found myself at the *rendez-vous, viz.*, the Westminster Police Court. I won't tire my readers with a prolonged account of these preliminary proceedings before the magistrate. Suffice it to say that I found a "limb of the law" ready to represent me, and soon placed him in possession of the merits of the case. Unfortunately, instead of advising me to "throw myself on the mercy of the Court," and get fined 40s. or something of that sort, he suggested that I ought to defend, so applied for a remand. The result was that at the next meeting counsel appeared to prosecute for the "elegant" Smith, further remands took place, the case began to assume a very serious aspect and after four sittings the Solon on the bench said it was more than he could deal

with, that he must commit the lot of us (there were five others) for trial at the Middlesex Sessions on a charge of RIOT! Heavens above, I was in for it and no mistake.

Heavy bail was now required, but no difficulty about this as the case was getting notorious and friends crowded to the rescue. The sessions were to be held on July 8th, so we had some six weeks to prepare for the fray and be ready to face a prosecution in the name of "the Queen" instead of the ridiculous E. T. Smith. "May fragments of stone and broken flower pots rest upon his grave."

So the curtain rang down on the first act of the drama.

The six weeks' respite passed all too quickly, I can assure you, as much time was taken up preparing for the defence. Not that we had great hopes of getting an acquittal, so our efforts were devoted to prevent my being presented with the "tray of moons" already alluded to, and which those connected with the prosecution were equally determined I should accept.

Sergeant Ballantine.

The first step towards defeating their machinations was to secure the services of the great Sergeant Ballantine, then in his zenith. 200 guineas retainer and a refresher of 25 guineas a day! Money no consideration, and it was well laid out. Even at this distant date, when I think of the speech for the defence delivered by that eloquent man, tears tremble in my eyes, the touching allusions to my youthful innocence,—my many virtues,—my blameless life—and the blasting of a career so full of promise should I have to retire into temporary seclusion, and the manipulation of oakum—almost unmans me. What for? What for, indeed! Why, for playing in the gardens of a monster in human form, an Ogre who, thirsting for revenge and ignoble gain, baited his trap with meritricious attractions! and so forth; and so on —poor lamb! Poor injured lamb! but I anticipate.

The lawyers, I mean the top sawyers, now began to get busy, such a noble array of talent in the shape of Leaders, Juniors, Solicitors *et hoc genus omne*, had not been gathered together for a long time as the lot that faced the worthy Bodkin at the opening of the Middlesex Session on Wednesday, July 8th, 1863.

A few of their names occur to me. What do you think of these as a sample? Derby form, I call it. Sergeant Ballantine, Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., Mr. Tindal Atkinson, Mr. Digby Seymour, Mr. Sleigh, Mr. Poland and many others mostly for the defence, yet all assembled to assist at the undoing of that band of hoary and hardened desperadoes who, under the leadership of "Don Rinaldo Herbertino," known as "The Terror of the Welsh Sierras," had endangered the lives and the liberties of Her Majesty's lieges, peacefully taking the air at Cremorne Gardens. At least so said the prosecution.

There is no need to inflict on my readers a detailed account of this memorable trial. I have just fished out an old, musty, mouse-eaten copy of the shorthand notes taken at the time, subsequently published in book form, and I see they extend to the trifle of 414 pages. You will agree with a sigh of relief that it is best to consider them as read. Suffice it to say that the case of "The Queen" v. "Herbert and others" (I omit the names of my fellow Anarchists. It is possible some may have become ministers of religion, at least churchwardens, held up to the younger generation as examples of virtue and models of propriety. It would never do for them to be known as "men with a past") lasted four days, which meant an equal number of refreshers for the Sergeant. Much as I wish to cut it short, a wish with which I am sure you will concur, I cannot refrain from quoting a few words from his address to the jury, of one of the counsel for the defence, I think it was Mr. Tindal Atkinson who said, "I pray you, as the national guardians of our liberties, I pray you, as the judges who have to decide

on the facts, not to give a verdict against my client because this gross, this unconstitutional proceeding has taken place." What noble sentiments ! What a touching appeal ! Enough to melt the heart of a wheelbarrow, yet wasted on these twelve unemotional ratepayers who remained unmoved. I see they are rightly described as a Common jury. A *common* jury, indeed !

We will pass over the three first days of the trial without further comment, though I need scarcely say they were full of feverish excitement, and take up the line on Saturday morning, the fourth and last day.

It had been reported on Friday that probably the summing up of the prosecution would be concluded about the middle of the following day, then the Judge's address to the jury, the verdict given and sentence passed, so that all would be over in time either for a good dinner at one's own, or "Skilly and Toke" at the country's expense. There was no standing room in Court, believe me, when the "Bold Bodkin" appeared in the "Judge's box" for the final heat. Betting had run high on the issue, considerable odds being laid that I should "do time," as there was a recent precedent. An old friend of mine, afterwards M.P. for Monmouthshire, Col. Poulett Somerset, had just got a month for flicking a policeman on the nose with his whip in Hyde Park, an insignificant offence compared with the "villainous conspiracy" with which I was charged. It was, therefore, with anything but a light heart that I drove to the Session House on Saturday morning, and you may imagine my feelings when I saw drawn up at a side door, as *I* thought in very questionable taste, "Black Maria" waiting for the verdict and the victims. I suddenly felt as if I were crossing from Dover to Calais in a choppy sea, being but a moderate sailor, and seized my principal "bail" who happened to be beside me, by the arm, thinking he was the steward. The sight of the gallant Sergeant, smiling and full of confidence saved the situation, so hurrying to my seat settled down as calmly as I could to listen to the closing

speech for the prosecution with which, as you can well imagine, I disagreed *in toto!*

The first announcement was that poor E. T. Smith was so ill with the excitement of the last three days that he could not be called by the prosecution. I should liked to have sent "Black Maria" for him and had him dragged to the Court in chains.

It seemed as if Mr. Sleigh would never finish his blood-curdling narrative, he did pile it up; but timed his peroration nicely for the luncheon hour when the Court adjourned. As far as I remember the prisoners were not accorded this privilege. Anyway, I had no appetite as, after Mr. Sleigh's terrible denunciation, I was half convinced that a more determined, desperate, diabolical desperado never endangered the safety of his country or the lives of his fellow citizens, than that hardened ruffian, the defendant Herbert.

On the Court resuming, it was encouraging to see a more genial air and a certain roseyness about the gills of the twelve good men composing the jury; even the austere face of the judge seemed to have assumed a more benign expression as he commenced his summing up.

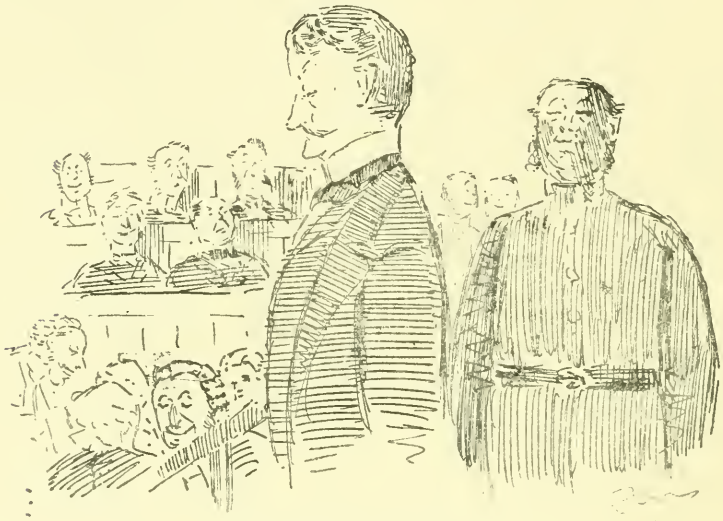
Any hopes that may have arisen were, however, rudely dashed to the ground as he proceeded, and I laid myself 1000 to 30 three times that it was all U P. I was doomed to languish in a Donjon Tower for at least three months, consequently miss the best of the partridge shooting and scarcely have time for my hair to grow before Xmas.

Well, all things come to an end, even the worthy Bodkin's summing up, but in this case the end did not come till about 5.30, so he must have enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of torturing us with rising hopes and fears for about three hours. The jury then retired to consider their verdict considerably obfuscated, I should say, by the elaborate address of "Solomon" Bodkin.

"Solomon" also withdrew within his private room, I presume to partake of tea and muffins, and immediately

everyone in Court seemed to be talking at once. An hour passed,—another half hour, still no sign of the jury, evidently there was want of agreement, and we began to think that it was possible the dozen respectable tradesmen might be locked up for the night, and alas for them, next day, Sunday!

However, at twenty-five minutes to eight all speculation was put to an end by the twelve good men and true trooping back into their places.



"The Heart Bowed Down."

"Gentlemen," said the Clerk of the Peace, "are you all agreed upon the verdict?" "We are," responded the foreman. "How say you, gentlemen? Do you find the defendant Reginald Herbert guilty or not guilty?" At this moment I felt as if a stimulant was urgently needed.

The Foreman: "Guilty of riotous proceedings, *but* that he did not go to the Gardens with a riotous intent."

I breathed again at the saving clause. There is much

virtue in a "but," and so they went on naming all that band of truculent traitors.

The Judge: "Guilty of a riot; but that they did not go there with the intention of committing a riot. That is what I understand you to say, gentlemen?"

The foreman: "Yes, my Lord!"

Then followed a little sparring between my grand old Sergeant and Mr. Sleigh, at the end of which the Judge, after calling upon the defendants,—I don't mean to say leaving cards,—proceeded to give judgment.

His first words, "It is with extreme pain that I am called on to pronounce the sentence of the Court upon the defendants before me," sent a cold shiver down my spine and my spirits to zero. It would be six months, not three. Mother of Moses! I should eat my Xmas pudding in the "Stone jug." The ruthless Bodkin proceeded in the same strain till the crucial moment arrived, and the odds on "Black Maria" having a job expanded, 1000 to 10 and no takers. Then came the anti-cliamax.

"Although," continued this "Terror of evil doers," "we should not shrink from the performance of any duty that fairly developed upon us it would be with very great pain that we should inflict the punishment of imprisonment." What did I hear! 1000 to 10! Nonsense. The field a hundred and I keep my hair on, I mentally ejaculated.

"We abstain from that," good old Bodkin, you ought to be Lord Chancellor, I murmured, "and we hope that the interests of the public justice will be sufficiently answered by the fines that we think it right to impose upon you." Poof! What a relief. "The defendant Herbert is fined £50 and bound over to keep the peace for twelve months," and so on through the list of reckless rioters. We were free men. Who cared for the fifty! "The shades of night were falling fast" as shaking the one and only Sergeant by the hand,—"a near squeak my boy, a devilish near squeak," was all he said—I hurried

from the depressing precincts with a much lighter heart, you may be sure, than when I entered them four days previously. And so ended this sensational trial, except, when *le mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais* arrived, I found that the costs incurred to save my hair being cut free of expense totalled up to over £700, yet I felt it was cheap at the money when my thoughts dwelt on "Black Maria" and what might have been.

By rights this chapter should end with the last sentence, but I can't help adding the following short account of a banquet that I thought it necessary to give in celebration of our somewhat doubtful victory. A little light comedy after heavy drama.

I selected the then St. James', now the Berkeley Hotel, opposite the new Ritz, for the venue and issued invitations for the coming Wednesday to about twenty-five of my staunchest friends and supporters, losing no time, so that the excitement of the trial should still be simmering.

Of course, all my legal advisers were amongst the guests, Sergeant Ballantine and his junior being well to the fore, and it is more especially in connection with an incident that took place relating to the former that I have added these few lines to an account that I fear you may think has already exceeded reasonable limits.

Amongst my many friends present I recollect the then Sir John Acton, afterwards Lord Acton, and now, unfortunately, a member of the ever-increasing majority. I remember him particularly as it has many a time struck me as odd that we should ever have been as intimate as we were. No two men I venture to say were ever of more different dispositions, yet so it was, we were great friends and, such being the case, he naturally had taken the keenest interest in the trial.

As every one knows, in later days Sir John became Regius Professor at Cambridge and a Bibliophile of great parts, and I became a student of the adjustment of

weights as affecting the stamina of that noble animal the horse and, though not a Bibliophile, still a keen supporter of bookmakers. Which of us has had the most fun for his money. The Bibliophile or the Backer? In the words of the Clerk of the Peace, "What say you, gentlemen?"

The dinner, I believe, was fully appreciated, and all present were in great spirits. I well remember one of my legal friends who was fond of a bit of racing, and at the moment well forward with the old crusty port, insisting that I should try and purchase Rapid Rhone from Lord Glasgow with a view of turning him into a 'chaser (the Rapid one, not the Earl), and thus recoup myself the expenses of the trial. No doubt he was just the sort, but ye Gods! fancy approaching the irascible Earl with such a proposition, why, it would have been as much as one's life was worth. The "recouping," however, commenced much earlier than I expected, and in a more appropriate manner, as I think you will agree.

No sooner was dinner over and we had settled down to tobacco, than some one proposed a rubber. Oddly enough no one suggested a visit to Cremorne!

The proposal was received with acclamation, especially by the Sergeant who, though devoted to the game, never could keep his temper when losing.

Being a moderate player myself, and not caring to increase my "Bill of costs," I was not enthusiastic and reluctantly consented to take a hand. As it happened, I cut in at the same table with Ballantine, and we were opposed to each other for several rubbers. The most extraordinary run of luck came my way, and in a very short space of time (we were not playing for nuts) I had won a considerable sum from the great advocate. Needless to say, his temper went with his money, he jumped up, stormed round the room, tossed the cards about and carried on anyhow. At last he quieted down, and we decided to play one more rubber "as we sat."

I landed a bumper! This was too much for the Sergeant. Using language that I am sure would have deeply grieved and hurt the feelings of our old friend Bodkin had he heard the same in Court, Ballantine said he'd have no more of it, thrusting his hand into his breast pocket, produced a wad of notes to settle his losses, and bidding us all good night hurried away, I suppose to try his luck elsewhere. My "little parcel" I remember came to £185! This was getting a bit of my own back with a vengeance, and did not leave my gallant defender much out of his 200 guineas retainer to flutter about with. Really I felt rather ashamed at taking the money after what he had done for me, and my guest at dinner, too! Then, remembering the refreshers, consoled myself with the thought that he still had a good bit in hand.

Next morning's post brought a letter from my dear old father saying he would pay all costs of the trial, that he shared Ballantine's opinion of me, not Sleigh's, and that I was to come home and see him at once. So with 185 "of the best" in pocket matters might have been worse. All the same I am with friend Roy, *Ah, ce sacré Cremorne,* I no like him!"

CHAPTER IX.

Some Merry Meetings.

How could they be otherwise with Harry Plantagenet, Fourth Marquis of Hastings, in the chair and master of the revels? Yes, I, *moi qui vous parle*, am one of the few survivors who went through what is now known as the "Hastings era," and fought under the scarlet and white banner of one of the best and kindest hearted men it has ever been my good fortune to call friend. Those who speak ill of him knew him not, you may be sure, and what they write and say matters little. Why, only the other day on the death of his widow, the Marchioness, some idiot selected the opportunity when writing her obituary to state that Harry Hastings committed suicide! A more shameful thing I never knew, for there was no question of anything of the sort. Poor Harry died in his bed and was attended to the last by that prince of medicos, Alfred (now Sir Alfred) Cooper.* Suicide! Not likely. He was the best plucked un' I ever met.

Marquis of Hastings.

Good old Harry! what a gallant financial fight it was, too, whilst it lasted! Many fell wounded by the

* Dead, poor fellow, since this was written.

way, some mortally, others severely; retiring from the front for repairs, whilst the rest struggled gamely on around their dashing leader who, himself sorely pressed, never flinched till his health gave out, and the end came in November, 1868. A king in his way, Harry Hastings was known to the inner circle of his familiars as "Plantago," and it is certain that after all these forty years the Hastings Era stands out as one of the most sensational periods in turf history when the Marquis (we did not spell it *ess* then) was as well known to the public as "Bluff King Hal" of amorous and uxorious memory.

Talking about financial wounds incurred in that glorious struggle, there are survivors who still carry honourable scars about them. For myself I never pass a certain office in Pall Mall without, like the rider in Whyte Melville's famous song "For very shame I turn my head aside," not indeed "From the place where the old horse died," but from the accursed spot where a fine old annuity of some £1200 a year lies buried in memory of a very black Monday, after the scarlet and white hoops had gone down times without number. All the same what would I not give to live it all over again. Poor Harry! he had his weaknesses, who has not, but if his detractors had half of them this world would be all the pleasanter to live in.

Probably I shall have a good deal more to say about Harry and his friends before these "incidents" come to a conclusion, so to "Merry Meetings" without further delay. "Merry meetings" I call them, to distinguish from what would be more appropriately named "Business meetings." The latter at Epsom, Doncaster, Ascot, Goodwood, Lincoln, York, confined to flat-racing and professional jockeys; the former Liverpool, Shrewsbury (where old John Frail was consul), Warwick, (Sam Merry ditto), Worcester. At these meetings the programme contained a mixture of hurdle races, steeplechases, hunters' flat races, and races under Jockey Club rules, so all tastes were catered for. I must include

Stockbridge and the Bibury Club, as those of us who were fond of showing how badly we could ride had many opportunities of taking a hand, or, perhaps I should say, a seat at the game.

Much as might be written of our doings at these various fixtures, I think we had the best sport and the best time all round at Warwick and Stockbridge.

In those days it was the custom, and a good one, to make up our party and " do " the meetings in succession, staying the first week at Liverpool, then Shrewsbury and on to Leamington for Warwick, three weeks hard at it, going up to town each Saturday for " hair cutting " purposes, and making a fresh start on Monday.

We either took a private house for the week or stayed at one of the principal hotels. At Liverpool the Adelphi (what price turtle soup), Washington or Stork. At Shrewsbury the Red Lion or the Raven, and, of course, the Regent at Leamington. Thus we virtually lived and messed together, some score of us, for three consecutive weeks, only broken by spasmodic visits to town, already metioned, in reserved saloon carriages or sometimes special trains. What difference did a pony more or less make when one was betting in monkeys and thousands ? What friendships, too, were formed ! friendships that have lasted a lifetime only to be severed by death.

I don't think there is anything of this sort in the present day, at least I never come across it. The main object now seems to be to scuffle back to London as soon as each day's racing is over. Perhaps hair wants cutting more often in these times, grows quicker with Koko, Tatcho and the like, besides none of these meetings have a whole week to themselves. I remember at Warwick on one occasion we commenced, I believe, on Monday, and certainly raced till it was so dark on Saturday that candles were lit in the weighing-room, and I fancy the judge had a couple of lanterns in the box to assist him, and guide the competitors to the winning post.

As I have said, our headquarters for Warwick were at the Regent at Leamington, and the large coffee-room on the ground floor was turned into a club, or mess-room *pro tem*, for the "Pillars" and "Nestors" of the turf. One had to pass a sort of novitiate and earn one's spurs before there was any hope of being admitted to the sacred precincts and join this illustrious company. That's just how I was situated, *viz.*, as a youngster on probation when an incident (the defeat of their champion at my hands) occurred, that landed me with one bound right in the middle of the *Patres Conscripti*. How this happened I will now relate without, I hope, exhausting your patience.

We were a merry lot I can assure you, that foregathered at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, for the November meeting at Warwick in 1866.

At this distance of time it is impossible to remember everyone of the party, but Harry Hastings and her Ladyship, Fred Granville and his wife, Peter Wilkinson, Foggy Rowlands, Fred Wombwell, Charley Legard, Bob Burton and Percy Barker were amongst the best part of a score that sat round the festive board at dinner in our big room on the first floor after the day's racing.

G. P.

As I have said, the club room downstairs was reserved to the "Pillars" and those who had shown that they were worthy of admission to this *Sanctum Sanctorum*, so as it were, two camps existed in the hotel between which the privileged ones passed. When "the Admiral" patronized Warwick, as he often did at the November meeting, to see if he could spot one being "readied" for the Lincoln Handicap, he, of course, stayed at the Regent and was sort of president in

the big room on the ground floor. It was like a miniature gathering of the Jockey and Turf Clubs with their friends. I can well remember amongst the most regular attendants George Payne (G.P.), Frank Westmorland, Peter Wilkinson, Harry Hastings, Josey Little, Ousley Higgins, the Duke of St. Albans, Harry Chaplin, Sam Batchelor, Mate Astley, Curly Knox, B. Coventry, Henry Savile, Stirling Crawford, "Uncle" Clayton (Lozenge), the Duke of Hamilton, George Chetwynd, Charley Legard, Peter Crawshaw, Col. Forester (the Lad), Lord Wilton, Fred Wombwell, Fred Granville, Lord Bateman, Gilbert Stirling (the Sprite), W. Craven, Col. Oliphant (the Bullyphant), now and again the Duke of Beaufort and many more, amongst them, last but not least, as he has a good deal to do with what follows, the great American sportsman, Mr. Richard Ten Broeck.

As already mentioned, some of us were sitting round the table after dinner in what I may call the Junior Mess attacking our first cigar, when Fogo, who I noticed had been out of the room, suddenly returned looking full of importance. Carefully closing the door he advanced to the table and said, "Gentlemen, I claim your attention." Of course, we all stopped talking to stare at him. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I have been in grand company downstairs, surrounded, in fact, by 'Pillars of the Turf.' I am the bearer of a challenge from a well-known American sportsman who fancies himself a bit in the pigskin" (let me here say, before going further, that Henry Custance in his recollections makes mention of this match, but of course was unable to give any details, or describe what led to it, so let us hope I shall not be accused of supplying stale goods). "This gentleman," continued Fogo, "is most anxious to make a match, two in fact, with anyone present, between a couple of horses he has here and any two the property of one of you gallant sportsmen dining to-night. The representative of Uncle Sam is supported by members of what I may call the Upper House though it is below, and he's well known

to all of you, I need scarcely say that I am alluding to Mr. Richard Ten Broeck.

"Mr. Ten Broeck has authorized me to match his Druro against anything any of you can produce, two miles on the flat, and Paris ditto, five furlongs, £100 a side each match, half forfeit, agreed weights, owners to ride. What say you, my merry men?"

No sooner had Fogo concluded than everyone began talking at once, vowing that somehow we must accommodate the gallant Yankee. During the confusion Fogo quietly touched my arm and, beckoning me aside, we moved away to an empty corner of the room.

"Young fellah," he said, "now's your chance. You must take up this challenge and try and clip the wings of the American Eagle."

"But," I remonstrated, "I've nothing to tackle him with. Druro's about good enough to win a Queen's Plate, in fact, I'm not sure he hasn't done so already, and Paris goes like blazes five furlongs, if his rider can only stick to the saddle, as I know he's a rum un at starting."

"There," exclaimed old Fogo, "you've said it. That's an 'if' worth going for. I don't think much of old Broeck's jockeyship, and anyhow *you* can cling on. If you agree I propose to accept the challenge on your behalf, *viz.*, with our useful little horse Garus to tackle Druro for the two-mile jaunt and that roaring brute Usher to do ditto with Paris over the five furlongs. One condition you *must* insist on, *viz.*, that the two-mile match comes off first. The reason for this will be clear to you later, or I am much mistaken. Well! what do you say?" "Capital," I cried, "I'm your man," highly delighted at the chance of a ride if not two, "by all manner of means you arrange the details Foggy, and I'll sign articles or whatever you call 'em. Stay, though, we must consult the rest of the company, perhaps someone may want to have a go with better nags than mine." So we returned to the table where a

warm discussion was still raging as to who should take up old Broeck's challenge.

It appeared, however, that no one had the two horses necessary. Several had one suited to the job, but that was no use. So when Fogo, calling "order," explained that we had just the pair, if they were good enough, there was a chorus of applause and I was unanimously adopted as champion of the Juniors. "Now," said Fogo, "I'll go and draw up the conditions of the matches for Ten Broeck and yourself to sign, so wait here till I return."

True to his word, back came Fogo in half an hour with the document ready for my signature, my adversary having already done the needful, the conditions being as follows :—

1st Match, Nov. 23rd, 1866.
£100 a side. Two miles. Owners to ride.
Mr. R. Herbert's Garus, aged, by Defiance, 12 st. 7 lbs.,
against
Mr. Ten Broeck's Druro, 3 years, 11 st. 7 lbs.

2nd Match.
£100 a side. Half a mile. Owners to ride.
Mr. R. Herbert's Usher, 5 yrs., 12 st. 7 lbs.
against
Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris, 5 yrs., 12 st. 2 lbs.

Both matches to be run the same day. The match two miles to be run first.

At this moment Harry Hastings came rushing into the room from downstairs saying there was great excitement among the Seniors below at Ten Broeck's challenge being accepted, and that they were offering 2 to 1 on the Star-spangled Banner for the Druro-Garus two-mile match. "I've just taken two hundred to one old chap," he said turning to me, "do you think you can do the trick ?"

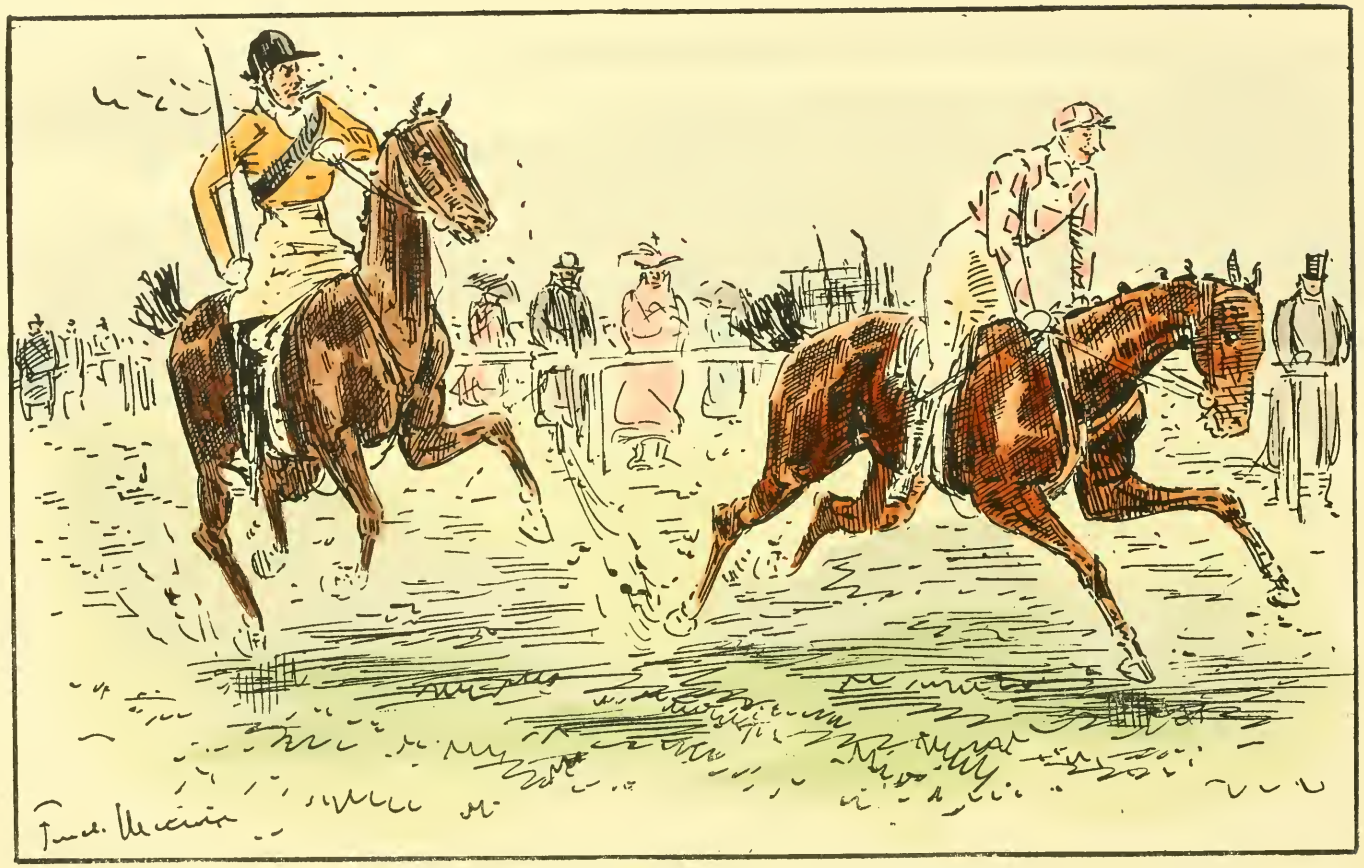
"Well," I replied, "I don't know about that, but you may be sure I'll have a d——d good try. Meanwhile, Harry, would you do me a favour ?"

"Delighted," was the reply. "Then kindly return to

the lower regions and if they are still offering two to one on Druro, oblige me by taking two fifties or, say, the odds to lose £75." "Certainly," said Harry, and hurried away to do the small "Com," encouraged, no doubt, to have a monkey on for himself. Fogo now intervened and told me if I was to ride next day I had much better throw away my cigar, go to bed at once, take a couple of Cockle's, an ounce of salts in the morning (he had the impertinence to say I was getting gross from want of work, "fat inside," I think he called it), then put on the sweaters, go for a good smart trot and get Curly Knox to lead me a gallop. "*He'll* take you along and you'll be as fit as a flea. Which, by the way," continued Fogo, "you'll want to be, as you'll have to ride old Garus from start to finish, he's a lazy beggar, just as well as I can make him, and stays 'till the cows come home.'"

"All right, Fogo," I replied, "here's off!" and I disappeared to dream of old Ten Broeck cramming boxes of Cockles' Pills down my throat, followed by buckets of salts, Curly Knox meanwhile flogging me round Warwick race course with a hunting whip.

The morning broke a bit frosty, I remember, as Curly Knox and self started on our "pipe opener," and a rare doing he gave me I can assure you, for I had three sets of sweaters on and he hadn't any. I know I was nearly beat when we got back to the hotel, where Foggy was waiting in the hall to receive us. After a good bath and rub down I felt like jumping out of my skin and ready to eat Ten Broeck and his horses, but the "Old un" would only let me have a small chop and a cup of tea with a lemon squeezed in it for, said he, "There'll be a lot of money depending on this, my boy, so we are taking no chances, believe me. You'll have a good appetite for dinner to-night, especially if we catch the judge's eye with those pretty diamonds you're so fond of." The two-mile match was fixed for 1.30, then two races intervened before the five furlong spin, so as to give us breathing time. I had a bet I recollect, on the race before our



THE TEN BROECK MATCH—GARUS MAKES RUNNING.

first match, so remained in the stand to see result. As soon as the winner's number went up I hurried to the weighing-room, there to find my adversary all ready and caparisoned for the fray.

I say caparisoned advisedly, for Ten Broeck's get up was a caution. A pair of canary-coloured breeches, Duke de Wellington boots with enormous spurs, a flaming set of bran new colours, orange—black belt, surmounted by a post-boy's cap several sizes too big for him, and armed with a whip that made one shudder to look at. After the ceremony of weighing out had been got through, my American friend beckoned me on one side, producing a huge hunting flask, at the same time asking if I would not join him in a swig before proceeding to business. This generous offer I courteously declined, much to the surprise of my antagonist, who however took a long pull himself, no doubt absorbing my share and remarking, as he put it to his lips, that he required a tonic. After a little further delay caused by the necessary readjustment of my adversary's breeches from which, owing to their vastness, he showed signs of parting company, we proceeded to the paddock in search of our respective steeds.

The ring were now in full cry, offering to take seven to four or two to one, Druro being a strong favourite, and this in spite of a lot of money going on my mount. I noticed that when my rival was given a leg up by a too vigorous supporter he nearly fell over on the off side, and I began to think that my chance of victory was not so remote after all. This opinion was confirmed when I saw that T.B. had a great cigar about a foot long stuck in the corner of his mouth. "You won't keep that alight for long, dear boy," thought I to myself. Having received last instructions from his trainer and from two or three friends, amongst them George Payne, who had to work the commission, Broeck gathered up his reins and made for the gate. Fogo's last words to me were "Make the pace as strong as you can, and I believe our friend will be so beat that he'll pay forfeit

in the next match sooner than get up again, that's why I fixed the two-mile race first."

As we rode down the course Ten Broeck ranged up alongside and began making some remarks about the state of the ground, ankle deep as it was in mud and slush, not a pleasant prospect for anyone riding a waiting race. "Wal, Mr. Herbert," he concluded, "I hope we are going to have a pleasant journey, but it looks terrible sticky, there's no particular object to be gained by hustling ourselves, suppose we canter for the first mile. What do you say?"

Well, I thought, here's a rum proposal, especially as my orders were to go like blazes from start to finish. Luckily at this moment we reached the starting post, where McGeorge, the starter, and several of our supporters had assembled to see us off, so the diplomatic answer I was about to make remained unsaid.

McGeorge

There was no further delay, Mac dropped his flag and, much apparently to the astonishment of my gallant foe, off I went as hard as ever I could, sending water and mud flying in all directions. The start for the two-mile race was some way below the straight run in, so as we passed the stands the first time I squinted over my shoulder to learn what Ten Broeck was about, as I had seen or heard nothing of him. There he was sure enough about three lengths behind me getting the full benefit of the shower of mud old Garus was kicking up, really he was already plastered, the big cigar gone

to the winds, ditto the glory of the new orange and black belt. Only a momentarily glimpse I caught of him as we passed the enclosures, but I could hear the howls of his backers urging him to go to the front. Up the steep incline went I, little Garus fairly revelling in the heavy going, so as soon as the top of the rise was reached I let him go for all he was worth and away he dashed down the hill at forty miles an hour. Reaching the six furlongs post I began to wonder where my friend had got to, as it was quite time for him to be taking a feeler so I risked another glance. There he was sure enough, haunting me like a shadow, three or four lengths off sitting Druro as if he were going on parade, with his enormous flail like a sword at the carry. Drat the fellow, I thought, he's playing with me and can collar us when he likes, if one could only get him to begin to move about a bit.

However, I kept pegging away, hugging every post, delighted to feel that Garus was full of go, and had a bit left in him for the finish. Round the bottom turn we came, still holding our own, going very comfortably. Surely he will be up alongside I kept thinking, why don't he come on. He can't be beat ! If only he would get his flail out ! Too near home, however, to risk having a look, for now it was a case of riding the old horse with both hands for dear life. We had just reached the railings of the enclosure when I heard a roar go up from the betting ring, and a moment later the welcome sound of Ten Broeck's whip going off like a cracker. "Thank heaven," I ejaculated, "the sword exercise has commenced." An onlooker subsequently informed me that truly it was a fearsome sight.

I caught a glimpse of Druro's dark muzzle as he got to my quarters and then with a final and supreme effort Garus shot past the post a winner by three-quarters of a length, all out.

My, what a scene ensued. Harry Hastings and Fogo came running up with several others to lead us into the paddock, where the takers of odds were jubilant, busy

dancing a sort of Fandango and standing unlimited drinks all round.

Alas ! poor Ten Broeck presented a sorry appearance, breathless, speechless, as pale as a sheet and absolutely covered with mud from the top of his head to the soles of his Duke de Wellingtons. So exhausted was he that they had to lift him out of the saddle and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to receive, not congratulations, but the scathing remarks of friends and backers on his display of horsemanship.

Luckily for his *amour propre* he did not hear 'em all, especially those of G.P., who had done the commission, and dropped £900 on his own account it was said. I came across G.P. talking to Frank Westmorland in the paddock after I had changed, and heard the former in the forcible style adopted by him when much excited or interested, conclude by saying " Rode like a postboy, I tell you, a d——d postboy, by G—, sir ! I could have won myself by 300 yards—by 300 measured yards, by G—." I thought it best to give my opponent a little time to recover ere seeking him out to hear what he intended doing about No. 2 match.

I found him sitting in the dressing-room still gasping, but had managed to get the mud washed from his face and hands. No sooner did he see me than, getting on his his legs, came forward and, seizing my hand, shook it heartily, saying " Wal, my friend, I guess you were too many for me, I'm clean beat, I'll ride no more to-day, so shall pay forfeit with Paris in the next match. He's a rough ride and I don't feel up to it—come and have a cocktail ? " This time I did not decline his hospitality.

A real good sort was Ten Broeck and a sportsman to the backbone, though I must own a poor performer in the saddle.

So Fogo's wisdom in setting the long race first was clearly shown, especially as Usher, having now no match on, ran in and won a five-furlong handicap the same afternoon. By the way, about the only race he ever

won for me, as he became such an awful roarer that it was about all he could do to keep on his legs when galloping.

Thus ended what to me was not only an eventful but satisfactory day; the more so as I made many friends and, having so to speak, won my spurs, it was conveyed to me that the members of what I have called the Upper House would be pleased to welcome me amongst them.

All this is over forty years ago, and yet it seems but yesterday. *Eheu Fugaces!*

CHAPTER X.

The Best of Five Falls.

Wrestling was never much in my line, neither Græco-Roman, Catch-as-catch-can, nor any other style, and although the sport seems to flourish at the Pavilion under the watchful eye of "The Mate's" brother, my old friend Hugo Astley, and at other places of entertainment, I'm not taking any lessons, I assure you. Indeed, nothing could be more uncomfortable to my mind than being pawed about, fallen heavily on, and finally squelched by one of the fat men who have been apparently trying to squeeze the life out of each other for many months past. Imagine, then, my consternation, late one night at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, where a small party of us had assembled for Warwick races, on receiving a challenge to try " the best of five falls."

When I state that the challenger was no other than Mr. David Hope Johnstone, measuring 6 ft. 2 in. in his stockings, weighing some 16 stone, broad and muscular in proportion, and that the hour was one in the morning, I need scarcely inform you that the proposal did not " smile on me."

Who in the sixties and seventies connected with the racing and sporting world did not know David Hope Johnstone and his brother Bob, " the Major ? " It was at Hornsey Wood, the *rendezvous* of aristocratic pigeon shooters, before Hurlingham and the Gun Club were dreamt of that I first made the acquaintance of David. If I remember rightly, we tied in a sweepstakes and divided the spoil, establishing a friendship that lasted many years, in fact, till the poor fellow died under sad

circumstances late in the seventies. Goodness only knows how many matches we must have competed in together, and a more genial, open-hearted adversary I never contended with. But I'm getting off the line again, for really there is nothing about pigeon shooting "in any shape or form," as old Joe Cap, the racing reporter, used to say, connected with David's challenge, or the manner in which I evaded the ordeal.

There were only three or four of us making up a party on this occasion, and David not amongst the number, in fact, I did not know at the time that he was in the hotel, so the somewhat startling experience I went through was all the more unexpected.

My companions had all gone to roost after a tiring day's racing, and I remained alone in our sitting-room finishing the final chapters of an interesting book with a last cigar when I heard hurried footsteps in the passage and sudden knocking at the door. "Come in," I cried. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when the hotel manager burst into the room, evidently labouring under great excitement, hair dishevelled, his clothes in disorder, collar and tie parted company, in fact, looking as if he had just emerged from a regular "rough and tumble."

"Hallo! The hotel's on fire," I thought, but before I could ask what was the matter the manager began pouring forth his woes. "Oh, Mr. Herbert," he commenced, "you know a regular customer of ours during race weeks, Mr. David Hope Johnstone. I'm very sorry to disturb you, but I think you may be of great assistance if you will kindly use your influence with him." "Delighted to do anything I can for you, I'm sure," I rejoined, "though he's an awkward handful to tackle is Mr. David when a bit excited. Of course, I know him very well, but I was not aware he was staying in the hotel. What's the trouble, anyway?" "Really, sir," continued the manager, "I don't know what has happened to Mr. Johnstone, unless it is that the Leamington waters are too strong for him. He came down from town this

morning to see his horse Zaccheus run, and as I hear, win, returning to this Hotel after the races to dine by himself. I gather he had a bottle of our old crusty port, after doing himself fairly well at dinner. You know, sir, when dining alone, the bottle *does* come round *so* often. Well, I fancy Mr. Johnstone must have fallen asleep at the table, for about an hour ago he roused himself and informed the coffee-room waiter that it was bedtime. Thomas gave him his candle and reported to me that he thought Mr. David was pretty comfortable, but had kept a straight course, turning into his passage all right." Here the manager paused to consider for a moment and then with some hesitation continued.

"I must tell you, Mr. Herbert, that we have staying in the hotel in the same passage as Mr. Johnstone, in fact occupying an adjoining bed-room, a widow lady of considerable means and commanding presence, a very handsome woman, sir, I can assure you, though, perchance, on rather too robust a scale to appeal to your taste, if you'll allow me to say so. This lady—I refrain from mentioning her name under the present distressing circumstances, though, of course, if you were curious you could find it in our visitors' list. As I was about to say, this lady attended a concert during the evening, returning about half an hour after Mr. Johnstone had retired to rest."

"I bade her 'good night' as she passed upstairs on the way to her room, namely, No. 7; she could scarcely have had time to reach the door when a most appalling scream rang through the hall, and No. 7 came flying,—not perhaps exactly flying, her figure does not suggest wings,—rushing down the stairs, calling loudly for help. There was a man, she said, a great big hairy man, not only in her bed-room, but in her bed, snoring like a foghorn. Would I have him removed at once."

"I calmed the poor lady as well as I could, got her to sit down in my private parlour, assured her the whole

DAVID SCATTERS THE WAITERS.

thing was a mistake on the part of a somewhat eccentric visitor, that I would at once proceed to No. 7, get rid of the intruder and put everything right in a few minutes."

"Calling a couple of waiters to accompany me, I made my way as quickly as possible to the scene of action. On approaching the doorway sounds of sterterous breathing of no mean order were heard; though, the room being in darkness, it was impossible to locate the performer. Luckily one of the waiters had some matches about him, so cautiously feeling his way he reached the gas jet and struck a light."

"A grotesque sight awaited us! There was Mr. David Hope Johnstone in the lady's bed with all his clothes on, over which he had put her nightdress—it must have been a tight fit, as I told you, sir, the lady is of bountiful proportions,—snoring fit to bring the walls down. We tried to rouse him, without success; at last, one of the waiters, who had been in the police force, remembering their old remedy for bringing, round drowsy 'clients,' ventured to squeeze his ear with considerable force. The result was instantaneous, as far as rousing him was concerned, but I think it would have been better to have left him alone, for turning over and slowly rising on his elbow he enquired what the Hades we were all doing in *his* room, and that he would soon clear us out. I tried all I could to quiet him, explaining that it was not really his room and so on, but without the slightest effect. 'Not my room?' he roared, 'you're all blind drunk I tell you; why I've got my nightdress on, you blamed idiots,' and with that he rolled out of bed, seized a chair, swinging it round by the leg and out we all bolted for dear life. Five waiters have now gone to see what they can do, and as I feel sure you have some influence with him I hope you won't mind going with me to No. 7 and trying to restore order."

"Forrard on," I cried, "Don't let us lose another moment," and the manager jumping up we made our

way to the luckless widow's bed chamber. This was not difficult to find, for there was a most appalling row going on as we hurried down the passage.

What a scene ! There was David flat on the floor with five waiters, thinking they had him beat, sitting all over his body. The moment I came into the room David recognised me. "Here's a pretty go, Reggie," he growled from under his burden. "Five to one trying to get me out of my own bed-room, they think they've got me, do they ?" he began chuckling to himself, then with a great bound sprang to his feet, throwing the "*garçons*" off like so many flies.

Force was evidently out of the question with this mad giant, gentle persuasion and a little diplomacy might be more successful. "Come, come, my dear David," I said, "there's some mistake." "Mistake be d——d," he shouted, "this is my room and this is my night shirt," fumbling with the blue ribbon that should have been round the widow's fair neck. "Well, well," I replied, "don't let's stop arguefying here, its deuced dry work, the night is young, let's go downstairs and have a drop of something warm, a night cap in fact, you've got a night shirt already," I added, "so that'll be all right." "Capital idea," said David, "Capital idea, come along, my boy, and I'll tell you all about little Zach. Turn me out of my room, indeed," he added glaring at the trembling waiters ; "not if I know it," and so we proceeded below, David leading the way, lurching all over the course, nearly coming a cropper as he missed the first step and only saving himself by clutching wildly at the banisters.

Having got him safely into the private smoking-room on the ground floor, we established ourselves in a couple of arm chairs and for some time talked quietly enough about the day's racing, in fact, anything I could think of to keep his thoughts from the recent fracas, the while deluding myself that all was going well and that he would by degrees come to his senses. Hope told a

flattering tale. I hadn't taken my eyes off him for a minute when, on looking round, to my horror and surprise I noticed he was slowly removing his boots, having omitted doing so ere invading the widow's virtuous couch. "David," I asked in a shaky voice, "why on earth are you taking off your boots?" He looked up smiling, chortling to himself "Reggie, old friend," he gurgled, "I'm going to try *the best of five falls* with you, you'll have a better grip of the carpet, old man, if you'll take yours off as well!"

Great Hackenschmidt! here was a nice cup of tea, and I cursed the hour that had landed me in such a quandary. My only chance was to temporize, as evidently he now was in the quarrelsome stage; he had what the French call *le vin mauvais*. Decidedly I was on the wrong tack; instead of trying to reduce the inflammation as I had intended, my game was to get him to the mellow, and from that to the maudlin stage, when most probably he would want me to weep with, instead of fight, him. "All right, old cock," I said, "but let's have a drop of something hot before we begin. What do you say to a jorum of rum, it's a bit chilly!" "No, no," rejoined David, "old Scotch wine for me, if it's all the same to you, and with that we called the waiter and ordered the "materials."

David, I was pleased to see, took to this kindly, and ere long as I had anticipated, became much more amiable and confidential. He seemed to forget all about the five falls and, needless to say, I did not harp on the subject, but kept the conversation going as to the merits of Zaccheus, I'Anson, David's trainer, and a good mare they had called Sister Helen (subsequent winner of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood). Apparently matters were going all right, and by degrees, to my great relief, this truly "Terrible Turk," as anticipated, became lachrymose, shedding tears over what he called his "lost opportunities," and accusing me of want of sympathy for not sobbing with him.

After another half tumbler, mixed fairly strong, his eyes closed, he began to nod. The moment for escape had arrived, so getting out of my chair as quietly as possible, I annexed his boots, a precautionary measure, then creeping gently towards the door turned the handle. As I did so David moved uneasily and for a moment I feared the worst, luckily he only made himself more comfortable in his chair and (then I nearly burst out laughing) began singing softly to himself a melancholy ditty, imploring his mother to call him early, "for I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May." So I left him, a weird sight, cuddling the widow's "nightie" in which he was still enveloped, round his burly form and feebly warbling about being "Queen of the May." Handing his boots to the astounded waiter I made for bed, thanking my lucky stars for having escaped the terrible ordeal of five falls, and vowing that David might sleep in every bed in the house before I'd interfere again. On enquiry I learnt from the manager next morning that Mr. David had slept peacefully in his chair till roused by the housemaid, when he seemed quite recovered, though much exercised in his mind at finding himself so curiously attired. Explanations followed. David, I need scarcely say, paid for all damage done to the furniture and the waiter's feelings, without a murmur. Before hurrying off to catch the first train to town he also wrote a letter of ample apology to the widow, at the same time sending her a couple of beautiful "Nighties" that he purchased regardless of expense before his departure.

David Hope Johnstone.

Some few weeks later I met David in Piccadilly walking with what Mr. Jorrocks would have

called "a dooce of a fine woman," so when I came across my friend at Long's the same afternoon I asked him who his fair companion was. "Why, my boy," he said, "don't you know her? Didn't you see her at the Regent? She's our old friend, the widow!" "Good heavens," I cried. "How on earth did you make her acquaintance?" David looked a bit sheepish. "Well, Reg," he said, "I don't mind telling you, but a week after that unfortunate little escapade of mine she wrote thanking me for the two 'night costumes' I had sent her, at the same time begging me to return the old one, which she valued as a 'present from the dear departed,' and enclosing her address, a broad enough hint for me to call, I thought."

"Did you do so?" I queried. "Where does she live?" "Ah, my young friend, now you want to know too much," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "but if you happen to be roaming in the Groves of St. John you might come across her. Take my advice, however, or at least that of such a past master in the wiles of widows as the late Mr. Weller Senior. Beware! By the way, though, don't go prowling about in search of adventure, or," he added with a grin, "we may yet have to try the *best of five falls*." Heavens! I thought he had forgotten all about it! Suddenly remembering an important engagement I scuttled out of the coffee-room in such haste that there was nearly a collision with the "Great Charles"* bringing in liquid refreshment for a belated breakfaster.

* The well-known head waiter at Long's.

CHAPTER XI.

Living Statuary, or the Hyde Park Achilles. An Apology.

Realizing that I should have to exercise a good deal of tact in relating this "Experience," I flattered myself that in the manuscript sent to the publisher there was nothing that would perturb the mind of a nursery governess or bring a blush to the cheek of the youthful occupant of her perambulator, and yet the worst has happened! To quote the refrain of a once popular ditty, "You'll have to do without it."

It being Chapter XI., for my Prudish Publisher seems to have taken alarm and returned the MS. heavily scored with his blue pencil in this fashion,

the only explanation vouchsafed being the following scattering words:—

"EXPURGATED! ON THE INDEX!"

A *blue* pencil indeed! I wonder he uses one of *that* colour if he's so mighty particular.

Really, it's most annoying as I took no end of trouble and fully believed that an account of this remarkably weird adventure at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, during a Warwick race week would be eagerly read and much appreciated, for in the old days when the incident got wind there was much talk over the same,

THE RETURN OF ACHILLES! IS THAT YOU CHARLEY?

considerable amusement being caused in racing circles, as all those concerned were well known. Indeed, the other day several old friends on hearing I was writing "When Diamonds were Trumps," reminded me of the tale and begged me to include it amongst these "Experiences." "You recollect all about it, of course," said one of the "veterans" recently to me, "that night at Leamington when you bolted off with the landlady's barometer and the wax flowers under a glass shade, leaving your——" "There, there," I interrupted, "that'll do. Yes, to be sure, I remember all about it, but don't you think it's a bit too—too—well a bit too *Fin de Siècle* for the school-room?" "Not at all, my boy, not at all," was his reply, "the best story in the book you take my word."

And now the ruthless censor has jettisoned the lot, barring the illustration; this he says can appear, and as it's one of F.M.'s best efforts, I don't like to throw it aside; *eh bien, mes amis, le voila,* you can amuse yourselves guessing what these blue pencil marks have robbed you of.

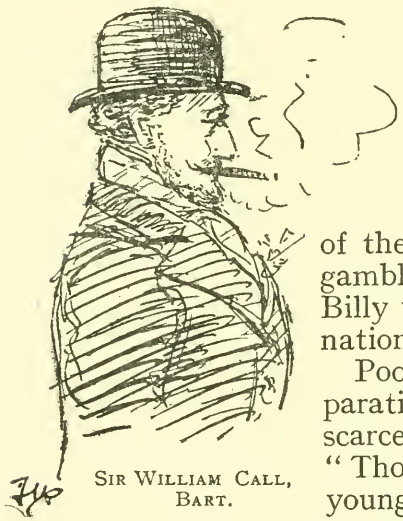
I may add that the original manuscript is preserved, so that should any friends—with the age qualification—wish to peruse the same an application to the author may be attended to. By the way, though, as the money-lenders state in their circulars,

"No dealings with minors."

CHAPTER XII.

The Story of a "Stiff un."

Little did I think when Billy Call (Sir William Call, Bt., according to Debrett) and self made up our minds to send a couple of chasers down to a well-known West Country meeting that we were taking the first step towards what might have turned out a most unpleasant business.



Sir William Call, Bart.

Sir William is no doubt an almost unknown quantity to the modern generation, but in the seventies there was no more active follower of the Sport of Kings, or a greater gambler at home and abroad, for Billy was nothing if not an International sportsman.

Poor Billy Call! he died comparatively a young man, but I scarcely think the old saying "Those whom the Gods love, die young," applied in his case, for, as a matter of fact, the Gods never seemed to waste much love on him, poor chap! A grand gambler, and, when in luck, generous to a degree, nothing was too good for his friends. Credited with a wonderful knack of getting out of a tight corner, and special financial recuperative power, it used to be said that if he were stripped naked and thrown into the Thames off London Bridge, he would come to the surface in a new suit of

clothes with a gold chronometer in his pocket. Certainly I never saw him perform such a feat, but have known him get out of what seemed most desperate and seemingly hopeless positions in a very remarkable manner.

I can hear my readers asking what all this has to do with "stiff uns?" A little patience, *mes amis.* It struck me that a few words of introduction to my "co-operator"—and I certainly could not have had a better one—would not be amiss, for without his assistance I should not have been able to defeat one of the neatest little ramps ever put up for the discomfiture of the confiding British backer.

Fog Rowlands had sent the two chasers, one of them my old favourite Comberton, under the care of his head lad, William Reeves, from our training quarters at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, and Billy and I had arranged a journey down from London to meet them at the old country town in the vicinity of which the meeting, a two days' affair, was to be held.

As far as our own horses were concerned the expedition was a failure, and I was leaving the course at the end of the first day's racing in no enviable frame of mind, bodily shaken by a nasty fall in one of the chases, financially ditto by the success of a series of outsiders, when, turning into the road, a bookie I knew, let us call him Odgens, raised his hat, and crossing over to where I stood, thus addressed me. "Good evening, Sir Reginald" (I have mentioned that many of the bookies insisted on so calling me), "Afraid you've had a bad day! None the worse for the fall, I hope?" Thanking him for his enquiry I agreed that the day *had* been disastrous. "Well, Sir Reginald," he continued, "ride my horse in the Welter Steeplechase to-morrow; it's a good thing and you'll get all your money back." I couldn't explain why, but somehow I always had my suspicions about Odgens. I did not like the man. Whether it was the crafty look about him or his ferretty little eyes I can't say, there the fact remained. But in

those days I was eager to ride whenever a chance offered. The prospect also of recouping my losses was attractive, so without much hesitation I accepted the mount.

Mr. Odgens thanked me with effusion, and then said his horse would have to carry 12 st. 7 lbs. "How would that be?" "Oh!" I replied, "that's all right, I can ride 12 st. comfortably in a 7 lb. saddle, so shall only require an extra 7 lb. cloth, and I have one in my racing bag." "That's capital," said Odgens, adding "I think the race is third on the card; however, you'll see that to-morrow, so I'll say good night, sir, and much obliged to you."

The next morning I walked down early to the course to have a look at old Comberton, as I was thinking of running him in the open steeplechase in spite of his crushing weight, and to arrange our programme with Reeves. I met the latter just pulling up after giving the old horse a canter. He argued that it would be wiser not to run, but send the horses home. My own view, however, was to have Comberton ready on the course, as there was a chance of the opposition being very feeble, then we could do what we thought best. And so it was settled.

As I was moving away it occurred to me that if I did decide to run in spite of the weight, it would be as well for me to ride in the heaviest saddle we had, so calling Reeves back I told him to put a big hunting saddle on the old horse when he brought him down.

"On such small things do great events depend."

Returning to our hotel for breakfast I found Willie Call carefully studying the day's card, so I speedily secured another and when the meal was over began as usual trying to find winners. On looking over the entries for the Welter Chase, in which I had promised to ride Odgens's nag, I noticed that his partner (there were two in the firm) had also a nomination. This struck me as somewhat odd, but my attention being called away I thought no more of the matter till later in the day, when I was reminded of the fact in a startling manner.

The Welter Chase was fixed for 2-30, I had just slipped into my breeches and boots when Odgens appeared in the dressing-room handing me his cap and jacket, a hideous combination of colours that he no doubt thought extremely "tasty." Picking up my 7-lb. saddle, also the extra 7-lb. cloth, we proceeded to the scales where, having weighed out, I gave the lot to Odgens, who hurried away to saddle his champion. Pulling on an overcoat I was leaving the weighing-room with the intention of making tracks for the paddock to have a look at my mount and try and estimate his chance of putting the account right for Monday, when "Sir Bill," apparently rather scared, came running towards me, "There's something wrong, Reggie," he said, lowering his voice, "your mount opened a hot favourite at evens and they are offering 3 to 1, he looks like going out altogether. Odgens's partner is backing his own, now virtually favourite, and offering to lay yours, what's up?" "Wish I knew," I replied, "only hope they haven't hocussed the beggar—let's go and take a look at him anyway."

It was some time before we came across my steed, but at last discovered him being led by a stable lad round the far side of the paddock. A very useful dark bay blood hunter he was, up to weight and looked like galloping. So far as I could see he seemed in the pink of condition, coat shining, eyes bright as stars, and ready to jump out of his skin. "Seems all right, Billy," I remarked, "but here's Odgens," who at that moment came bustling up. "We'll ask him what he makes of it all." "Hallo, Mr. Odgens," I queried, "what's the meaning of this? It seems to me by the betting that you've put me up on a 'stiff un,' also that you expect your late partner to win. How do you account for it? I've a d——d good mind not to ride." "Oh, Sir Reginald, pray don't say that," he whined, "I assure you I believe the horse was never better in his life and certain to win, bar accident, if he's good enough. I've told Jim

the same, but he's an obstinate ass and will insist on running and backing his own. Throwing money away I call it!"

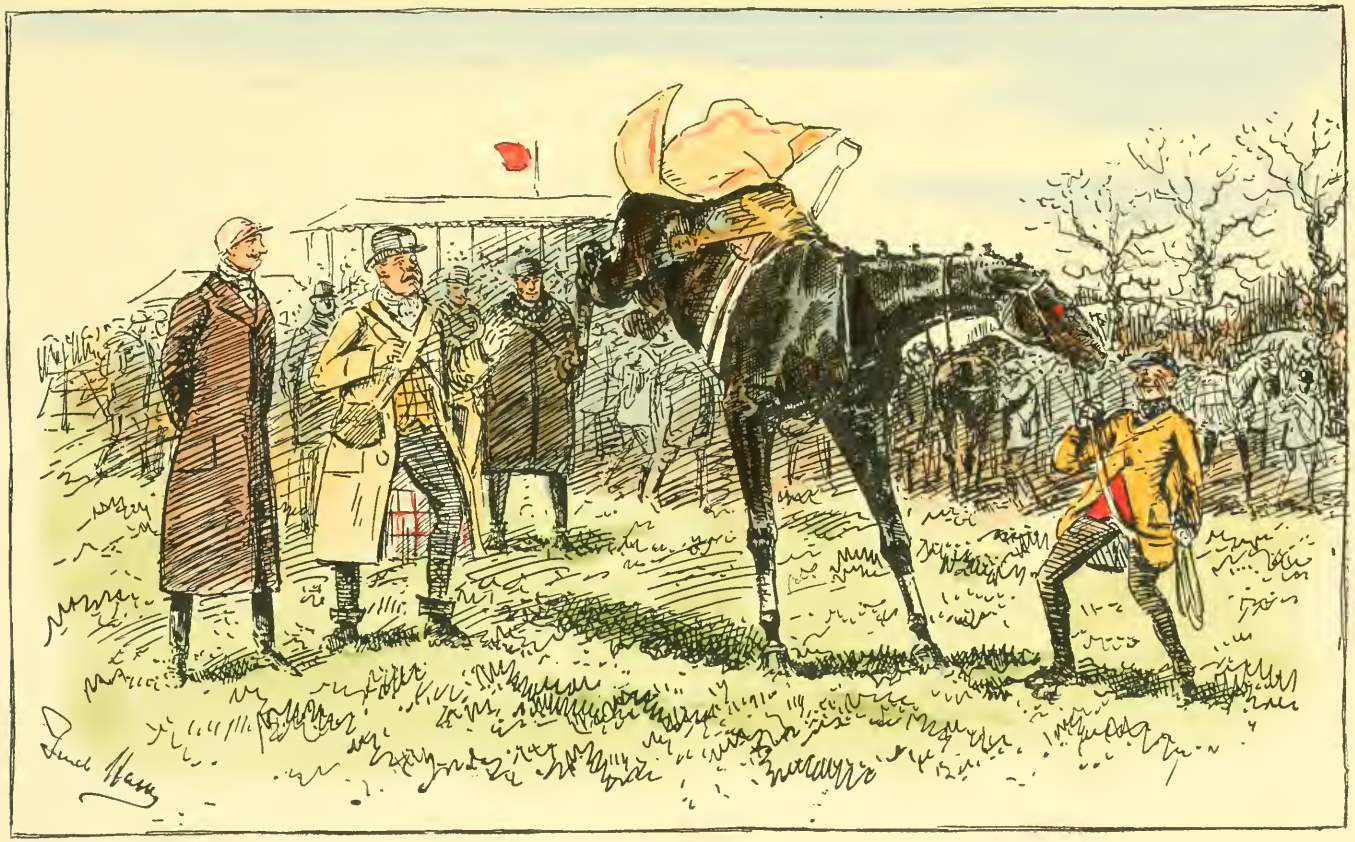
At this moment something startled the big bay, and giving a kick in the air off flew the light rug that had been resting on his quarters covering the saddle.

Both Odgens and self stepped forward at the same moment to replace it, but he was too quick for me, and had it over the horse's back and saddle in the twinkling of an eye. Not so quick, however, but that I had seen enough to account for the downfall in the betting of the quondam favourite. How it was I refrained from then and there seizing the rascal by the throat I can't say, but luckily I never moved a muscle as I faced him and found his cunning eyes fixed on me, doubtless fearing that I had discovered what was the matter. "Oh, well, then I suppose it's all right," said I in reply to his last words, and taking hold of Billy Call's arm turned away as if to fetch something from the dressing-room.

Perhaps I ought then and there to have denounced the scoundrel Odgens, for without doubt he it was who had carried out the whole plot, but as I discovered the trick played upon me an intense desire to be even with the double-dyed rascal, and pay him back in his own coin restrained me. "Then again," it occurred to me, as I moved away with Sir William so as to get out of earshot, "if I have him up before the Stewards he'll be ready with some plausible excuse, I shan't be able to produce positive proof, and the laugh will be on his side. No, I'll play this hand myself."

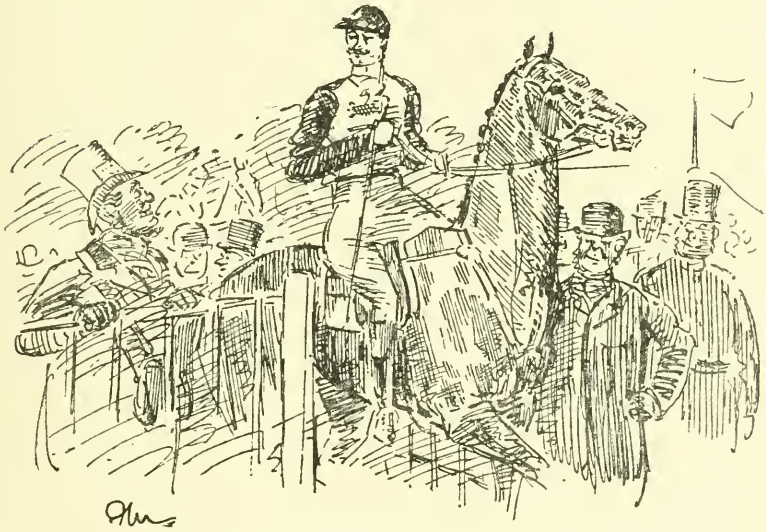
At that moment as I caught sight of old Comberton promenading about an inspiration came like a flash, and I saw my way, if all went well, to getting square, and a bit to the good with friend Odgens. The bell had ceased ringing, numbers were up, bookies in full cry; so it was about time to be getting into the saddle and consequently no time to waste in explanations.

"Billy," I said, "ask no questions, please, but do



"STIFFY."

at once what I tell you. You see Comberton there and John Jones leading him about." "Yes." "Well, go at once and take them down the course to where you see that old shed, get well behind it out of sight, whip off the clothing, place the big saddle handy, and set to work wisping the horse over as if in preparation for the next race, and I'll look you up on my way to the post. Off you go, my buck, and not a word to a soul, mind." And away Billy scuttled.



LEAVING THE PADDOCK.

At the first glance no doubt all these manœuvres will appear somewhat unintelligible to the general reader, but those behind the scenes will no doubt make a pretty shrewd guess at what was revealed when Odgens's horse, full of beans, kicked his quarter sheet off. *There was no 7-lb. cloth under my saddle!* One closely resembling it, but without any lead, had been substituted, so that I should be about 7 lb. short weight when returning

to weigh in. Nice man, Odgens, eh! How I detected the fraud in the few seconds the horse and saddle remained uncovered has always been a mystery to me. Perhaps my suspicions of something wrong owing to the knocking out of my mount made me more observant than usual. Of a surety under ordinary circumstances I should not have noticed the change that had been effected so cleverly and the *coup* would have come off.

Having given Call & Co. time to get well behind the old shed I proceeded to where Odgens was still fiddling about with his big bay, and getting a leg up from the "noble owner," was soon comfortably seated in the saddle.

It would never have done, however, to let this enterprising sportsman off without giving him something worth having by which to remember the occasion, so as we made our way through the gate I said in a loud voice that the gate keeper might hear, "Oh, Mr. Odgens, I *must* have a pony on at starting price, regardless of your partner's horse being favourite." "Certainly, Sir Reginald," said the now smiling Ogdens, "consider yourself on £25 at starting price." "Starting price, mind," I repeated as I turned the "Stiff un's" head towards the haven of refuge where Billy was busy with Comberton.

"Q."

Trotting down the course whom should I meet but Queensberry. "Hallo, Q," I cried, "are you going in the ring?" And on his replying in the affirmative I asked him to put me fifty on—"some of it, if possible, with Odgens's partner," adding, "Have another fifty yourself

and don't be frightened at the price."

The critical moment had now arrived. Query: Would my plan work out? Stiffy broke into a canter and before you could say "Jack Robinson" we were up alongside the old shed, behind which I looked to find salvation. In a second the corner was turned and there, sure enough, stood the Baronet wisping and hissing away in approved style for all he was worth, with the heavy hunting saddle conveniently placed beside him. I was on my feet almost before pulling up, whipped off the 7-lb. saddle, and Billy, grasping the situation, quickly adjusted in its place the heavy hunting one, weighing I felt pretty certain 14 lbs.

It did not take thirty seconds ere I was on my way again to the start, crying out to "Sieur Call," as his foreign friends dubbed him, "All's well. Have a pony on!" chuckling to myself at having scored first blood in the game.

The burning question now was—"Is 'Stiffy' good enough to win?" As far as my recollection goes there were some eight starters, but we had not galloped three fields before I realized that the "corpse" under me was something more than useful, not only moved like clockwork, but jumped the best, seemed to delight in the heavy going. So I let him sail away and very shortly discovered that the only one likely to trouble me was the favourite, owned by Odgens's partner, Jim.

I had him well beaten, though, coming up the straight, winning somewhat easily by about three lengths, though it seemed from the broad grin on the rider's face that he was well in the robbery, and thought he knew exactly what was going to happen.

An ominous silence greeted our return to the paddock, for no doubt it was a surprise to many that a "Stiff un" should pass the post first instead of finishing "down the course" in the orthodox fashion.

We were no sooner near the grand stand than shouts of "Hobjection," "Don't pay," rose from the betting

ring. Unsaddling the horse I made my way as quickly as possible to the weighing-room, being painfully aware that it would take very little to bring on what the reporters call a "hostile demonstration." A pushing, excited crowd followed into the room, foremost in the crush being Odgens, with the owner of the second close behind him. Then a dead silence reigned, as calling out " twelve stone seven " I got into the scale. For the life of me I could not resist filling Odgens's cup to the brim, so by keeping my right foot lightly on the ground the scale did not draw. Odgens absolutely beamed with satisfaction, though he tried hard to disguise it, turning, apparently in great anger, on his partner, who had immediately begun shouting " I object ! Mr. Herbert can't draw the weight." As the words left his mouth I raised my leg and looked with some anxiety, as may readily be imagined, for what would happen. Slowly—very slowly—my side sank down and, with a sigh of relief, I turned to the clerk of the scales, " How's that ? " I enquired.

" Perfectly correct, Mr. Herbert," he replied, after carefully inspecting the weights, " perfectly correct, 12 st. 7 lbs. *All right !* "

If ever murder glared out of a man's eyes it did out of Odgens's, as he stared at me in bewildered amazement, and " Partner Jim " seemed to be suffering from a sudden attack of nausea, so deplorable was his appearance. Taking good care that no one should handle the old saddle that had done such yeoman service, I proceeded to change as quickly as possible, for, after what had happened, I thought Comberton deserved a well-earned holiday, and Billy Call and self might catch an early train to town.

Hurrying out of the enclosure to overtake Billy, who had gone on for a cab, I ran full against Odgens, evidently waiting for me. I could see the man was absolutely beside himself with passion, his temper beyond control, and that he meant mischief. " You

Blighter," he roared, as foaming at the mouth he came at me with threatening fists. "What's up now, Odgens?" I said as quietly as I could. "We've had a nice race; no objection lodged. What's the trouble?" "How did you do it, you Blithering Blighter?" he screamed, and would have added more, when something suddenly struck him with considerable violence full between the eyes and down he went a howling heap of "Betting tickets and blasphemy." "Don't forget the ten ponys on Monday" (the starting price of dear old Stiffy), I cheerily cried, and

with that as a parting shot I hurried after Sir William. The last I saw of Odgens he was on all fours like a fat pig "mooting," as they say down our way, in the dirty muddy straw trying to recover some loose gold and silver that had been jerked out of his satchel when he toppled over, and in this search I was pleased to see he had the able assistance of some half-dozen scum of the course, who had been attracted to the spot by what looked like the chance of a row.

There's not much more to tell. Willie and I caught the express to town, arrived in time for a late supper at the old Arlington Club, where we found many habitués, Curly Knox, Sam Batchelor, Josey Little, Charley Legard, "Chicken" Hartopp and half a dozen others hard at *écartè*, then much in fashion. Needless to say, when we had supped "wisely and well," the Baronet and self joined the party, comfortably prepared for an all-night sitting.

HARRY MORRIS.

Henry Morris settled for me in those days, so I sent him a line to look me up in my rooms on Monday morning, as I wished to say a few words to him about the account.

Whilst partaking of a somewhat late breakfast my faithful valet Henri announced "Monsieur Morris," as he called him. "*Bonjour*," said Morris, who was quite the continental sportsman. "You wished to see me, Mr. Herbert?" "Oh, nothing very particular, Morris. Here's my account. What I wanted to mention was that you may have some difficulty in drawing of Odgens £250 against his name, so I thought I had better tell you what line to take. Should he show any intention of not parting, say 'I have seen Mr. Herbert, Sir Reginald, as you call him, this morning, and he told me if you made any difficulty about the bet in question I was to ask you for his 7 lb. saddle cloth, and that he meant having it.' There'll be no further trouble or I'm much mistaken."

"Is there anything else?" enquired Morris. "No, I think not. Oh, yes! by the way, I had a line from Lord Queensberry saying that he only managed to get eight to one for my fifty, so you'll have to receive £400 from his commissioner. You'll find it down in the

account. Look in here this afternoon on your way back from Tattersall's."

When Morris turned up again about 5 o'clock there was a pleasant smile on his good looking face that promised well. "How did you manage, did Odgens pay up?" I asked.

"Had some little trouble with him," said Morris, "he began to bluster and bounce so I repeated what you told me. The effect was magical, for after staring at me open mouthed for a minute he put his hand in his pocket and quietly handed me the notes. But what's the matter with him anyway, he's got the most lovely pair of black eyes you ever saw, I wonder where he got 'em." "So do I, Morris," I added hurriedly, "so do I, most unaccountable, such a respectable man, too!"

Morris took up his hat saying he must be moving, and as he turned towards the door remarked with a chuckle, that I appeared to have had a "pretty good week." "Oh, yes," I replied laughing, "and the odd thing is, though, you may not believe me, it all came through riding what I have heard described by some humble followers of the turf as a 'Blooming stiff un!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

Rebecca.

Have any of my readers ever heard of the Rebecca Riots and the Rebeccaites? Not one in a hundred I'll be bound.

Beyond this, when they learn that the riots took place in the neighbouring counties of Brecon and Radnor so long ago as 1843, they'll be wondering what on earth I could ever have had to do with Rebecca and her followers, or what possible circumstances can account for the subject cropping up in these pages.

No explanation is forthcoming at present, so I shall let the "*denoumong*", as our old acquaintance Bob Chapman, of horse-dealing memory, who had not much French, would have said, speak for itself. Perchance, as we are on the subject of these riots an account of what all the row was about and why the rioters took to themselves such a curious *nom de guerre* may be of interest; some may think such matter too dry-as-dust in nature for a book of this description; in such case, these must remember, that after all, this is only the preface to what I have already described as the "*denoumong*", and *that* I think I can promise them will be lively enough, so let us be serious for a brief space, and I'll do my best that it shan't occur again.

The trouble in 1843 was all along of the turnpike gates, many fresh ones having been established by the authorities to provide the necessary funds for the improvement of the roads then in a deplorable condition.

This did not at all agree with the views of Taffy. What did he care about the roads? They had served

his father and his grandfather, consequently they were good enough for him. Indeed, he had good cause for complaint, as things had arrived at such a pass, that it was necessary if undertaking anything of a journey on wheels or horseback, to start with a well-lined purse to pay the ever-increasing number of "pikes." The charges were exorbitant, and as he was well aware it was quite useless appealing to the authorities, Taffy set about putting matters straight on a plan of his own.

As we all know, the Welsh are Dissenters almost to a man, therefore their first thought on entering upon any serious undertaking is to try, if possible, to find some encouragement in the Scriptures for what they propose doing, especially if likely to clash with the powers that be.

The first step taken by these victims, as they considered themselves, of the oppressive and iniquitous Turnpike Laws, was to form a sort of secret society, pledged to take matters into their own hands for the purpose of destroying or removing the objectionable gates by force.

The next to search the Scriptures with a view of discovering an appropriate and attractive Biblical quotation or name that might be construed into a justification for breaking the law and breaking up the gates. Whoever it was selected the taking name of "Rebecca" showed considerable ingenuity and Biblical knowledge, as it gave the necessary religious tone to the proceedings, attracted many followers, and caused the rioters to be looked upon by many of their co-religionists as carrying on a sort of Jehad or Holy War.

If you'll take up your Bible and turn to chapter xxiv. of Genesis, and 60th verse, when speaking of Rebecca you will find it is said: "Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the *Gate* of those who hate them." This was decidedly smart, and Rebecca, in consequence, soon had plenty of recruits.

Dressed as women, in most cases armed, and riding good

horses, Rebecca and her followers made a clean sweep of such gates as they thought objectionable, tearing down the houses, throwing the gates into the river, and creating quite a panic in these usually quiet districts. The police were powerless; the military were called out; not a single Rebeccaite could be taken; and the gates were no sooner reinstated than Rebecca and her daughters demolished them. Naturally the riots were eventually suppressed, but the Rebeccaites achieved their object, for attention was thus called to the serious grievances under which they were suffering, a fresh system of tolls was introduced and peace restored.

The odd part of the whole thing was, that so far as I can discover, not a single Rebeccaite was ever brought to justice, nor was it ever ascertained who was the leader and originator of the movement.

What an exciting and picturesque experience to have been present at one of these midnight raids. Some hundred "Night riders," consisting of men, many Elders amongst them, dressed as women riding astride (Oh! fie! fie!) clothed to the waist in white, wearing bonnets or handkerchiefs on their heads, with blackened faces, suddenly descending on some isolated turnpike amongst the wild Welsh hills by the light of the flaming torches they carried, breaking up and making bonfires of the toll gates as well as destroying the houses! After her wrongs were redressed, Rebecca and her children ceased from troubling, so far at least as toll gates were concerned, but in later years when a crusade commenced in the same locality against the Wye fishery laws and preservation of salmon, the poachers who used to "burn the waters"—that is, leister or spear the spawning salmon by torch-light—attempted to carry on the war under Rebecca's old banner, but in this case there being no real grievance, not only was common sense against them, but as no reference could be found in the Bible to Rebecca having any fancy for fishing, her Scriptural name was out of place.

There were several revivals on different occasions of Rebecca as against the Fishery Laws, but I fancy the last time her name was invoked occurred in 1879, though since then there has been constant warfare between the salmon poachers and water bailiffs.

That eloquent defender of the rights of the rivers Wye and Usk, my old friend and ally, Mr. John Lloyd, contributed in January, 1879, a most interesting article on "Rebecca" to the *Hereford Times*. This was subsequently published in pamphlet form, and I have taken the liberty of reproducing his introductory remarks as they so clearly define the original cause of the Rebecca rising.

"As the Rebeccaites (wrote Mr. John Lloyd) have again brought themselves into prominent notice in the country, and their movements form a subject much discussed not only in the localities where they exist but throughout the kingdom, it will no doubt be of considerable interest to your readers to have laid before them a briefly sketched history of the events known and spoken of as the 'Rebecca Riots' in Wales from time to time since their origin in 1843. In that year organized bands of men sprang into existence in the counties of South Wales, and for a time kept the country in a state of terror. The outrages the Rebeccaites committed did not, however, appear to originate in political causes, neither did they manifest disaffection on the part of the parties towards English institutions or hostility to the English laws. They were, on the contrary, provoked by local grievances, to which the farmers and peasantry considered themselves subjected. The greatest grievance seemed to be that of the harsh, if not illegally exacted turnpike tolls, a burden severely felt by the small farmers, who in many parts of the Principality conveyed coals and lime from great distances in small carts over hilly districts. There were also many abuses which existed in connection with the administration of turnpike roads."

So much for the Rebecca riots of 1843.

One often sees in theatrical programmes, of the

heavy melodramatic line, on the fall of the curtain after Act II., a period of thirty years, more or less, is supposed to elapse (during the interval the male portion of the audience mostly retire for light refreshment). This applies exactly—the thirty years, not the light refreshment—to what is to follow, for was it not in 1872 that the curtain rose again on an outbreak of Rebecca, this time in Monmouthshire, when, oddly enough, the *dramatis personæ* were all personal friends of my own, and to me fell the honour of being cast for the title rôle.

If the curtain fell on a dramatic situation in 1843, when it rose again after the lapse of so many years, there can be no doubt that the audience were treated to as fine a sample of *Opera Bouffe* as it has ever been my good luck to take part in. I will endeavour, as far as my feeble abilities allow, to explain how it came about that I was instrumental in once again raising the standard of Rebecca and how we illegally redressed a legal wrong.

Strange to say, the old luck stuck to the flag, and the members of the Opera Bouffe Company evaded capture, as did their melodramatic predecessors of 1843, ne'er a one of us being haled before the justices.

Am I safe, think you, after so many years in venturing to divulge a secret, that we—my brother conspirators and self—have kept so well and guarded so carefully? Anyway, I'm going to risk it, and if any of that gallant band of desperadoes—alas! there are but few left—get into trouble, we must get 'em out of it somehow. It is sad to think how many of the merry actors in this laughable comedy have gone where St. Peter is said to be the only gate keeper; I can only hope that they were provided with free passes, or the necessary wherewithal to pay the toll, for any attempt to rush St. Peter's gate in Rebecca style would probably lead to serious trouble, and disastrous consequences.

When did Red Nob win the National Hunters race, and over what course? Why, in 1872, at Abergavenny, the

same year that Casse Tête, owned by Teddy Brayley won the Liverpool, about the most moderate animal that ever accomplished the feat. At that time I was a member of the National Hunt Committee, when, having succeeded in screwing up the necessary local financial support, we sent in a proposal for the National Hunt races to be held in conjunction with the Monmouthshire Hunt Annual Chases over the old Abergavenny course. Our tender was accepted ; a three days' meeting arranged, and Red Nob, owned by Mr. Sankey, the Birmingham horse dealer, ridden by Captain Teddy Holyoake, won the principal event. Barring that the field for the big race was small, the meeting was a great success, and gave quite a stimulus to chasing in this part of the country. I was to have ridden a horse called Norton Manor, who ran third, in Red Nob's race, but for some reason that I forget, at the last moment was obliged to give up the mount, and Charley Nugent, if memory serves, performed instead.

We had a large house party at Clytha for the event, about a score, I should say. Amongst them, I remember, being "Curly" Knox, old Fogo, Greville Sartoris, Billy Call, Queensberry, Charley Wolseley, Billy Milner, Hughie Owen, Charley Nugent, Walter Blount, Walter Smythe, my brother "Tip" (then in the 9th Lancers) and, as the sporting papers would say, "a host of talent."

Some time before there had been great talk about erecting a fresh toll gate just outside our park wall on the Abergavenny road. This had been strenuously opposed by all the local people, farmers and others, but without avail, and a few days previous to the race meeting a brand new toll bar and wooden house for the gate-keeper had been put up about half a mile from our lodge gates, close to the "Clytha Arms," to the disgust and annoyance of the whole neighbourhood. I had already had a good deal of wordy warfare with the unfortunate gate-keeper, and was threatened with a summons for refusing to pay toll,

so matters were approaching a crisis when our racing friends began to arrive. In those days it ran to a four-in-hand coach—in point of fact we had a Monmouth Coaching Club, and at all the county gatherings such as Horse shows, Race meetings, Polo matches, and the like, the members used to turn out in great force. I have seen as many as a dozen coaches at one of these meetings, and now, alas! there's not a single individual that drives a four-in-hand in the county, the hideous hoot of the motor having completely supplanted the cheery note of the "yard of tin," in public favour. As I have said, in those days we ran to a four-in-hand, and it was a merry party, I can assure you, that started from Clytha for the first day's racing. Up to this I had said nothing to our guests about the new toll bar, but arranged with my brother that he was to do "shooter" on the coach, so that when we approached the objectionable gate, if the turnpike man should attempt to try and close it, I'd steady the team so that he (Tip) might drop off the coach, run on a bit ahead, quite by accident, of course, upset the gate-keeper into the ditch, and I'd take my chance of charging the gate or driving through somehow.

Pull up and pay the iniquitous toll with such a load of talent as I had on board! Perish the thought! We turned out of the park gates, Q. performing wonders on the coach horn, the while, but no sooner clear of the park walls than, there, bang in front of us stood the wooden Toll house and gate freshly painted white, with the portly figure of the custodian preparing to bring us to a standstill. "Down you get, Tip!" I called over my shoulder, and in a moment my elegant young Lancer was running abreast the leaders.

"Hullo, what's up?" cried Fogo and Hughie, who were sitting behind me, in unison, "Pull up, man, pull up!" "Pull up!" I replied, "Not if I know it. Sit tight, boys!" meanwhile the gate-keeper, for some reason being unable to close the bar, had drawn a stout chain across the road about three feet from the ground,

and to this he was holding on like grim death. "Now!" I shouted, and at the word the 9th Lancer put on a spurt, and charged full into the bewildered collector. Over he went, "Tip" on top, and as the leaders chesting the chain, jerked it out of the way, we dashed through. In a second my brother was on his legs again and, clambering up into his seat, we proceeded on our journey. Needless to say, the passengers were curious to learn what this little row was about, but I was too busy with the team that had got a bit out of hand to enter at the moment into any explanations, so begged them to be patient till we got to luncheon on the course, when they would hear all about it. However, we were too busy racing to think of much else, and not till after dinner, when all were gathered in the billiard-room, smoking and talking, did the subject of the toll gate crop up. What surprised us on our return journey was finding the gate wide open, so we drove through without any hindrance, but found out on enquiry that the man retired at 6 p.m. till next morning, which turned out a useful bit of information. It took some little time to put the company *au fait* as to the real position of affairs, but when they grasped the situation the unanimous opinion was that something should be done to relieve the unfortunate parishioners of this unjust burden. Fog Rowlands was the oldest and most experienced of the party, besides being well up in local matters, so we turned to him for advice and counsel. What was to be done? Smiling benignly on the assembly the old warrior thus delivered himself. "If you want good advice, my young bloods," said he, "you'll go to bed and send that man who was knocked over this morning a sovereign to enable him to buy plaster and forget what happened, but if you want advice that I know will be more to your taste, ask Reggie about Rebecca and how she dealt with little matters of this sort, then leave the rest to him." And with that Fogo sat down and resumed his efforts to relight a refractory cigar.

Of course, everyone wanted to know all about Rebecca, and some time elapsed before the audience could be convinced that I had not been surprised in a flirtation with the lady and thrown over a gate by her infuriated relatives. At last, however, I succeeded in getting them to listen to a short explanation of the famous riots, for when Fogo mentioned Rebecca a way of meeting the case in a manner that was sure to appeal to our steeple-chasing friends suggested itself to me, this was no less than to enroll the company as followers of Rebecca and revive the glories of 1843! No sooner was the proposal made than they were all for taking matters in hand there and then, especially "Q.," who was for proceeding to extremities at once; at length they quieted down and listened to reason. "A Council of War must be held," I said, and reminded them that this was a serious game and ought to be played according to rules, or we should get into trouble and bring discredit on the honoured name of the Rebeccaites. If we succeeded in avoiding capture and relieving the local sufferers from this odious burden we should be looked upon as heroes in a righteous cause, but if we failed and had to make an ignominious appearance before the beaks, instead of being called noble followers of Rebecca, we should be denounced as young Mohawks or Hooligans of the worst type, deserving of six months "hard." 'Twas ever thus—"so let us walk circumspectly, the more reason, as after the sad accident that happened this morning to the gate-keeper, I fear, should the toll gate and surroundings unaccountably disappear, suspicion may even fall on us. I'm afraid you'll think I'm talking a lot, but if this is to go through things must be made clear." "Fogo," I continued, "you are senior partner; when you have finished trying to light that cigar—I notice you have let it out about a dozen times—give us the benefit of your valuable experience and advice."

"I'll give you advice fast enough," replied Foggy, "but before doing so it is my duty as senior partner to enter

a feeble protest against these proceedings, and inform you that if you go on in this way you'll come to a bad end; don't blame me if you get three months' keep at the Government expense without the option of a fine."

"And now," continued Fog, "having done the right thing in warning you, I propose that Reggie be elected to lead the expedition as Rebecca; that we leave all the arrangements to our leader—he or she being well acquainted with the locality—also that this meeting adjourn till to-morrow, when the plan of campaign be decided on, meanwhile let us have something to drink and a game of billiards before going to roost. Come on Rebecca, 100 up, for a fiver." And as Fogo was not to be denied, we settled down for the evening.

Next morning, after breakfast, before starting for the day's racing, we got together in the smoking-room, when I explained what to my mind was the best course to follow. In the first place it was essential that suspicion be diverted from ourselves, and much as it went against the grain, we must pay the toll and look pleasant; the safest plan being that Rebecca and her followers materialize on Friday night, thus giving us a couple of days in which to lull any doubts already aroused by our manner of defying authority yesterday, and as they were all off in different directions by the early train on Saturday morning, the minions of the law would scarcely have time to grasp the situation, or Rebecca, ere her children had taken wing. Then there was the matter of costume, implements of warfare, and a few minor details to be attended to, it being important that our revival should be carried out as nearly on original lines as possible.

All present agreed that this was the best course to adopt, so accordingly when we arrived at the gate I pulled up to pay the toll, and enquire how the "Tax gatherer" that Tip had toppled over fared. He, poor man, emerged from his box looking very irate and glum,

nursing his hand, which he said had been damaged in the scuffle, and vowing he'd have the law on us. Fogo explained to him that it was a pure accident—horses a bit skittish—awfully sorry, etc., would a sov. be any use to him? "Certainly it would," said he, now all smiles, adding, as he held out his uninjured hand, that we were welcome to repeat the dose again as often as possible for the same money.

I need not dwell on the events of the meeting, the only incidents worthy of record being that "Q.," riding in one of the 'chases, was nearly drowned, going souse into the brook, a natural one, and very deep in places, and that between us we won many races and rode many winners. Altogether, a cheery three days.

On the Friday I again "parted" to the roadside Cerberus, who passed the time of day in so friendly a manner that it was plain we had succeeded in lulling the authorities to sleep, and that they considered further opposition to the new gate at an end. Deluded mortals! Theirs was a rude awakening. Little did they dream that Rebecca was once more on the warpath and the "Night riders" out, prepared to redress the wrongs of an injured community.

The races were over early on the third and last day, so we were back in plenty of time to prepare for the night's work, especially as the gathering of the clans was fixed to take place some time after midnight.

There was much difficulty in rigging out the conspirators in appropriate costumes, but as pyjamas were just then coming into vogue, old discarded white cotton night shirts (the present generation can have no idea of the ridiculous object a man presented in one of these weird garments. I have often thought—but there I'd better not dwell on this subject), were plentiful, so a dozen of these were soon got together, along with the same number of old-fashioned women's caps, such as were worn by Sairey Gamp and her like during the early Victorian era. Some lengths of stout

cord made excellent girdles, and with a few finishing touches, my "children," when attired, looked like the result of a matrimonial alliance between a Dominican Friar and a monthly nurse.

There had been considerable discussion as to the advisability of our all being mounted. Eventually it was decided that only three of us should ride, forming, as it were, the advance guard of the main body. Billy Call, Fogo and Sartoris constituted the cavalry, part of their duty being to "hold up" the landlord and occupiers of the Clytha Arms, who certainly would be aroused when the assault on the toll house, situated within 100 yards, was delivered, and probably recognise some of the raiders if allowed to approach them. The scene when they mounted beggars description. For their lives they could not keep the old cotton night shirts from working up as they got astride the horses, so it can be imagined what a ludicrous and improper spectacle they presented as their steeds, terrified at the startling appearance of their riders, bucked for all they were worth. But I anticipate.

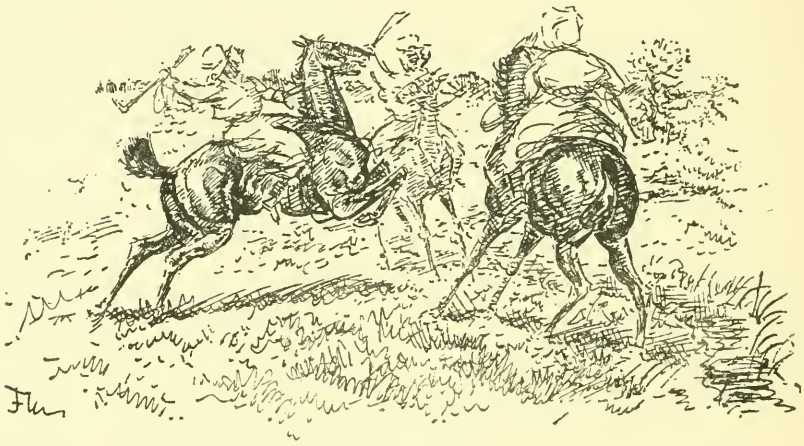
A varied assortment of weapons were served out; some had saws, hatchets and crowbars, whilst others, armed with spades and pickaxes, were the sappers and miners of the expedition.

Queensberry, however, outdid us all, for by some means he had secured an enormous foghorn, and unearthed a brace of old horse pistols, which, having loaded with blank cartridge, he was longing for an opportunity to discharge.

It was indeed a motley crowd that formed up on the drive at the front door, the white night shirts and women's caps contrasting strangely with the formidable weapons, shouldered by the Rebeccaites, shining in the moonlight.

The "Mounted Infantry" were now hoisted into their saddles, their strange appearance (as I have already mentioned) leading to such uproarious laughter that I

feared the neighbourhood would be aroused. When this had subsided, and the horsemen settled more comfortably in their saddles, we sent them on ahead as scouts, with orders to fall back on their main body if danger threatened. All being well they were to "hold up" the "Clytha Arms," if the inmates when aroused, by the noise made in breaking up the toll house showed any intention of venturing forth, this must be prevented *coûte que coûte.* The work being done they were then to act as rear guard, covering our retreat and make the best of their way home.



Go it, Sambo!

Having many minor details to attend to, "Q." was appointed to take command of the attacking party, his initiative action being to bring the fog horn into play by putting it to his mouth and roaring "Attention! Quick march!" in a voice that might have been heard a mile off.

As it was desirable to avoid rousing the lodge keeper by going through the lodge gates, we struck across the park so as to emerge on the high road the back way, which would bring us to within a quarter of a mile of the

obnoxious turnpike. Unfortunately I had quite forgotton a small stream running through the park and here, to our dismay, we found our three "Night riders" stuck up, vainly urging their unwilling steeds to jump it by the light of the moon, which certainly made it almost as clear as day.

The gee gee's would not have it at any price. Fogo and Billy Call dismounted and, holding on to their bridles from the other side of the ditch (it was little more) were trying to induce their nags to follow them, but "Sambo," not to be beat, was still hopelessly charging the obstacle. This was a *contretemps*, and for a minute threatened to upset arrangements, when luckily Fogo remembered a temporary wooden bridge about 200 yards higher up the stream. The situation was thus saved, and in about five minutes all were assembled on the landing side.

Giving the cavalry a little time to get ahead, we hurried forward to the scene of action. At the sight of the gleaming gate, "Q." had all he could do to keep his pack in hand till he could get within striking distance. When within about 100 yards he raised the fog horn, giving the words of command, "Fix bayonets! Charge!" and with night shirts and caps fluttering in the breeze, and shouting the "Slogan" of the Rebeccaites, "Rebecca rides, Rebecca rides!" we swooped down on the doomed Toll house.

There was not a soul about, all lights were out at the "Clytha Arms," and the white night shirts of our "Mounted Infantry" could plainly be seen circling round the building as arranged.

Saws, axes and picks were soon at work on the gate posts, our plan being, when the bar had been detached from the posts, to use the former as a battering ram and knock the Toll House to pieces, before setting the debris on fire, or throwing the whole lot into the river Usk that flowed within fifty yards and then in flood. By this time the noise had aroused the inmates

of the "Clytha Arms." Heads of several women were seen at the windows begging to be told what was the matter, but the blood-curdling threats in which our "troopers" indulged soon caused them to retire, and we suffered no further interruption from that quarter. I subsequently learnt that the occupants of the inn were so alarmed that they all got under their beds, and so passed the remainder of the night.

"Q" ON THE TOLL HOUSE ROOF.

By this time the sappers had got the posts up, and bar detached, so half a dozen of us seizing this, we turned our attention to the demolition of the wooden Toll house which some of the party had already been trying unsuccessfully to set on fire. By some means "Q" had managed to climb on the roof from which coign of vantage he was declaiming at the top of his voice, "The boy

stood on the burning deck," varied by directions in nautical language through the fog horn, to the workers below. As we approached with the improvised battering ram he was still at it, and nothing would persuade him to descend. At last, by the aid of a clothes line prop that someone laid hands on, we managed to dislodge him, and down he came, shouting "Avast there, my hearties!" and blazing off his old horse pistols.

With the aid of the "ram" the work of destruction proceeded apace, and in a short time the whole thing was a complete wreck, but as it did not catch fire readily, "into the river with it at once!" was the cry. No sooner said than done, and in less time than it takes to write the "last of the turnpikes," house and all, floated gaily down the stream on the way to Newport. We had made a clean sweep of it and no mistake.

Meanwhile, "Q" was very busy on the fog horn, getting the raiders together, making sure no one was missing.

All answered the roll call, then hailing the cavalry, they came galloping up from the blockade of the inn, when we decamped with all speed, the horsemen some way in the rear in case of a surprise.

As it turned out, not a soul came nigh, home being reached without a casualty of any sort; the only loss sustained being a valuable shirt stud by one of the party, and this, of course, we could not attempt to recover. The whole affair did not occupy three-quarters of an hour, for within that time everyone was safely housed, and hard at work on a good supper, a reward for our exertions.

Goodness knows what time we got to bed, as there was no end to the recounting of our individual adventures. Suffice it to say that all retired to rest well satisfied with their success, sincerely hoping that "the riders" had left no trail.

"Rebecca's children" were off by early train the following day, so I felt a bit nervous at being left alone to face any complications that might arise with the

authorities. Wonderful to relate, nothing of the sort occurred, and when the occupants of the "Clytha Arms" gave a vivid description of the wild appearance and wonderful costumes worn by the raiders, positively asserting that the Rebeccaites had made a descent from Breconshire, adding that there was no mistaking their well-known war cry clearly heard by all, any suspicion that might have existed died out.

Emboldened by success I proceeded to view the battle-field and even went so far as to offer to contribute towards a reward for the discovery of the miscreants. The locals were jubilant at the removal of their grievance, and if any suspected they kept it to themselves. Some ten days afterwards I learnt that the toll people, not to be defeated, had in a half-hearted sort of way put up a single bar (no house this time) near the original spot. This I felt equal to coping with single handed, so one dark night, armed with a large meat saw that I annexed from the larder, I stole quietly down and, finding the coast clear, proceeded cautiously to saw off the posts and the bar. The latter made an excellent substitute for a notice board, so I stuck it up in the hedge, and attached thereon a piece of cardboard I had provided myself with, on which was inscribed the simple legend, "Rebecca's Revenge."

This finished the job, no further attempt being made to replace the obnoxious gate. Rebecca and her children will never assemble again, either as professionals or amateurs. The days of turnpikes have gone for ever, and with them the *raison d'être* of the rioters, but if I live to be as old as Methusalah I shall never forget that night's mad work when we charged down on the offending Toll house with the wild cry of

"Rebecca Rides!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Some Rough Rides.

"Come Reg, you're not going to be let off, it's your turn for a yarn, so give us an account of any particular chase that has left a lasting impression on your mind, for you must have had some roughish rides in your time, I'm sure."

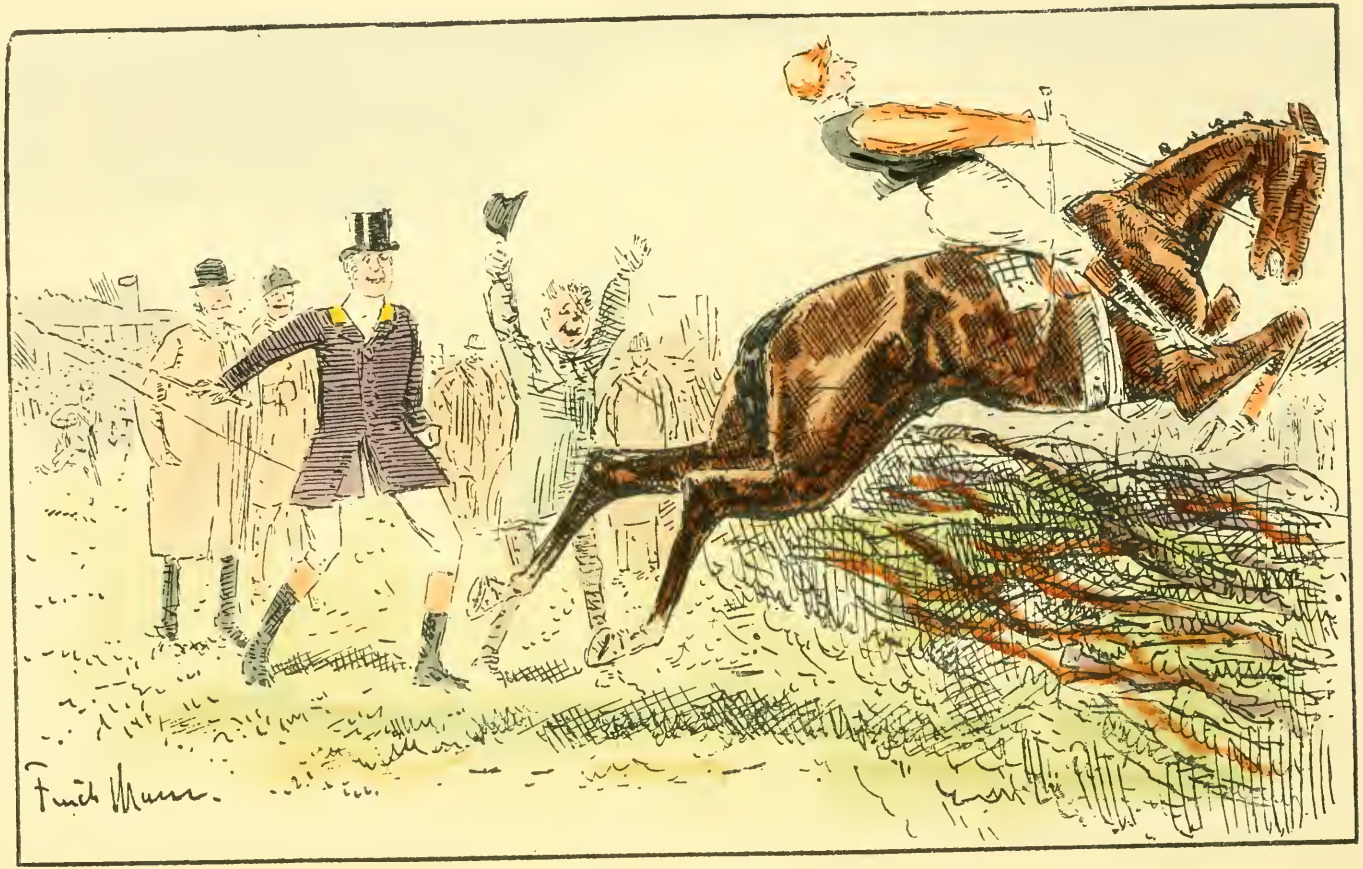
Thus spoke mine host, Sir Walter Smythe, my worthy brother-in-law, "Major Walker" of our old riding days.

My sister and Walter were, as usual, entertaining a large party for Ludlow Spring Meeting, and as the day had been bitterly cold, we all by general consent gathered round a roaring fire in the hall at Acton Burnell after dinner, in preference to the usual game of billiards or, it might be, cards. Needless to say, almost everyone was busy with tobacco in some shape or form, and several of the company had already been relating their adventures by flood and field when a sudden lull occurring in the conversation, the worthy Baronet addressed me as above.

"By all means," I replied, "my only fear being that I have nothing very startling or amusing to interest our friends. However, I suppose it's my turn, so if you'll be patient, and not yawn more than absolutely necessary, I'll tell you how it came about that I rode the winner of the Tenbury Cup and established a record. Why, Stephen," said I, turning to one of the company, "*you'll* be interested in this, for the horse I rode belonged to your brother Walter (now Sir Walter Blount). Goodness knows how many years ago the race in question took place,

more, I fancy, than any of us care to remember, but I shall never forget the ride, for it certainly was the most prolonged contest I ever took part in ; not measured by distance, but on account of the time I was in the saddle, taking me forty-five minutes to do two miles and a half. Some days before the meeting I received a letter from Walter, informing me that he had entered a recent purchase of his, a horse called Early Bird, at the forthcoming Tenbury meeting; would I come and stay at Mawley Hall (his father's place on the borders of Worcestershire) for the races, and ride for him ? Of course, I was only too pleased, so the eventful day found us driving over together to Tenbury, where we arrived after one or two narrow shaves, for Walter was always inclined to cut the corners a bit close.

"Anyway, at 3 p.m. I was comfortably seated in the saddle (little did I dream how long I should have to remain there) with the great Early Bird between my legs ready to do battle for the possession of the Tenbury Cup, described in the conditions as a 'valuable and massive piece of plate,' no doubt supplied by the local watchmaker, and presented, I believe, by the licensed victuallers of the town, in those days a flourishing body, with little thought of the terrors of a Licensing Bill before them. There were some half-dozen runners, a scratch looking lot, I thought, as we made our way to the start, and I knew mine was no flyer, for I had beaten him on a very moderate animal some weeks before at Chepstow, so did not consider my chance a particularly rosy one. We had to start about four fields from the stand, then gallop up the straight, pass the judge's box, into the country, and so describe a large circle home. The flag fell, and off we went full of confidence, at least as far as I was concerned. This, however, was of short duration, for at the third fence the 'Early One' whipped round, nearly unshipping his pilot, and there he stuck, neither *Suaviter in modo* nor *Fortiter in re* producing the slightest effect. Meanwhile the rest of the field had gone gaily on, leaving



THE EARLY BIRD.

me to ruminate on the uncertainty of human ambition, especially when depending on the efforts of such a 'clothes horse' as I was bestriding. Friendly yokels soon began to gather round, attracted by the prolonged contest between man and beast, advice being showered on me from all sides to the accompaniment of blows from many ash plants on the Bird's quarters. The only notice he took was to lash out right and left, nearly succeeding in landing a couple of the best on the bread basket of a very corpulent licensed victualler, one of the principal subscribers, I subsequently learnt, to the valuable piece of plate we were contesting, the worthy Bung having hurried down from the grand stand, no doubt with the object of assisting me in my little misunderstanding with Birdy.

"I was just about turning away from the fence reluctantly giving 'best' to Dicky, when to my delight I saw approaching in the distance a swell-looking coachman, cockade in hat and a formidable-looking carriage whip in hand. 'Halloa!' I cried, 'you're just the man I want; get well behind him—clear of his heels, mind—and touch him up for all you're worth.' Coachy was delighted at the job. The Early One had not been trying to catch worms all his life for nothing, for at the first cut across his quarters he seized hold of the bit, charged full tilt at the fence, giving such a buck as we went over that I was nearly out of the plate. He soon steadied down, however, and as all idea of pursuit seemed hopeless, I trotted towards the paddock with the intention of dismounting. As we turned in at the gate, it suddenly occurred to me that the others ought to have been home long since. What had become of them? I wondered. From where I was one could see across to the far side of the course, and as I looked, the mystery was explained, for there were my antagonists—the whole of 'em—stuck up at a stake and bound fence out of an orchard, charging at it in turn, and each horse obstinately refusing. 'Gad,' I thought, 'there's a chance yet, if I can only get to 'em

before either pops over. So out I bustled through the paddock gate and on to the course again, with a wild hope that Early Bird would take it into his head to negotiate the half-dozen fences that separated us from the bevy of 'Passive resisters.'

"Oddly enough, that is exactly what happened, I don't know if he thought the coachman was still after him, but anyway he jumped the intervening fences in his best style, with the result that in less than no time I was up alongside my long-lost companions. 'Capital, my boy,' I said to the worm catcher, 'you've got as good a chance as any of 'em, but I'm afraid the force of bad example will be too much for you and you'll join this band of recalcitrants'. Indeed so it turned out, and there we were, the whole lot of us, hopelessly pounded. How long this lasted I can't for the life of me say, but at length one of our number managed somehow or other to get his animal half over, and ses-sawing for a considerable time, finally landed on the right side, dragging down about a perch of fencing with him. Here at last was salvation, and through the gap thus made we scrambled. I guessed my only chance was to get to the next fence first, that there should be no bad example for the Bird to follow, and catching him by the head sent him along, soon establishing a commanding lead. As I came at the next jump my heart was fairly in my mouth, but it need not have been, for the beggar flew it like a stag, then, on looking round, imagine my relief, there were the whole half dozen stuck up at the same old game, and the subsequent proceedings interested them no more.

"Early Bird went sailing away merrily but as we approached the last fence, the one where he had first turned it up, I hoped sincerely that my friendly coachman might still be '*en évidence*'! Thank goodness, there he was brandishing his flail, evidently looking forward to a renewal of hostilities, and another chance of helping me over.

"I was in a mortal funk that Early Bird would shut

up again at the old spot; he must, however, have caught sight of the enemy, for just as he laid his ears back preparing to whip round, he suddenly seemed to think better of it, and over we went into the winning field. By this time both of us had had about enough of it, so I was pretty pleased, I can assure you, to lob slowly past the winning post, a case of 'Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere.'

"'How long do you think you've been about it, Mr Herbert?' cried the judge from his chair as I turned into the paddock. 'Three-quarters of an hour, forty-five good minutes, that's a fact, and had it not been there were no runners for the next race I should have left the box long since, and missed a record.'

"At this moment the proud owner of Early Bird came running up, all smiles and perspiration, having sprinted in from the last jump, where he had gone thinking help might be necessary. 'Capital, Reg,' he puffed, 'I thought you were never going to get home.'

"'That's exactly what I've been thinking for the best part of an hour, old man,' I replied, 'anyway, we've secured the Tenbury Cup and established a record; bring the piece of plate along and let's have it on the dinner table to-night; your governor will be pleased.'

"There you are, Walter," I said, turning to our host, "That's an account of the longest chase I ever rode, and I only hope listening has not made you all as sleepy as the telling has made me thirsty. Do I deserve a drink?" "Several," was the reply. "Now," said Walter, "the night is still young. Light another weed, Reg, and give us an account of that disastrous chase witnessed at Deauville you mentioned the other day," adding, as an after thought, "please draw it mild, *mon vieux*, or Baron Munchausen will have to look to his laurels."

"Oh, don't flatter me," I rejoined, "or you'll make me fancy myself as a *raconteur*. However, hand over that box of Magnifico's, and when I've lit one I'll tell you the tale—facts, mind, and none of your Baron about it."

"Truly it was the most disastrous steeplechase I ever witnessed, the Prix de—something or other—I forget the name, that was decided one sweltering afternoon in August at Deauville, where I had journeyed over to help them with the Polo. It's a long jump from the date of victory in the Tenbury Cup to that of the race in question, to say nothing of the sea voyage, but during the whole of those many years, nor indeed since, have I ever seen anything approaching such a chapter of accidents as befell the competitors in the 'chase I am about to describe.

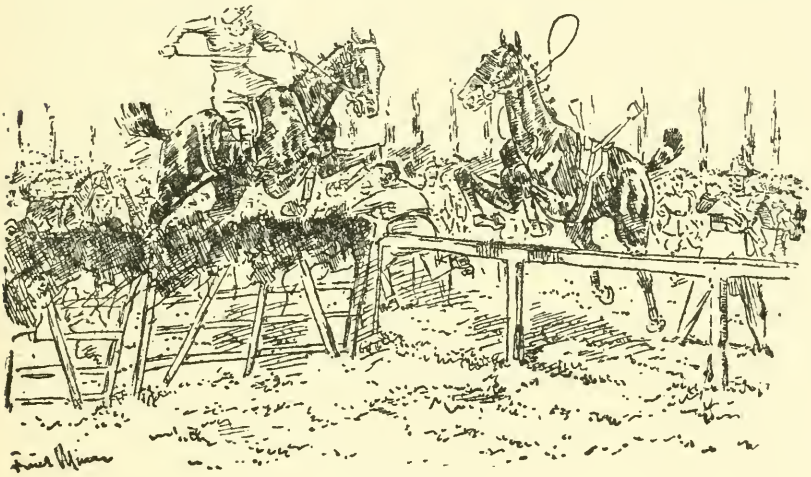
"The fences were nothing out of the way, there being a biggish bank, some stiffish posts and rails, and the usual birch broom arrangement, so it was all the more surprising that there should have been such an epidemic of falls almost from the moment the flag fell.

"Eleven runners faced the starter. They had to journey once and a half round the course that ran parallel with the flat race track encircling the Polo ground, which, by the way, though somewhat sandy in places, was one of the best I have ever seen.

"I remember backing the favourite and another 1, 2, 3 at the Paris Mutuel. For place betting there's nothing like the Mutuel. How often, when luck's out and one thinks the race lies between a couple, it's a moral, if you back one to win, you are on the loser, therefore take my advice, when unable to decide between two, instead of backing either to win, back each for a place. Times out of mind I've seen the couple fight out a desperate finish, yours truly looking on with the same indifference as I once heard a cockney showman, when exhibiting his panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, attribute to the two great generals at an imaginary meeting on that occasion. 'There you are, ladies and gentlemen, there you are, the Dook de Vellington and Bonypart, both a leanin' agin the same tree, neither carin' vun damn vich vay the battle vent.'

"Where was I? Oh, I remember—there were eleven

runners. No sooner had they started than the fun began. Down went one at the first fence, flooring his rider, and galloping wildly across the plain. Then two others followed suit at the third fence, and so they went on till the *pelouse* looked like a miniature field of battle, horses madly galloping about, insensible and disabled jockeys strewing the ground. Two fences from home there was only one out of the eleven starters left on his legs, and imagine my delight when I realized he was one of the two I had backed. 'Now we shan't be long,' I



DEAUVILLE.

thought; 'nothing to bustle him and only two small fences to jump. Hang it, he *can't* fall if he tried.' Safely negotiating the last fence but one, he came cantering along to the final obstacle. 'Hurrah! it's all over but shouting,' I exclaimed, as he rose at the bushed hurdle. And now a most extraordinary thing occurred. One of the loose horses that had been careering about the *pelouse*, seeing a quondam friend of his cantering up the course, charged at the white rails lining the straight run in, with a view, I suppose, of joining his late companion.

The latter cleared the fence all right, but as he did so the loose horse jumped the white rails and crashed broadside into the sole survivor of the eleven, with the natural result that over they both went, the unfortunate rider being knocked clean out of time quite unable to remount.

"I naturally thought, as I contemplated the scene of disaster from the *pesage*, that there was an end of it all, now the whole lot of 'em were disposed of. I was wrong, however, as it turned out. In a few moments the crowd began to gather round the poor horse that had been so unluckily bowled over. Having partially recovered he stood with legs stretched out, too exhausted to move, whilst the owner and trainer were making frantic efforts to restore the jockey sufficiently to enable him to sit in the saddle and ride past the winning post, thus securing bets and stakes.

"This had been going on some minutes when suddenly a cry of alarm arose, as it was discovered that one of those that had fallen earlier in the fray had been remounted and rapidly approaching, threatened danger. '*Sacr-r-re Bleu,—Mille tonnerres—Nom de Nom,—de Nom,—de Nom,*' cried the onlookers. What was to be done?

"Luckily the trainer of the horse that had been upset when virtually a winner was a man of resource equal to the occasion, for giving up all attempts at resuscitating the unfortunate rider he scrambled into the saddle and, having with considerable difficulty mustered up a trot, got past the post in time to defeat the outsider that I said before had been remounted and threatened danger.

"Not being well enough versed in the rules governing French steeplechasing to know if under the circumstances the winner would get the stakes, I was in some doubt as to results, though one thing was very certain, the substituted jockey, being a gentleman of considerable circumference, scaling, I should say, over 100 kilos, would be sure to draw the weight.

"There was not much delay, however, for after the stewards had been called together, and held a short con-

sultation, up went our heavy weight's number, and I proceeded to collect the spoils.

Meanwhile the ambulance and officials had been busy at work, the former collecting and bringing in the disabled jockeys; the officials, aided by a host of mounted *gendarmes*, trying to capture the riderless steeds that were careering about knocking people over right and left. In consequence the next race was considerably delayed, for it was a full hour before the injured were carried to the hospital and the last of the loose cavalry brought to hand. Luckily, no one was killed, but all the same the scene looked much like what one would imagine would be the appearance of a *Champ de Bataille* after a cavalry charge."

As I finished the above narrative I noticed that my brother-in-law was busy with the electric bell. "What do you want, Walter?" I enquired. "Oh," he said, "I was ringing for the butler to bring me a nice new tin kettle I wish to present you with." "Bedad, Sorr," I retorted (he's half Irish is Walter) "how dare you insult a gintleman? Lucky for you you're a rilative for I've shot men for less." And amid a chorus of laughter bed candles were lighted and the meeting adjourned till the following night.

After dinner the next evening (there had been a few nasty falls and a broken bone or two at Ludlow during the day), the conversation turned on steeplechasing accidents.

Dick Green Price*, one of our house party, after relating an adventure of his own in "Borderer's" best style, called to mind a very curious accident that had happened to me many years ago, adding that he was sure if I would give an account of what took place it would interest those present who might not remember the circumstances, though he could recollect that the occurrence had created some stir at the time.

"I mind it well, Dick," I said, "for it was the nearest

* Sir Richard Green Price, Bart. "Borderer."

squeak I ever had, so if Walter promises not to make any painful allusions to Baron Munchausen or tin kettles, I'll tell you all about it.

"There's no doubt I can claim wonderful luck in the matter of falls for, bar being knocked out of time, and a broken collar bone occasionally, I've never been really seriously damaged through either 'chasing or hunting. There are, however, two falls I shall ever remember, not on account of injury received, but from the unusual manner in which they occurred.

"The one Dick reminds me of was certainly the more disastrous and costly of the two; the thought of the narrow escape I had makes me shudder even now.

"Those were the days when suburban meetings were in their zenith, Croydon, Kingsbury, Streatham, Bromley and many others flourishing. The mournful cry of 'The Kingsbury resident' was heard in the land wailing over the truly demoralizing effect produced by these, what he called, 'periodical saturnalia' in his neighbourhood.

"It was at Kingsbury then, that I was the victim of one of the most extraordinary accidents that ever took place in a steeplechase, or for the matter of that, I might say, in any race on the flat.

"I had entered a horse called Juniper, purchased early in the year from Jack Goodwin, down Abergavenny way, in a hunter's chase at one of the meetings held at Kingsbury late in December, just before Xmas, in fact.

"A lovely dark brown was Juniper, a nicer animal never looked through a bridle, and a pleasanter ride one could not wish for; in fact I had been bid £500 for him the first day of the meeting, which offer, most unfortunately as it turned out, I refused.

"I don't remember the year, it being such a desperate long time ago, but I recollect driving my coach down with a choice lot of spirits from the Arlington Club—or may be the Albemarle,—of which latter dear old 'Pudding' Portman was founder and proprietor.

"Daylight does not last long late in December, and the race in question was the last on the card; added to this there had been sundry delays, so we were a good deal behind advertised time when numbers went up for the concluding event.

"A thin covering of snow lay over the course, there had also been a sharpish frost the previous night, though not enough to justify a postponement; the ground was still a bit hard, and as evening closed in there were signs of another cold night. I remember, in fact, that a consultation of owners and riders was held to decide as to whether we should run or not, for the moon was just beginning to show itself. However, the snow on the ground helped to lighten things up a bit, so it was decided to have a go, some half dozen of us going to the post, one being Arthur Yates who, by the way, eventually took the prize. I am glad to say Arthur still turns out winners, though he don't ride 'em any longer. The spirit is willing I know, but the buttons rather too tight from the last photo I saw of him.

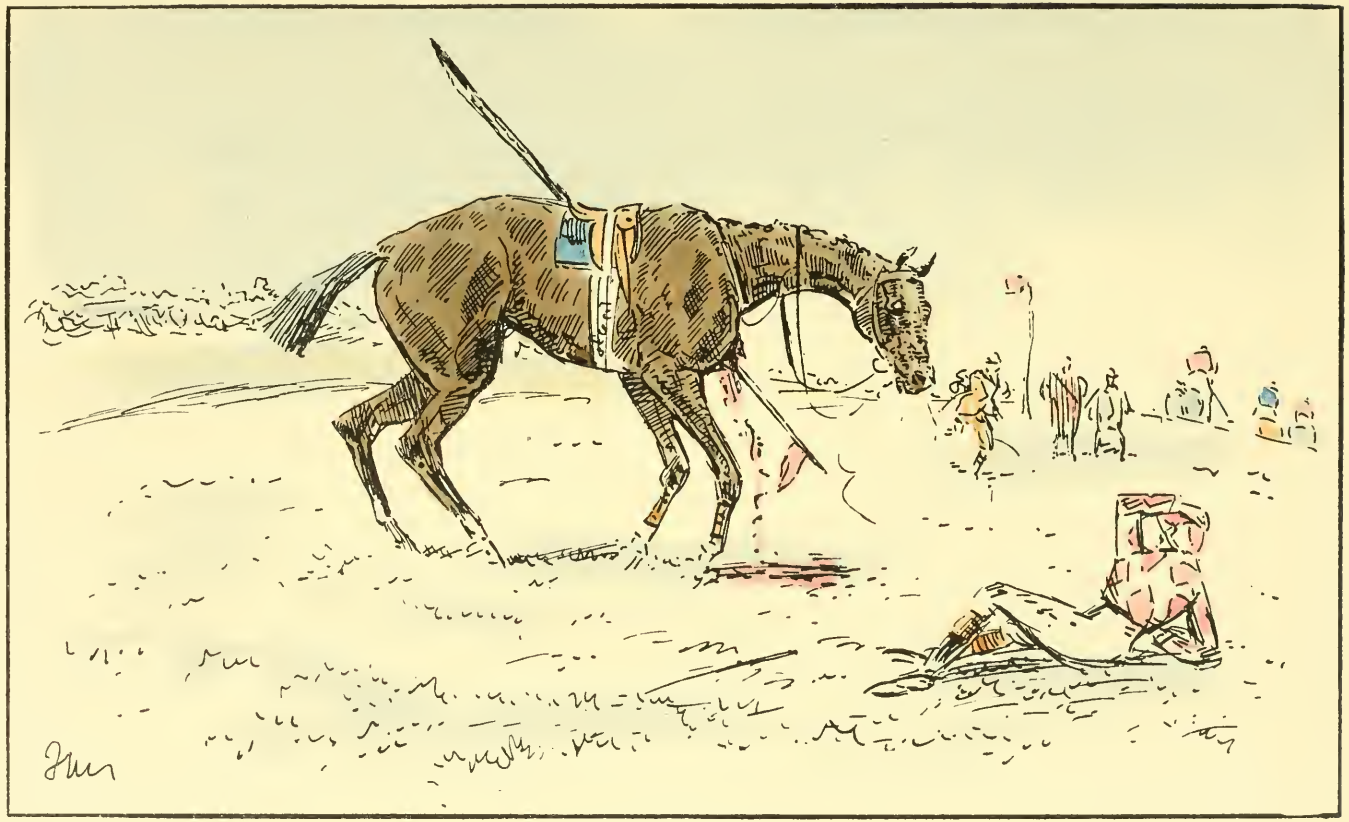
"To enable you to understand what happened it is necessary to give a rough idea of the course. Starting some short distance down the straight run in we had to pass the stand, then turn sharply to the right over a fence into the country, crossing several fields till we came to the bottom turn, before reaching which there was rather a steep ascent. The turn began on the descent and this was marked by small red flags fastened to the top of what I can best describe as hop poles, sharpened at one end and driven into the ground, describing a sort of semi-circle.

"Twice round the course was the distance, and the first time all went well. As we passed the stands and went into the country for the second time, Juniper, who was favourite, by the way, was going so strong and well that I took him to the front, sailing away over the next few fences, feeling a winner all over, as the other competitors were dropping out, one by one, apparently having had almost enough of it.

"Leading by many lengths I jumped the fence into the field where the turn was marked by the poles and red flags.

"Poor old Juniper was pulling hard, so I let him have his head a bit, and he breasted the ascent in fine form. We had just crested the rise and commenced sinking the hill when, in the dusk, I caught a glimpse a few yards in front of a red flag on the ground a little to my left. 'Heavens,' I thought, 'I shall be wrong side the post,' at the same time giving a convulsive pull to the left rein, my next sensation was that of being precipitated into space, then all was blank. When I came to, I was lying flat on the grass, my first impression being that the whole of my face had been rubbed off, for instinctively feeling for my nose (a somewhat prominent feature I'm told) to my horror it seemed to have disappeared, and no wonder, having ploughed the ground with it for about a dozen yards. I could not raise myself, but managed to turn my head and looked to see what had happened to Juniper, my idea being that he had crossed his legs and stumbled, thus shooting me out of the saddle. A melancholy sight presented itself. There stood the poor horse against the sky line on the crest of the hill, transfixed as by a Cossack's lance; from where I lay I could see the pole had entered his chest and out of his back behind the saddle, blood was pouring from the wound in great gushes, the support of the lance apparently keeping him on his legs. As I remained, unable to move, the gallant fellow gradually sank and sank till the lance snapped, his head drooped, and with a feeble little whinney, the recollection of which brings tears to my eyes, down he went stone dead in his tracks. Then my eyes closed and I must have become unconscious. When at last I came 'to' it was to find old Fogo running his hands over me to feel if any bones were broken, and Curly Knox trying to pour a little brandy between my teeth.

"Thanks to their united efforts I succeeded in getting on my legs and, with assistance, managed to hobble



DEATH OF JUNIPER.

to the coach, Curly driving back to town with my damaged self an inside passenger.

"Someone had thoughtfully wired Alfred Cooper to meet me at my rooms; there, prompt as usual, was my old friend awaiting my arrival. 'Not much wrong,' he reported, after a careful examination, but my beauty was spoilt for a considerable time, I can assure you, with a face looking for all the world as if I had taken on Jem Mace without the gloves.

"There was a good deal of discussion as to how the accident could possibly have happened, how the pole, for it was one of the hop poles before mentioned, that did the mischief—could have got into that position, *viz.*, the flag driven into the ground and the sharp point in the air.

"In my own mind I have no doubt that in the first round, or in a previous race, one of the competitors must have hit the pole with great violence, knocking it clean out of the ground, thus inverting the pole, driving the flag end into the turf and raising the 'business end' on the level of a horse's chest.

"Poor old Juniper! As mentioned, I refused a round sum for him the previous day and now, to quote my lamented friend, Whyte Melville, there only remains 'his hoof upon the chimney, his hide upon the floor' to remind me of as bold a horse as ever faced the starter, and the nearest shave I ever experienced, for had the point of that lance been but three inches to the right my thigh must have been torn off—and the result—well—'Diamonds' would no longer have been 'Trumps' you may take my word."

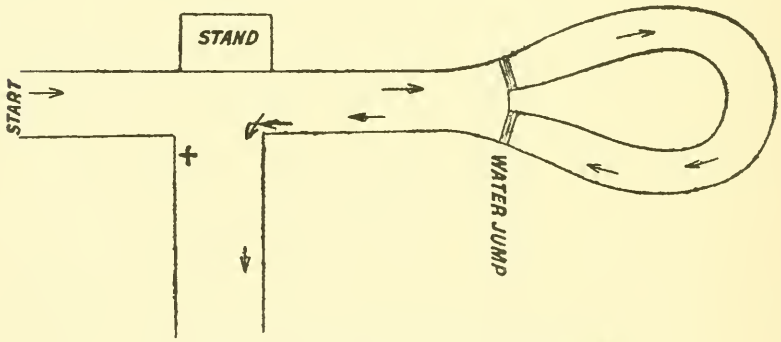
"Not a very pleasant story, is it?" I queried, "but 'chasing is not all beer and skittles, as most of you know by experience."

"I said there were two falls I should never forget. Well, that's one; the other happened at Windsor, and, though its consequences might have been as serious, I came out all right, winning the race in spite of a cropper, indeed,

there was much laughter when, dismounting, I made my way to the weighing-room, merriment that at the moment I was puzzled to account for.

"As I said, it happened at Windsor, over a course near the town where, in those days, the Guards used to hold their regimental steeplechase meetings, if I remember right, the main sewer of the town was one of the obstacles that had to be negotiated. One of the best fellows that ever drew breath met his death riding over this same course, and that was poor Rossmore. I call to mind we travelled down from Paddington together overflowing with *la joie de vivre*, and two hours later I was under a fence holding up his head whilst the life ebbed slowly out of him. I've never come across a more loveable nature than his, nor has any one else, or I'm much mistaken. Sad, indeed, to be wiped out at his age, and here am I—but I'm getting off the track.

"I have already mentioned a rattling 'chaser I once possessed, Comberton by name, about as good at two miles or two and a half as they made 'em, so, having entered him in a suitable race at one of the Windsor meetings, went down to have a ride. Here, again, I must give some description of the course, that you may understand how the accident happened, I'd better draw it with a pencil.



+ This marks where I was driven over the ropes.

"There you are.

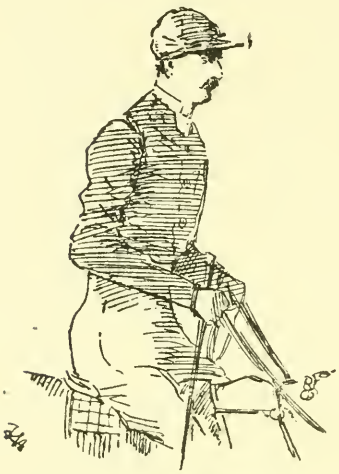
"Starting down the straight run in past the stand over a fence, round a large enclosure, back over the brook towards the stand, then sharp to the left—and away into the country. The + marks the spot where I was thrown in amongst the coaches and carriages. Often afterwards has Wenty Hope Johnstone, who was the innocent cause of the accident expressed his regret, and old David, his uncle, for whom he was riding, I fancy, could never find words in which sufficiently to deplore what happened. I came out all right, however, and begged Wenty in my turn not to distress himself. Accidents *will* happen, I told him.

"Wenty was young in those days and I believe this was about his first mount in public, before he developed into the crack cross-country rider he ultimately became; anyway, I suppose he got a bit flustered and forgot the course, for this is what took place.

"If you'll look at the plan you'll see where we started. I don't think there were more than five runners. Wenty, I remember, was mounted on an animal called Bandoline, that I bought some months afterwards, and, by the way, was nicely done over a race at Streatham, but that's another story. Long odds were laid on Comberton, he was a sort of terror amongst this class, and I looked forward to a pleasant ride and comfortable win.

"When the flag fell, Wenty was on my left, and there he remained as we passed the stand, jumped the fence into the field where we had to gallop half round a circle, coming down hill at the brook, and I had all my work cut out to steady Comberton, who was going great guns and almost pulling me out of the saddle. Over the brook we went, Bandoline, evidently about as much as Wenty could handle, still lying close alongside on my left. It was only about 150 yards from the brook to where, opposite the stand, we had to turn sharp to the left into the country. As we neared the turn to my dismay I noticed

that Wenty, instead of taking a pull at Bandoline, so as to get him round the turn, was keeping straight ahead, and in another few strides realized that he'd lost his bearings, mistaken the course and meant going on past the stand the way we had come. It was too late for me to hold back and let him go on. 'Pull to the left, man! pull to the left,' I shouted. 'You're going wrong!' He took not the slightest notice, being too excited to hear, I expect; so I closed in on him, trying to make the turn myself and carry him with me, he all the time trying to keep his horse straight.

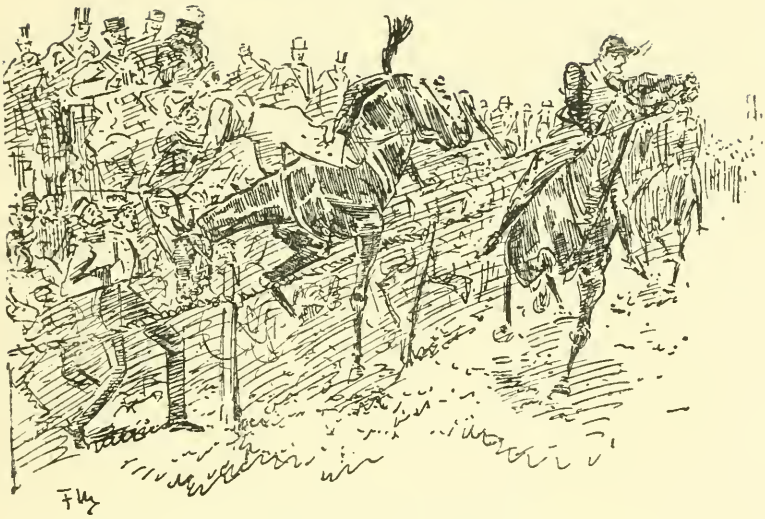


WENTY HOPE JOHNSTONE.

"You can guess the result. As we reached the sharp turn, I succeeded in practically turning him round the corner but we were going at such a pace that before Comberton could be straightened, Wenty drove me through the opposite rope and over we both (Comberton and self) went, right amongst the coaches and carriages.

"I remember crashing down on a luncheon table, to the astonishment of several attendants laying the cloth, spoons and forks flying in all directions, and we certainly thought, as we performed a sort of somersault, that both of us were done for.

"To my astonishment when I was picked up and set on my legs, barring the shaking I felt none the worse; a greater surprise was to see an active bobby had got hold of Comberton, he also seemed none the worse and was trying to sample lettuce out of an overturned salad bowl. For the moment I had given up all idea of resuming the chase, but someone came running up shouting



WINDSOR—OVER THE ROPES.

that the others had refused and one or two of 'em were in the main sewer, so the friendly bobby giving me a leg up I was soon in the saddle again and in hot pursuit, much to the surprise of Charley Kerr and several friends who had hurried down from the stand to pick up the pieces.

"After all it was the easiest of wins, for Bandoline had compounded at the next fence; I passed a couple of others stuck in the main drain, and overhauling the only remaining opponent at the last fence came away and won in a canter. There was great cheering as we passed the winning post, for Comberton had been a hot favourite, an 'odds on' chance, and these I had pulled out of the fire when apparently hopelessly lost.

"Dismounting in the paddock, and making my way through a fashionable crowd of ladies and gentlemen to the weighing-room, I could not for the life of me understand why all the men appeared to be bursting with suppressed laughter, the ladies also for the matter of that, though the latter seemed rather inclined to turn their backs on me.

" 'What on earth can they be laughing at?' I thought, as I hoisted myself into the weighing chair sitting down on the cold seat. Cold! I should think it did feel cold! And then in a flash I knew what had happened, and why they were all grinning. Racing breeches are of the flimsiest and in the fall mine had ——well—need I say more, all the same, when getting out of the scales I took precious good care to hold the saddle cloth over the lower portion of my person as I hustled with my back to the wall into the dressing-room. I've often wondered how it was every bone in my body was not broken and that Comberton escaped scot free, for at the pace we were going, to be shot head first amongst a whole lot of coaches, waggonettes, breaks, etc., would seem certain destruction. Being lucky enough just to hit off the luncheon table I expect saved us. Anyway, beyond some nasty bruises that turned me black and blue all over, I was none the worse, and the old horse never a scratch."

Wenty explained afterwards that he got flurried and had mistaken the course, and in the excitement of his first race could not make out what I was shouting at him for.

Never was anyone more distressed at what he had unwittingly done than old Wenty. "All's well that ends well," but you'll understand that it's a fall I'm not likely to forget.

"I should rather think not," was the general remark as the *séance* broke up and we toddled off to bed.

CHAPTER XV.

The Professor !

Systems—both racing and gambling—have always had a great attraction for me. This avowal, in the opinion of most, is no doubt equal to writing myself down an unmitigated idiot, whose friends ought to be communicated with. Well, I must let it go at that, though it's a fact that to me there is something much more satisfactory in backing horses, or attacking M. Blanc by following something like a system, than leaving it all to chance. The result, no doubt, is probably the same, but if the system fails, you've got the consolation of abusing the man who invented it.

Needless to say, no one has ever invented a system that some apparently impossible or improbable combination won't break, and this generally crops up the first time of asking. Although you may think I'm a Silly Billy to like following systems, I've never been so infatuated as to believe in the infallibility of any one of them.

However, this is not an explanation or eulogy of any particular combination for winning, but just an account of how it was that I became a sort of "Managing Director" of a syndicate got up with the avowed purpose of "breaking the bank at Monte Carlo," or at least making serious inroads into M. Blanc's dividends.

Capt. Wilkinson, R.N., it was, "Uncle Wilk," as we all called him (no relation by the way, of Harry Hastings, Fidus Achates the great "Peter") that first approached me on the subject, saying that he and others had got a tame Professor who'd invented an infallible system for the undoing of M. Blanc and the acquiring of much

boodle. The syndicate were holding *séances* in some rooms in South Audley Street, where the worthy Professor attended, playing his game against a small roulette table they had, and so far the system had never broken down.

Uncle Wilk went on to explain that the capital to be put up was £2000, that the Professor undertook to win from 50 to 60 Louis at a sitting, and that as soon as this amount was won play ceased for the day.

If I would join them and qualify by taking a certain number of shares, the syndicate wished me to accompany the Professor to Monte Carlo as their representative, keeping an eye on him, at the same time looking after their interests, and the £2000 in "specie" that I was to be entrusted with.

Would I attend the *séance* to be held the next day and be introduced to the Professor?

Need I say that the proposal "smiled on me?"

Here anyway was the opening for an adventure of sorts, and as I happened, strange to say, to be in funds at the moment, why not give a couple or three hundred a chance? Without much hesitation I replied to Uncle Wilk that I'd be with him next day in South Audley Street, and see how this wonderful system worked out.

"What time shall I be there?" I asked.

"Oh, five o'clock," replied the Uncle, "as that gives the Professor time to finish with his classes. You understand," he added, "he does not style himself a 'Professor of roulette' but of languages." This was hardly what I expected, for I could not quite see that the command of languages was going to be of much use to us, unless indeed the system came to grief, in which case it might be some relief to consign in ornate terms and in many tongues, the Casino, Blanc and his myrmidons to Hades.

Punctually at five o'clock the following afternoon I presented myself at the address given, to find several members of the syndicate already assembled awaiting the arrival of the Professor, who was a bit behind time.

He did not, however, keep us long, as in a few minutes the door opened and in walked the "System-monger" in a black suit and a large pair of blue goggles. I started, nearly falling off my chair in astonishment. Surely I must be dreaming! Uncle Wilk having omitted to mention the Professor's name, you can imagine my surprise when I recognised—well, you'll hardly believe it—Herr von "Kalbs-Kopf" (I don't give his real name as it is possible he may still be alive, and I should regret causing any domestic complications), the very man who had tried his best to instil into my youthful mind the rudiments of a variety of languages when I was pupil at a private tutor's in the Midlands some twenty years previously.

Our surprise, I need scarcely say, was mutual, but this over we greeted each other heartily, much to the astonishment of Uncle Wilk and the syndicate.

Explanations over, the syndicate settled down to the business in hand, not, however, before I had taken an opportunity of asking Kalbs-Kopf what the deuce brought him into this "*galère*," so widely different from the one I had left him in twenty years before. He beamed on me through his tinted glasses, a smile passed across his intelligent face, and I could have sworn I caught the semblance of a wink in the eye furthest removed from where the syndicate sat, as he informed me that the perfecting of this system had been the employment of his leisure hours for many years. His work at length completed, he was taking a holiday, and he hoped with the assistance of our friends to spend the same at Monte Carlo, to their mutual benefit.

I subsequently discovered that this was by no means his first visit to Monaco, each time with an infallible system that infallibly came to grief, so much so that on more than one occasion he had applied for what the executive of the Casino in picturesque language describe as the "Viatique."

Poor old Kalbs-Kopf! by no means a bad sort, though

quite mad about roulette and systems generally. Anyway, there was some method in his madness, or he would not have succeeded in getting so many pleasant holidays free of expense. The slight contraction of his eyelid alluded to lingered in my mind. Could it be true that he was not *quite* certain of easing Blanc & Co. of their ill-gotten gains, though he was *quite* certain he wanted a pleasant trip and the chance of getting it. But to return to our *séance.*

We all seated ourselves at an oblong table covered with the orthodox green cloth, properly marked with numbers, etc., and in the middle was placed a roulette wheel of respectable dimensions. Wilkinson, R.N., handled what he insisted on calling the "Compass," and the Professor, having supplied himself with a couple of hundred counters, commenced the attack. What his system was, goodness only knows; I never could make out, but suffice it to say that at the end of about an hour's play, he had bested the bank of the stipulated amount, some sixty counters, and so the sitting ended.

The same performance was gone through on several subsequent occasions, Kalbs-Kopf never being out more than 150 of his 200 counters, and rising a winner of 50 or 60, generally in about an hour. Sometimes it took him longer, but the result was always in his favour.

This went on for about a fortnight, the syndicate becoming more enthusiastic every day, till at length, quite convinced that victory was within our grasp, they determined that the time had come to close with the Professor, report favourably to the subscribers, call in the capital subscribed, and decide when I was to start, with Kalbs-Kopf in tow, for the land of Goshen.

I have just said we had made up our minds to accept the Professor's terms, and these were, considering the apparent magnitude of his discovery, very moderate, *viz.*, all expenses paid and, to show his thorough confidence in the result, 10 per cent. on winnings at the close of each month.

Everything being satisfactorily settled, it was arranged that I should take my departure the following week, "Uncle Wilk" at the last moment deciding on accompanying me, as the Professor, for some reason, that at the time was inexplicable, declared he must make a start a couple of days before us, as he wanted, so he said, to look up some friends *en route* and would join us at Amiens on the day appointed.

A drizzling night in January found the Uncle and self on the platform at Victoria, accompanied by several other members of the syndicate to see us off. One of them had presented me with a very useful and roomy black handbag, in which to carry the £2000, and large enough to bring back considerable winnings. Another nervous subscriber mysteriously slipped a revolver (I have it still) with a box of cartridges into my hand, saying one never knew what might happen, that it was well to be prepared for the worst. You must remember that in those days a journey and a visit to Monte were not looked upon as such easy and matter-of-course affairs as in the 20th century.

Grasping the bag in one hand, dropping the six-shooter into my overcoat pocket, I scrambled into our carriage followed by my nautical friend. The guard waved his green flag, the remains of the syndicate raising a feeble cheer as we glided out of the station into the gloomy night, on the first stage of an adventure in search of fortune.

"Well, Uncle," I said, after settling ourselves comfortably, "what do you think we are going to do?"

"Do," he replied, "why break the blooming bank, of course, that is, if the Professor turns up at Amiens."

"Oh, you need not worry about him," I rejoined, "He'll be there right enough, though if he ain't, that won't matter so much, as I believe I can improve on his infallible system. Anyhow, we've got the two thou, and, by the way," fumbling in my pocket, "this blessed 'gun.' Hand me over the black bag, I'll put it and the

cartridges along with the cash, I don't want to carry firearms and run the risk of being arrested as an anarchist."

The Derringer being thus disposed of, each lighted a cigar, having, after an excellent send-off dinner at the old Arlington Club, had to hurry to catch our train, and settled down to discuss the situation till the express pulled up at Dover.

We were soon on board, had a capital passage arriving in Calais harbour well within scheduled time. Luckily I remembered that if my black bag was opened and that cursed revolver discovered, there might be trouble, so I quickly transferred it—this time to my trousers pocket and when a Douanier asked *Avez-vous rien à déclarer,* shoved the black bag with every confidence under his nose.

All went well, so after partaking of some light refreshment at the buffet we proceeded to mount *en voiture,* and were soon on our way to Paris, not forgetting that a sharp look out had to be kept for the Professor when the train reached Amiens.

I must say that in spite of my expressed confidence that Kalbs-Kopf would be there all right it was with a sigh of relief I caught sight of him on the platform. He came hurrying towards our carriage, and then for the first time I realized that he was not alone, for in his wake there followed—by all the Gods—a female Professor ! "Oh ! Kalbs-Kopf, Kalbs-Kopf, who would have thought it of you," I murmured, as bringing his somewhat gaunt looking companion to the front he introduced her to me as his aunt ! "My aunt," I heard the "Uncle" exclaim from the depth of the carriage behind me.

There was no time to ask for any explanation of this alarming addition to our family circle, the train was just starting and the guard vociferating *"En voiture, Messieurs les voyageurs, en voiture!"* at the top of his voice, so Kalbs-Kopf *mit familie* hurried away to find places, for I was too overcome by this sudden apparition to think of

inviting them to join us. As the train moved out of the station I fell back speechless in my seat, to find the Commodore convulsed with laughter in the far corner of the carriage. "What the devil do you find to laugh at?" I said, "How are we to get rid of this she-Professor, for I expect she'll hang on to her nephew's coat tails the whole time."

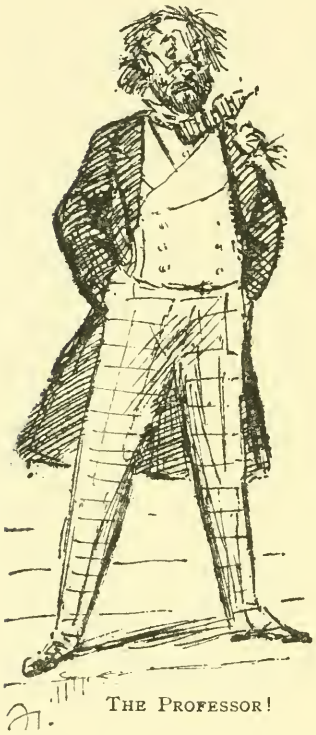
"Oh, don't worry, my dear boy," replied Wilk, "it'll come out all right you'll see. This ain't the first time our Kalbs-Kopf has had his "aunt" to look after him at Monte, you take my word; it's part of the system, I expect," and he burst out laughing again.

The rest of the journey passed without further excitement, only catching fleeting glimpses of Kalbs-Kopf and Co. at the various stations stopped at *en route.* I did succeed, however, in exchanging a few words with him at Marseilles when I thought well to mention that for sure the syndicate would object to contributing to his relative's expenses, but he hastened to explain that she had plenty of "Thalers" of her own, knew how to keep them and never went near the gambling rooms at the Casino. All she wanted was the benefit of the mild climate, her chest was so weak!

Somewhat relieved I hastened to impart the information to my companion, who received it calmly. "I told you," he said, "not to worry; sure to be all right, the Professor knows the ropes. Don't you fall in love with his aunt, though," he added, "and thus complicate matters." Too indignant for words I hurled the black bag at him and it as near went out of the window as a toucher.

A few hours landed us safely at the Hotel de Paris, where we enjoyed a well-earned rest after our tedious journey, and commenced preparations for the coming struggle with the hitherto invincible M. Blanc. I did not, however, forget to despatch a wire to our anxious friends in London informing them that all was well so far and that we proposed unmasking our batteries on the morrow.

We invited Kalbs-Kopf to *déjeuner* the next morning so as to arrange plans, fix an hour for the Professor to open the campaign, and decide how much our first bank should consist of. Punctually at 11.30 Mein Herr put in an appearance, and while making tender enquiries as to how his "Aunt" felt after the journey settled down and did justice to the first of many excellent repasts enjoyed together during our stay.


THE PROFESSOR!

After coffee and a *Chasse* apiece we agreed that the time had come for action, so I proceeded to the *Caisse*, where, for safety, the famous black bag had been deposited. It had been decided between us that our bank for the first attempt should be limited to half our capital, *viz.*, £1000, and this turned out a piece of luck, as you'll shortly agree. Kalbs-Kopf, of course, pooh-poohed the idea of our ever requiring the second thousand, in fact, he was perfectly confident that we should never be out above 300 louis and marched up the steps of the Casino with an air of *veni, vidi, vici*, about him that was inspiring. Ah! me, it was a sorry bedraggled Professor that some hours later descended the same steps, hair dishevelled, immaculate tie under his left ear, beads of cold perspiration standing on his prominent forehead, a broken pair of specs hanging from his nose. Anyone unaware that he had been all the afternoon in the rooms might have come to the conclusion that there had been a row with "Aunty," in which our poor friend had come off second best.

What had happened to suddenly reduce our grand Professor to this deplorable condition? From the syndicate point of view about the worst possible. In race-course parlance the Instructor of youth had "blewed the lot" at the first sitting. Out of the £1000 only some miserable hundred louis remained, and these I had rescued when dragging the "man who was to break the bank" from the chair he had been glued to for some four hours. How I thanked my stars as we emerged into the fresh air that the second £1000 was safe in the *Caisse*, and then and there made up my mind that wild horses would not make me draw it out until we had fully reconsidered the position, and if possible discovered the flaw in Kalbs-Kopf's hitherto undefeated system.

I must, however, hark back and give an account of what took place after we first made our way into the *Salon de Jeu*, the incidents that led up to our signal defeat and how it was that this wonderful combination "came undone" the first time of asking. It was some little time before we could secure a suitable seat for Kalbs-Kopf, as the crowd round the tables was pretty thick, a place at one end was what was required, so that he could more easily place the stakes on columns and colours, playing on these being essential to the working of his calculations. From the first it was evident our man was very nervous. I doubt if he ever had such a sum behind him, and he played with great hesitation. At the end of about two hours, instead of being winners, we were out about 150 louis, and my faith in the famous system was rapidly falling to *nil*, as evidently Kalbs-Kopf was getting into a muddle. It's a very different thing playing against a toy roulette in South Audley Street, where you could take time to calculate and make your stakes, from tackling the real thing at Monte Carlo, with the wheel going automatically almost every minute, and lots of harpies, both male and female, hanging about, ready on the least chance offered to grab your

stake. At the end of another hour, matters had gone from bad to worse, the Professor's long hair was all over the place, he evidently had about enough of it, I could see from the large stakes he was now obliged to put on, his system had gone wrong somehow, and two or three more adverse coups, which no system could prevent, would settle half our capital. Kalbs-Kopf was clamoring for more money—how thankful was I that the other "thou." remained at the hotel—but I was firm, and seeing it was all U P for the present, gathered up the few remaining louis, and insisted on Herr von K. leaving the table. This he was very loath to do, but with a little assistance from Uncle Wilk, we managed to hustle him out of the rooms on to the steps of the Casino, where, as already mentioned, he presented a most forlorn and disreputable appearance.

"Come on, Wilk," I said, "let's get him away and give him a brandy and soda," for the poor man looked as if he might collapse at any moment.

Helping him along we half carried, half pushed the defeated punter to one of the little round tables in front of the restaurant, dumping him down in a seat, at the same time ordering some cognac and *eau de seltz.* He seemed half dazed, but after a good pull out of a long tumbler rallied. "*Mein Gott*!" he exclaimed, "*Mein Gott!* what has happened?"

"I'll tell you what has happened," broke in the Uncle, "you've lost half our blessed bank, and would have lost the lot if we hadn't dragged you away. Pull yourself together, man, and let's try and tinker up your rotten old system. Meanwhile, Reggie, you'd better wire to London, stating what has taken place, and enquire under the circumstances their wishes."

"All right, "I replied, "you look after Kalbs-Kopf, and get him to bed for a few hours, when, after receiving a reply from London, we'll hold a conference. By the way, where's his "Aunt"? Now's the time for her to look

after him." And, so saying, hurried off to the telegraph office.

We had to wait many hours for the reply, in fact, did not get it till next morning, Meanwhile, Wilk and self amused ourselves trying to find out how it was the system had broken down. Our efforts were to a certain extent successful, so when the "Wizard" turned up at breakfast the next morning, looking all the better for a night's rest, we placed before him the result of our labours. There was none of the "Conquering hero" about him, I can asure you, but a very humble Professsor indeed shambled up to the table. After studying the figures placed before him, he agreed that what we suggested was a decided improvement, so turning our attention to an excellent *Omelette aux truffe*, we waited with some impatience for the long-expected reply from our friends in London.

It was not, however, before we had consumed much coffee and smoked many cigarettes that a waiter was seen approaching with the welcome *petit bleu* on a salver. Opening it hastily, I read the following laconic answer from our South Audley Street branch. I forgot to say that we had agreed that all communications should be addressed to and from there.

"O.L. Never mind, go ahead.

Syndicate."

This was reassuring, as we still had a capital of some thirteen hundred louis I felt that with a bit of luck we might yet pull through and recover our loss, for having discovered that the much-vaunted system was rubbish, I was fully determined that had we the good fortune to recover the £1000 I'd stop the game and return all money to the syndicate.

By the time Wilk and I had talked this over and settled what to do, it was getting late, so we told Kalbs-Kopf he could have a holiday and play with his "Aunt" instead of M. Blanc; *we* were going to jump in a train, spend the rest of the day and dine at Nice, so should not see

him till the morrow, when once more he would be given a chance of rehabilitating his tarnished reputation.

Willie Call, having had enough pigeon shooting for the day, said he would come with us, so off we started together, and on arriving at Nice turned into the *Méditerranée* for some *Ecarté* before dinner.

I recollect we had a real good time, turning up the King quite indecently often, in fact, to the disgust of our opponents, and the increase of our appetites for the excellent dinner that followed.

Next morning, as agreed, play was resumed at the tables, and in about an hour, having won the "system's" 60 louis, left off for the day. I won't weary my readers with an account of each day's proceedings, which became somewhat monotonous; suffice it to say that for a week we won regularly, so much so that our confidence was restored, and went so far as the purchasing of an ebony rake mounted in silver, with which the Professor might more easily manipulate the stakes and rake in the winnings.

Reassuring telegrams were sent to London, and as our success still continued, we had at the end of a fortnight just about recouped the loss incurred on that unfortunate opening day. All the same I was determined as soon as we were quite "home," to cease play and return their contributions to the various members of the syndicate. With this Uncle Wilk entirely agreed. Not so our pot-valiant Kalbs-Kopf, who marched every day into the rooms with a look as if he expected a deputation from the *Administration* begging him to discontinue play and offering him untold gold to reveal his secret.

"Duw, Duw," as Taffy says, "there's many a slip," especially on the well-polished floors of M. Blanc's gorgeous Salons, for just as we appeared to be within easy reach of "Home, sweet home," the very last day, in fact, that I intended to allow the Professor to wield his rake, being only some 50 louis short of our £2000, "bang went saxpence," far too many of 'em, indeed.

In as few words as possible, as I fear my readers will be thinking I'm getting long-winded, I'll give a short account as I remember it of the final catastrophe, the closing scene of this ill-starred venture and the death of another infallible system.

"Only 50 louis more to win," I said to our Professor as we met on the steps of the Casino, "then I'll wire to London for further instructions." Continued success had filled Kalbs-Kopf with confidence in his figures, and he seemed to have quite forgotten our early disaster. "That's sure to be all right," he replied, "I can't be beat!"

"For goodness sake don't talk like that, my dear fellow," I remonstrated, "I'm a bit superstitious about boasting," and with that passed into the rooms. Somehow I had a feeling of impending disaster which was not lessened when, for the first time since our arrival, "Aunty" appeared in a new rig-out, hovering around as we took seats at the table.

After about a couple of hours' play Mein Herr was out some 4000 francs, and then Wilkinson turned up to relieve guard as, when the *séance* was prolonged, we took it in turns. Cautioning my partner to be careful, I gave up my chair with secret misgivings, sauntering out on to the terrace for a breath of fresh air.

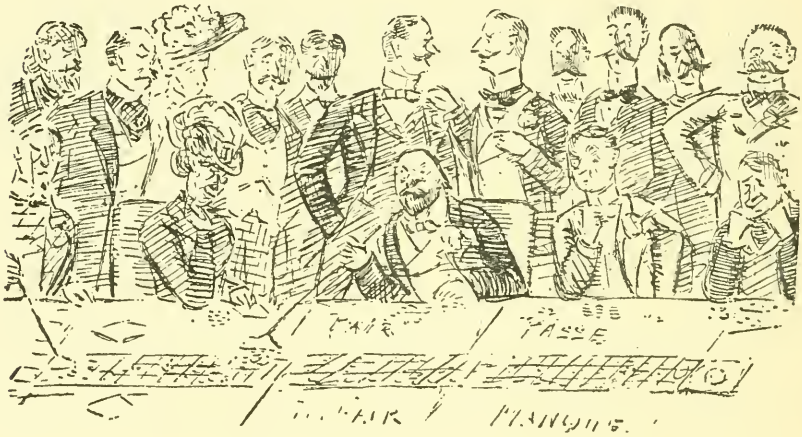
As luck would have it, whom should I meet but Josey Little and George Payne, so remained chatting with them for some time, longer, indeed, than I had intended, for on looking at my watch, it was annoying to find that I had been absent from duty nearly an hour. So bidding my friends a hasty adieu, hurried back.

The first thing that caught my eye on re-entering the room was Aunty on one of the sofas, shedding copious tears; and the next moment, as I approached my confederates, realized that again they had struck a "bad patch," but I did not guess how bad till the Uncle spoke.

"Thank goodness you're back!" he exclaimed. "The

system's gone to blazes again; I can do nothing with the Professor, who, as you see, is now playing maximums. We've only about 500 louis left, and look! he's shoving 300 of 'em on the red."

Cursing myself for having left them, I caught Kalbs-Kopf by the arm hurriedly asking him what the deuce was going on. He appeared to be too stupified and demoralized to answer. Evidently the wretched man finding his system completely broken down, had taken advantage of my absence and was simply gambling



recklessly. There was not much time in which to decide what to do, as the Croupier was calling out "*faites votre jeu,*" but desperate diseases require the same sort of remedies, and if there was to be a gamble to get "home," surely I was the man to do it.

The Professor seemed on the point of thrusting the 6000 francs on the red, but as he leant forward the blue specs dropped off his nose and lit on the black tableau. A gambler's inspiration! I caught his wrist. "Put it on the black!" I told him. He glared at me. "The

black," I repeated. "Do you hear? the black." "But the system" he almost shouted. "D—n your system." I hissed out, "do as I tell you!" As he still hesitated, I took the rake from him, pushing the notes on the black. "*Rien ne va plus*" cried the croupier and then, after that painful pause during which the ball is settling down that tries the nerves of the most ardent punter, *Onze—noir—impair—et manque.* Whoo-whoop! we'd landed. Two coups more and I should have enough to return half subscriptions to the syndicate. Kalbs-Kopf, by this time clutching at the table with both his hands, was little better than a jelly fish.

"Wilk," I said, "what now?" "Eleven," I heard him murmuring to himself. "Eleven's the nick of seven." Evidently his mind was running on old Adkino and the hazard tables at home.

"Right!" I said, "most excellently reasoned. Seven's red, so here goes," and I placed a maximum on that colour. Up it came and—strange coincidence—the number was 7. Only 200 louis more!

I left the lot on for luck, "*Quatre mille a la masse,*" I declared, "*Bien,*" said the croupier, "*Quatre mille a la masse.*"

Round span the ball—r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—plop! *Vingt-sept Rouge* and we'd landed! well over the £1000 and a bit in hand for ex's.

I've often thought how the syndicate in London would have foamed at the mouth and sweated if they could only have seen what was going on.

Collecting the notes and gold, determined not to tempt fortune further, I caught up the ebony rake and followed the Professor, who again had become quite ungummed, out on to the gravel walk in front of the Casino. There I found him with Uncle Wilk and Aunty, the latter doing her best to console her broken-hearted nephew.

Calling Wilk on one side, I told him my intentions, *viz.*, cease play, return 50 per cent. of their money to

the shareholders, and decline the future services of Mein Herr; that it was absurd to play any more, the system was plainly worthless as the situation had only been saved by a rank piece of gambling on my part.

He quite agreed with me, suggesting that I had better communicate our views to Kalbs-Kopf.

"Professor," I said, "you must see this can't go on any longer. Your system—I say it more in sorrow than in

R. H. Presenting the Rake to Auntie.

anger—your system's all humbug. We play no more!" "But, but," spluttered our defeated hero. "There's no but about it, *mon vieux*," I continued, "*La séance est terminée*. Here are fifteen 'of the best' to take you *et votre tante* home. I presume, however, that you'll drop your relative at Amiens—yes, yes, quite so, no explanation needed. There's not much more to be said, is there? I'm sorry we've lost, but it might have been worse, no thanks to you, though. *Adieu, mes amis,*

good luck," and with that, shaking hands all round, the Uncle and self turned our steps to the hotel. We had only gone a few paces when I suddenly remembered the rake in my hand, so turning back asked "Aunty" if she would accept the same as a souvenir of our misfortunes. Smiling grimly, she tucked it under her arm, and with Kalbs-Kopf under the other, faded into the night, and that's the last I ever saw of either of them.

Is it superfluous to add that I subsequently received the compliments and thanks of the syndicate for remitting half their stakes, as they had fully made up their minds to a total loss, and was also entertained at a sumptuous repast on my return, Uncle Wilk "in the chair."

In the life of excitement we led in those days I had all but forgotten about the syndicate and the whole business, when late that autumn the following advertisement caught my eye in one of the sporting papers.

TO SPORTSMEN.

"Wanted, a few sporting gentlemen of means to form Syndicate and join Advertiser, who has discovered a marvellous system for winning at Roulette and Trente et Quarante. Full and exhaustive trial before proceeding to Monte Carlo. Apply in first instance to K. K., Poste Restante, Mugsford!"

The Professor for a thousand!!

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

By the Author.

When first taking in hand the task of recording these "Experiences," I had no conception the subject matter could possibly develop in the manner it has. The work, as agreed with my Publishers, had not to exceed some dozen chapters, and here I find I've already gone beyond that limit, and so far only dealt with about half the "Incidents" I hoped to handle.

A reminder from Messrs. Southwood has brought these facts plainly before me, also I must confess I'm somewhat nervous as to the reception these "Experiences" are likely to receive, and at a loss as to the wisest course to pursue.

Messrs. Southwood suggest that it would be well, having fulfilled and indeed exceeded my part of the bargain, as far as numbered Chapters and Illustrations go, to break off here, go to press, and if my misgivings as to the reception are unfounded, why not continue further "Experiences" in another volume?

After careful consideration I have decided to fall in with my Publishers' views, and let these fifteen Chapters take their chance. A sort of *ballon d'Essai.*

Feeling as I do that as it stands this record of my "Experiences" is very incomplete, I can't make up my mind to bid a final adieu to my readers.

Should my fears by lucky chance be groundless, and like Oliver Twist you "ask for more," why I've got plenty left, quite up to sample I assure you. Which is it to be, I wonder. *Adieu* or *Au Revoir?*

"Beloved 'Earers," to quote the immortal Jorrocks, the verdict rests with you.

Clytha Park,
November, 1908.

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